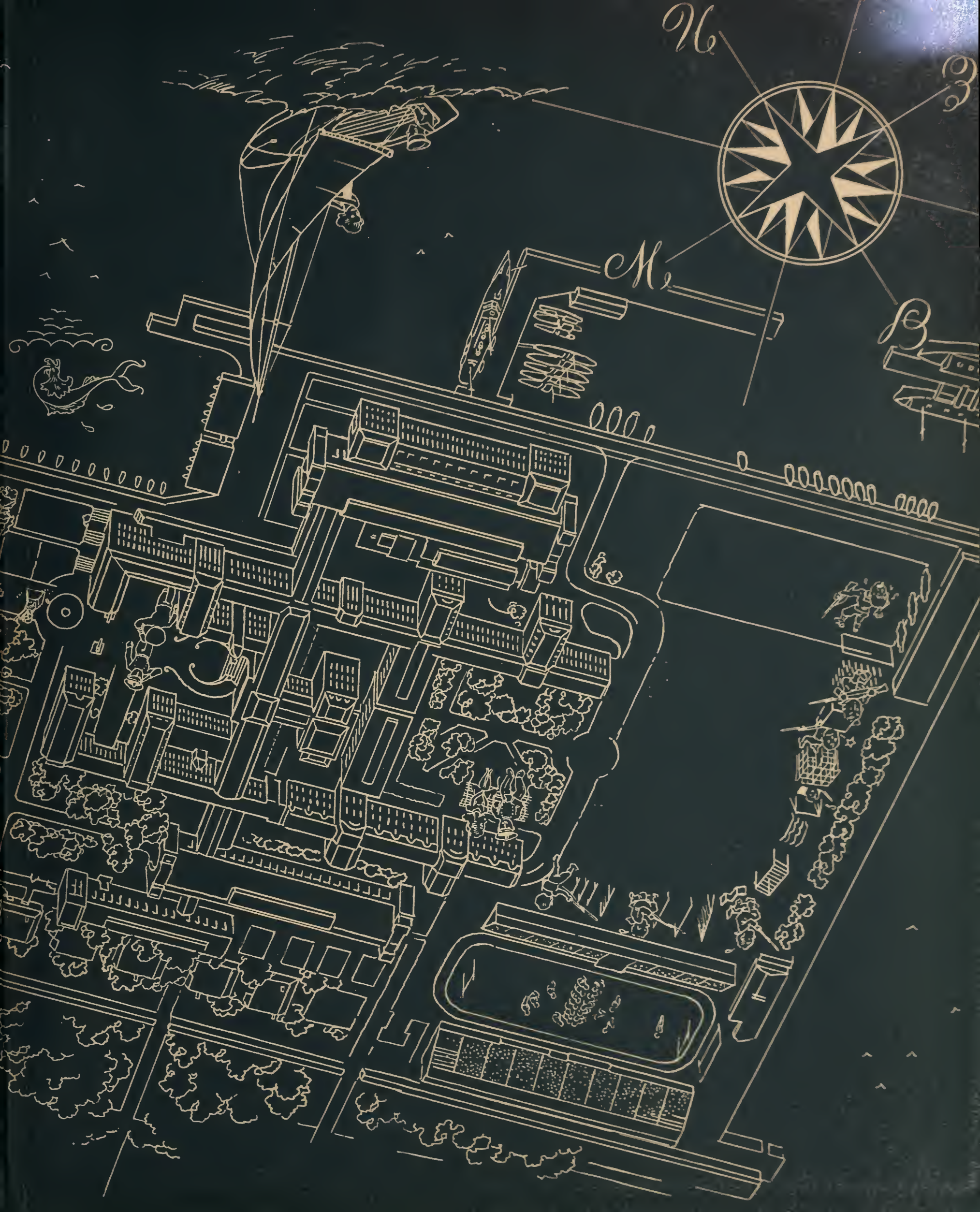
The 1944
LUCKY BAG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George Downes Prestwich
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Alvin Leonard Cohen
BUSINESS MANAGER

UNITED STATES NAVA

The 1944 LUCKY BAG

THE ANNUAL OF THE REGIMENT

ACADEMY · ANNAPOLIS

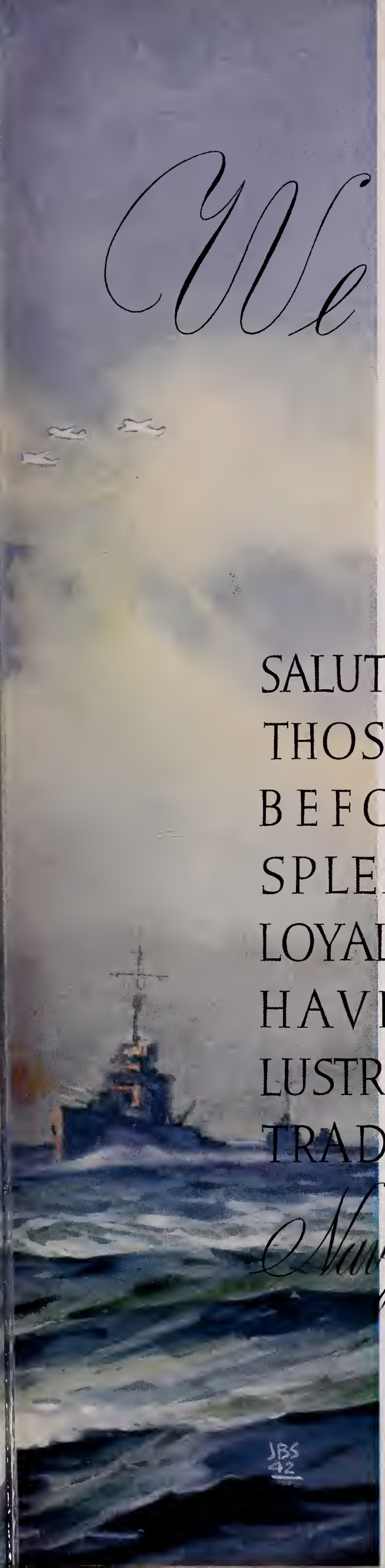
This book
was presented by
Mrs. H. A. Baldridge
6-27-55

We will win – so help us God!

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

COMMANDER IN CHIEF

121



We of 44

SALUTE WITH REVERENCE
THOSE ACADEMY MEN
BEFORE US WHOSE
SPLENDID SAGAS OF
LOYALTY AND DEVOTION
HAVE MADE MORE
LUSTROUS THE SHINING
TRADITIONS OF THE

Navy Blue and Gold

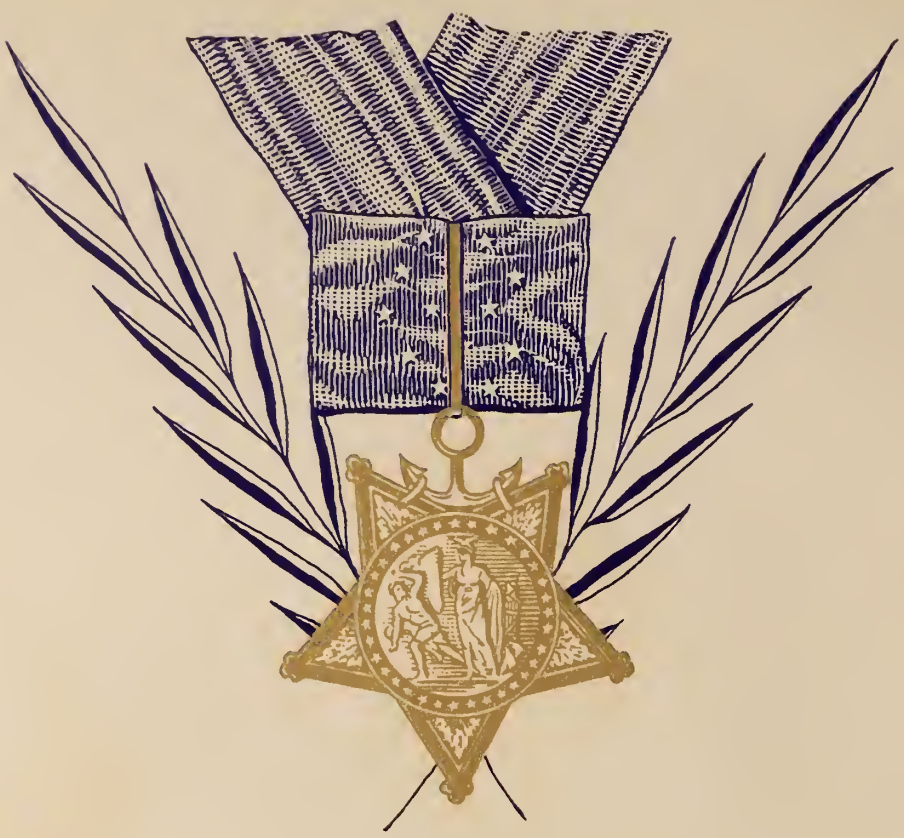
CITATIONS

Navy Cross

LIEUTENANT JOHN DUNCAN BULKELEY

CLASS OF 1933

During the epic of Bataan, Lieutenant Bulkeley, commanding officer of Motor Torpedo Boat 34, first distinguished himself by fatally torpedoing a five thousand ton Japanese ship in Binanga Bay, Luzon. Although under constant bombardment, Bulkeley fulfilled his mission and escaped without serious casualties to ship or crew. Since this exploit, for which he was awarded the Navy Cross, he has, for his success as Commander of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron Three, been advanced to Lieutenant Commander and awarded the Congessional Medal of Honor.



Congressional Medal of Honor

LIEUTENANT EDWARD HENRY O'HARE

CLASS OF 1937

Alone in the sky above the Gilbert Islands on February 20, 1942, Lieutenant O'Hare unhesitantly attacked a formation of nine twin-engined Japanese heavy bombers advancing on his carrier. In spite of their intense combined fire, he downed five and seriously damaged a sixth before they could reach the release point. This, one of the most daring individual actions in the history of combat aviation, won him both high honor and a coveted promotion.

Congressional Medal of Honor

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BRUCE McCANDLESS

CLASS OF 1932

When, in the Battle of Guadalcanal, screaming Japanese shells ripped into the U. S. S. San Francisco, killing or wounding all of his superiors on the bridge, Lieutenant Commander McCandless firmly fought off unconsciousness and assumed command of his ship and her column of cruisers. His brilliant seamanship and indomitable courage enabled him to lead this—his inherited command—to a glorious victory, winning him a citation and the rank of Commander.

"Praise the Lord—

and pass the ammunition!"

The Honorable Frank Knox

Secretary of the Navy

Admiral Ernest J. King, U. S. N.

Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet

and

Chief of Naval Operations

Admiral William D. Leahy, U. S. N.

Chief of Staff

to the

Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy

Rear Admiral John R. Beardall, U.S.N.

Superintendent

Captain Harvey E. Overesch, U. S. N.

Commandant of Midshipmen

Commander Frank R. Talbot, U.S.N.

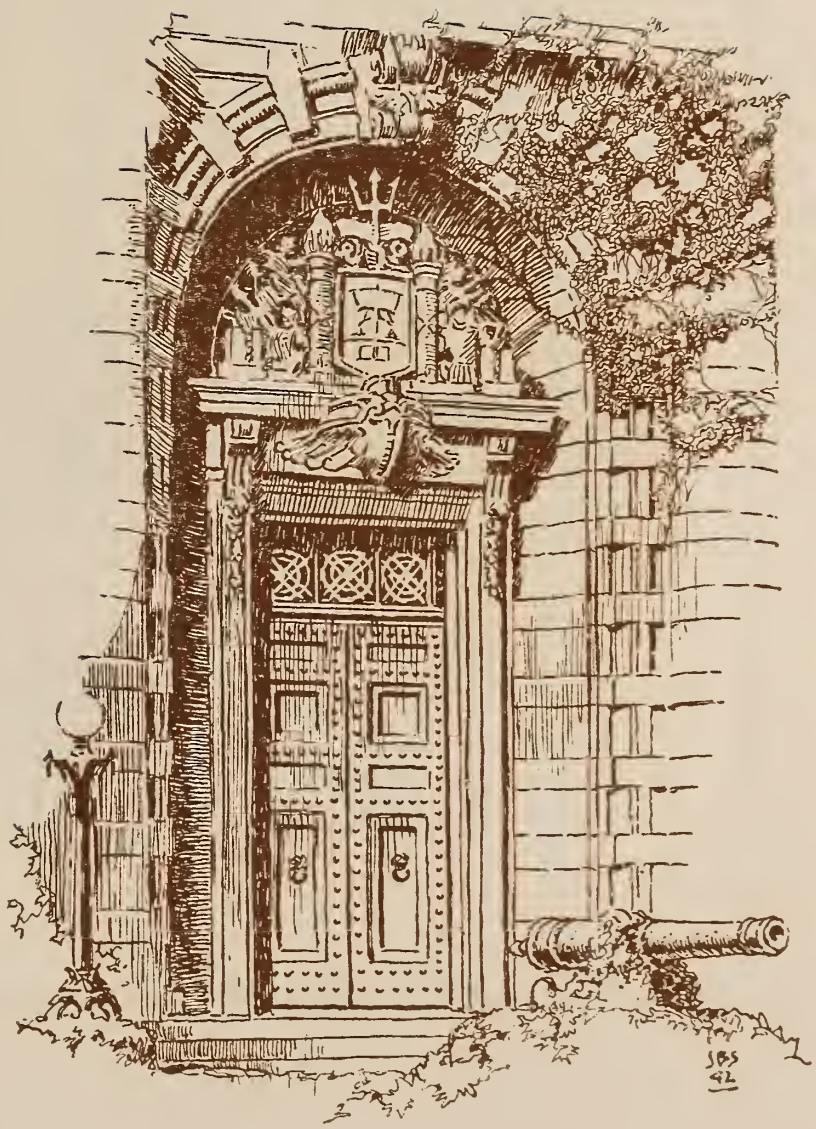
Executive Officer

High...

but not impassable walls surround the little city that has been our home for the past three years. We entered them in June of 1940 with the nation at peace; we leave them again in this June of 1943 with the nation embroiled in a cataclysmic war. Within these walls we found an imposing collection of buildings with even more imposing names—names borrowed from our Navy's greatest men in years and wars gone by: Bancroft Hall, Mahan Hall and all the others we know so well. Here we lived and here we learned; here we loved and here we found the keys to our life's career; here, in the Academy—here, in these halls.

A few pages before, you have seen our tribute to three of our heroes, representative of innumerable Academy graduates who have brought honor and glory to themselves and to the service that they represent. Perhaps their thoughts occasionally drift back to Bancroft Hall with its trials and tribulations, to Luce Hall with its Navigation Practical Works, to Dahlgren Hall with its rifles and formals, and to all the other edifices, associating with each its own particular sphere of activity.

So may it be with the class of 1944. Years from now, when the great struggle is over, we will want to recall the scene of our youth—our classmates, our activities and our academics. This Lucky Bag is your guide, to lead you in thought by its theme, its story and its pictures, through the halls that form the physical being of our Alma Mater, there to relive and recapture the joys and sorrows that filled midshipmen days. With its help, we'll never forget them.



BANCROFT HALL

JBS
42

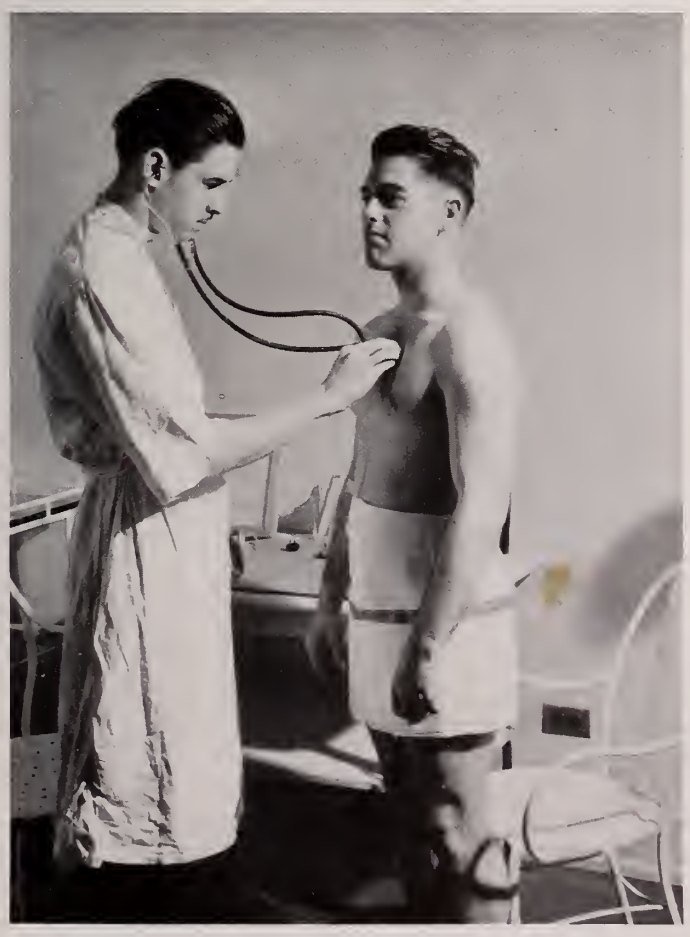
Secretary of the Navy George Bancroft, founder of our Academy in 1845....

Bancroft Hall, filled from high schools, colleges, prep schools....a city in one building built to further a world-wide purpose....the home of three thousand, each learning some of the things they must know to "fight the fleet"....three years there, long then, but so short now....the Hall of routine, formations, and executive notices....her work and her play, so demanding of our thoughts, made all that we had known seem far away....

We Entered . . .

A Captain's home in San Diego; a neat green farm in the Midwest; a white manse in the warm Southern sunlight; the midst of a city springing from the Western plains; a New England merchant's weather-beaten brick house—in these we said our farewells through the summer of 1940. These we left to walk up the steps of Bancroft Hall, hope and confidence within us.

The pink slip, first of many Exec forms we were to see in our three years, told us to go to the Fourth Deck of the Third Wing, Bancroft Hall—Sick Quarters and physical examination. We weren't quite sure we had enough molars or the required gallonage in our veins, and when they tapped on our chest we weren't sure that a hollow sound wouldn't result, but 960-odd of us passed. Then we selected a language and a roommate for the summer. There it was—Bancroft Hall! We were in!



We've gone through many physical examinations since those first few days, but at the time it seemed to us the most critical ordeal we would ever have to encounter.

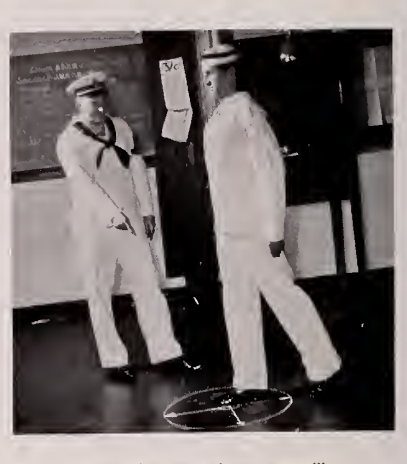
Transition

Our life was an open book after we had filled out reams of admission blanks. The Navy furnished the forms; we furnished the facts.

The only time in our life we ever had to pay $100 for a haircut and had no choice in its style.

Naval careers began with a brief interview with the Assistant to the Commandant. We were each handed a stack of forms to fill out, and we began tediously to sign ourselves into the Naval Academy.

Next we proceeded to the Battalion Office. After learning to enter properly and "sound off," we were told where to draw stores and clothing and were directed to our rooms. ("It's on the strato-deck. Just chop-chop to the top of that ladder at the end of the alley. You'll find it!") The next stop was the barber shop. Curly golden locks and dark black hair were clipped impartially as we received our first Navy haircut. Our attention then focused on the Midshipmen's Store. Over the counter came a great quantity and variety of articles. Soon we were staggering off to our rooms, shoulders bowed by two laundry bags crammed full of gear.



Hereafter make'em square!"

Promptly at 11:45 we formed in the Rotunda, facing the graceful flight of steps leading to Memorial Hall, and we were sworn in. The entrance to Memorial Hall, flanked by the colors, framed the proud banner borne by Perry at Lake Erie, on which is emblazoned the deathless words of Lawrence, "Don't Give Up The Ship." The swearing-in ceremony was brief and simple, but truly dignified. After an address by the Executive Officer, outlining our responsibilities, the Color Guard presented arms while we repeated the Oath of Office. The Executive Officer congratulated us and we were marched away, Midshipmen, Fourth Class!

P. 30
Bottom Photo
Oath of Office

We finally arrived at aur raam, and noted happily that our roommate looked as bewildered as we felt.

MEETING the new "wife" was a pleasant experience. Here was the guy with whom we would spend at least the summer—perhaps the entire three years. We noted happily that he was as befuddled as we were. The two of us got right to work stenciling our gear. Soon the room reeked of ink as freshly stenciled articles were piled about to dry. At 1840 we new plebes double-timed to our first formation, white works shining, hats round and new, neckerchiefs hopelessly mangled. The second classmen eyed us severely. We would need plenty of breaking in. In a minute we were eating our first meal in uniform. While stowing the ample Navy chow, we answered the first of the many "professional" questions we were to have thrown at us Plebe Year. The fun was just beginning. When it ended, we would be professional questioners ourselves. Till then we had to grin and bear it.

"Throw a brace, mister! Chest out! Chin back! Fin aut!"—the only greetings we received at our first farmation by the stern second class as they began making us toe the mark.

Each article of our new possessians had to be plainly identified, sa we fell ta with great enthusiasm and ended by getting mare stencil ink an aurselves than an aur clothes.

Outstanding in our memary is aur first meal in unifarm. The huge mess hall awed us; aur seniars awed us; their questions awed us . . . Awe faaey!

The Officers of the Executive Department strove to develop in us qualities of character, discipline, and leadership.

Our "skipper" relaxes.

The Executive Department

"He who would command must first obey," strikes new plebes as a paradox, but this truth was levied a hundred times each day by the officers of the Executive Department. These officers instilled in us the discipline, high ideals, and tradition that permeates the Navy by forcing us first to obey. When they played the role of the "vigilant D.O.," we did not always appreciate the extra duty or loss of liberty and privileges meted out for infractions of regulations. But our petty infractions and the punishments we received for them demonstrated to us the catastrophe that free will would produce in an organization as vast as the Navy, and the necessity for controlling such an organization by inviolable rules.

Commander Talbot was our "exec."

Lt. Comdr. M. B. Duffill
Assistant to the Cammandant

Lt. Comdr. C. W. Parker
Assistant to the Executive Officer

Lt. Comdr. G. H. Richards, Jr.
1st Company

Lt. J. W. Florence
2nd, 3rd Companies

Lt. J. M. Oseth
4th, 5th Companies

Lt. Comdr. D. Mayberry
6th Company

Commander H. B. Jarrett
First Lieutenant

Lt. Comdr. W. A. Hunt, Jr.
7th, 8th Companies

Lt. P. S. Savidge, Jr.
9th, 10 Companies

Lt. H. Q. Murray
15th Company

Lt. Comdr. G. H. Miller
20th Company

Lt. Comdr. C. E. King
18th, 19th Companies

Lt. Comdr. M. J. Lucosey
12th, 13th Companies

Lt. E. L. E. Ritson
11th, 14th Companies

Lt. F. E. Fleck, Jr.
16th, 17th Companies

Lt. Comdr. E. S. Miller
First Battalion

Lt. Comdr. T. W. Davison
Second Bottalion

Lt. Comdr. E. B. Dexter
Third Battalion

Lt. Comdr. R. T. S. Keith
Fourth Battalion

Every two weeks the mote entered with thot white sheet, the watch bill. A Twenty-four hour vocotion from acodemics wosn't holf bad, but when it cut into our sociol life, we moiled the CIS chits.

Set the Watch!

Each midshipman took his regular turn at standing watch in Bancroft Hall under the supervision of the Executive Department, and some two weeks before the evening that he posted, the mate brought in a watch bill to be initialed. The watch changed every evening and the oncoming watch squad mustered by Battalions in the Rotunda for inspection before posting. The Officer of the Watch, followed closely by his plebe messenger or "stooge," checked to assure himself of our neat appearance, then the watch was posted for the night.

Holding sway in the Main Office were the Midshipman Officer of the Watch and the Midshipman in charge of the Main Office. Special orders for our daily routine emanated from them via a complete system of telephone communications to all parts of Bancroft Hall. A Battalion Officer of the Watch was responsible for each wing with a midshipman in charge of the Battalion Office and messengers as assistants.

The work of the watch squad at night consisted of compiling study hour and taps inspection reports and planning the work of the next day. There was also the task of preparing a master conduct report of those of us who had been caught by the "system" that day. About half an hour after taps the regular watch was secured for the night, but the security watch continued to walk their posts as we slept.

"Set the watch" storted o twenty-four hour tour of duty with the Executive Deportment.

enont Commonder E. G. Compbell, Executive Officer of the reserve battalion, cost o stern eye over returning sections.

Bott House Blues.

"Sholl I osk the D.O.?"

"Whot's the lotest dope?"

Routine

"Be sure to toke the clip out FIRST."

Another day in which to excel (!)

Lieutenont Commonder P. L. High, Reserve Bottolion Officer, inspects rooms.

"Wotch posted on the terrace deck."

"I relieve you, sir."

"All turned out, sir."

"Poss the butter, pleose."

A must do.

Simply out of this world!

Before reveille the members of the watch squad were awakened by the harsh clanging of alarm clocks. They dressed hurriedly and posted at five past six, ready for the day's work. During the day there were newspapers and mail to be delivered, logs of our activities to be kept, and literally thousands of muster sheets to be made out, checked and then rechecked. The watch squad told us where to go, when to go, and what to wear throughout the day at each period.

"Rank hath its privileges," and as the lowly plebes had neither, they worked as messengers with all the official forms. Youngsters were on their feet for long hours on Mate-of-the-Deck and security watches. It was therefore a welcome relief to the first classmen to stand "sword" watches. Though the actual work grew easier with rank, the responsibilities increased. Youngster members of the security watch wore pistols and were the guardians of the Hall. Their watch was started on December 7, 1941, and has since functioned continuously.

Hitting the books.

Off Section Incidentals

After studying awhile, we decided that now we would run those errands which had been accumulating for some time. We were glad that most of our needs could be attended to without leaving Bancroft Hall. A circuit of the basements required only a few minutes, and we could visit the cobbler shop, seamstress, post office, express office, both contract and repair tailor shops, and finally the Midshipmen's Store. Unfortunately, the fire alarm sounded then, and dropping what we were doing we hurried to fall in with the off section of the watch.

During study hours underclass were required to sign out with the mate when leaving their rooms.

Lt. Comdr. C. J. Heath, Assistant to the First Lieutenant, passed judgment on our uniform fits.

"Wear 'em till the heels fall off."
"Well all right, but it's after one o'clock."

"When will they be ready?"

"Make it special delivery oir-mail"
Something new has been added.

It's just a drill, but it prepares us for the real thing.

Captain S. E. Dickinson, Midshipmen's Storekeeper and Officer In Charge of The Dairy Farm, kept us well supplied with anything from soap to milk.

Lt. Comdr. Vernon Dortch, Midshipmen's Pay and Commissary Officer, took care of our accounts and saw to it that we had ample chow to appease the inner man.

"After the Watch is Over"

After evening meal formation watch status terminated and we returned to normal routine. There were times when formation bell caught us in the shower, but the wrath of the Executive Department spurred us on and we managed to dress in a fraction under the three minutes before the late bell. From the messhall we returned to our rooms—to study. But did we? Study hour should be called letter hour and study minute—Or sleepy hour. Still we managed to stay "sat" with concentrated nightly application of brain cells to books.

No matter how early we began getting ready for chow, formation bell always caught us working the whisk broom full speed ahead.

Average time required for the Regiment to get into the mess hall was ten minutes.

One of the most cherished first class rates was the privilege of leaving the mess hall at three bells.

And there were study hours—six nights a week. It has been heard from disgruntled sources that the four year course has been changed to a five year course and concentrated into three years.

Must be Donald Duck.

The inevitable Navy line.

Say "Ah!"

We midshipmen are human, and on some mornings we awakened to discover that our physical machines just couldn't make the grade. If the morning exercises didn't perk us up, and we still looked as white as a sheet, the only logical thing to do was to answer sick call and obtain medical aid. Sick Quarters are in the basement of the fourth wing, and like Sick Bay aboard ship, is complete in almost every detail.

Like most other Naval activities there was a line in which to wait upon arrival. A Corpsman gave us a form to fill out and took our temperature. Then one by one we filed into the office of the Medical Officer of the Day. The Doctor diagnosed our cases and took action to get us well again. This action may have been merely a pill, or it may have been a few days in the Sick Ward, or even a trip to the hospital

"Something you ate, no doubt."

Captain A. W. Chandler, D.C., USN,
Senior Dental Officer

"Open wide."

Department of Hygiene

Our Naval careers will carry us into many places where medical aid and advice will not be readily available. It will be necessary for us, as officers, to care for ourselves and our men when the time comes. The Hygiene Department takes over the task at the Academy of instructing us in what amounts to a general study of Medicine. We were a long ways from being doctors when we finished the course, but we were somewhat learned in the functions and malfunctions of the human body, and the Hygiene Department thus accomplished its purpose. The course consisted of a series of Saturday morning lectures and descriptive movies. In these lectures and movies the department attempted to give us the "straight dope" on causes and effects. The final class, a movie on practical first aid, was very instructive. We learned how to use the Navy's versatile battle dressings, splints, wound powders, morphine syrettes, and stretchers. The several showings of morphine injections to kill pain was too much for one fellow. He fainted dead away, and when the lights came on, the doc had a patient.

Capt. E. H. Sparkman, MC, USN,
Senior Medical Officer

"It won't be long naw."

Many of aur Sick Bay Doctors gave up lucrative civilian practices in order to serve in the Navy. They handled our ills quickly and efficiently.

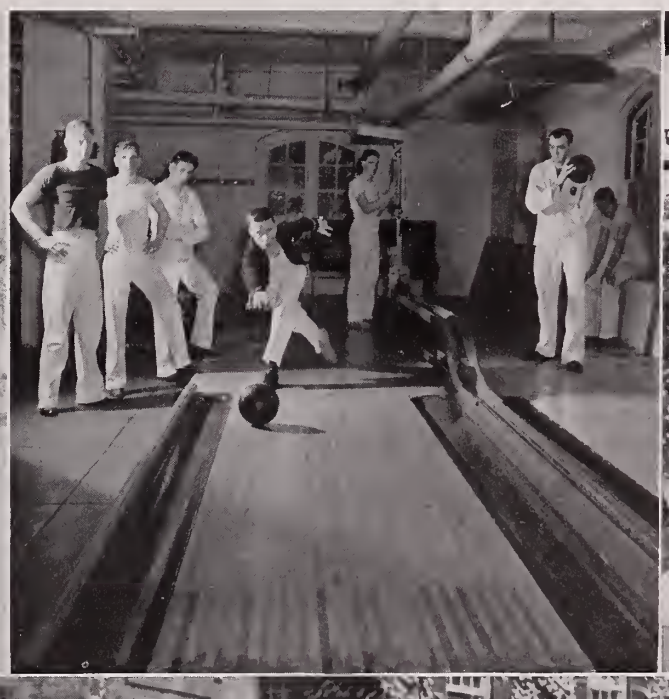
"Fall Out the diners." They paid for two meals—we, for but one.

"I thought you'd never get here."

CAPTAINS' inspection at Saturday noon meal formation marked the end of academics for the week. As we marched to the mess hall, the draggers fell out of ranks to meet their drags who were usually watching the formation. The weekend had just begun. Non-draggers found plenty of diversion within Bancroft Hall to give them a busy time. The steerage on Saturday afternoons was always well patronized and provided a popular stopping off place to grab a coke enroute to the numerous athletic events.

Typical background.
Idle moment.

Strike or spore?
Out in town.



What, no garters!
To work.

Something to look back on.

Even on Saturday . . .

Our *Lucky Bag* really had its beginning Youngster year when most of the staff members worked on the 1943 *Lucky Bag*. As soon as we learned the ropes, we formed our own organization with George Prestwich as Editor-in-Chief and Al Cohen as Business Manager, both elected by popular class vote. They appointed their respective staffs and set themselves to the task of choosing the best commercial photographer, printer, and engraver with which to work in building the book.

Prestwich, Cohen, Lindberg, Crutchfield, and Lewellyn mixed business with pleasure over the weekend meetings, talking and dining with the various business representatives. Everyone was well pleased when we finally chose the Schiff Studios as our photographer, the Leo Hart Company as our printer, Jahn and Ollier as our engraver.

Next we began work on the actual book. The attack on Pearl Harbor had occurred many months before, and the shortages of various commercial commodities did not leave the *Lucky Bag* unaffected. We felt the pinch of paper and gold shortages, and especially the tight squeeze created by the change to the three-year academic program. Feeling that we were not directly essential to the war effort we asked no special privileges. The staff turned to, nevertheless, and scrambled with the rest of the non-priority enterprises for the leftovers.

One of the toughest jobs facing us in the beginning was the selection of a theme. We considered a Day-by-Day arrangement—too trite. We thought of organizing the book by

Prestwich puts aut the dope to aspirants to jobs an the embryonic staff.

Managing Editar Lindberg, on the right, discusses the finer points of caardinating capy and cuts in response ta questions from Associate Editor Crutchfield and Photo Editor Lewellen.

Cammander E. L. B. Weimer, USN, Officer representative of the Lucky Bag.

. . . The Lucky Bag Goes On

three heads, Administration, Activities, and Classes—overworked. Our final idea consisted of centering the book about the part that would last longest in our memories—the buildings and grounds, the physical aspect of the Academy. Having decided definitely on this theme, we divided the staff up by giving each building to an editor. We had discovered that each activity could be appropriately placed in its respective building. All that remained was the actual machinery of putting the book together. This task we enjoyed a great deal, for it is a pleasure to watch a dream become a reality.

We especially enjoyed our work on the Citations. There have been a great number of heroes in the present war, and narrowing down the field to a small practical number was no easy job. The three that we selected are, we believe, representative of the graduates of the Naval Academy in whose footsteps we have followed thus far in our brief naval careers, and in whose footsteps we desire to keep on following. They, like us, studied and worked here where Severn joins the tide. It is only natural that they should be the stars on which we take our sights.

We owe a great deal to our officer representative whose wise and sound advice solved many problems of editing and managing. Perhaps some day some of us of the staff will be helping future classes with their *Lucky Bags*. We hope that we will be as pleasant to work with as Commander Weimer has been.

Engraving Associate Lou Sugg was deluged daily with floods of photographs to be sent to the engraver's.

Here they are: the first classmen who slaved day and night to produce 516 pages of Navy annual.

Sectian Editars White, Carkeek, Ferguson, and assistant editars rack their brains in search of captions.

Editar-in-chief George Prestwich, elected by class vate, successfully accomplished the full-time job of producing our Lucky Bag.

Easy Come,

The circulation staff had the enormous job of delivering 6,200 copies of the annual.

Inherent business sense enabled Business Manager Al Cohen to make the transition from handling the meager funds of a midshipman's monthly insult to directing a huge enterprise with remarkable success. A year ago, Al began drawing up specifications for the contracts on which bids were to be made. This was a monumental task, for it was necessary to include countless details that if overlooked, could each bring financial difficulties. But that was only preliminary to the main bout, for then came the enormous problem of providing and administering revenue. Here Al found assistance in J. L. Boyes who, with the invaluable counsel of Mr. Harry Leventen, directed the advertising sales, with Commander Weimer, the officer representative, giving most welcome and helpful advice. In his post of Associate Business Manager, Jim Knight, proved most adept in tying up innumerable loose ends. Al Cohen and his staff of indispensable assistants deserve the personal tribute that the ever solvent status of the '44 *Lucky Bag* gives. And they deserve the appreciation that their classmates give them for successfully handling this tremendous task.

Circulation Monoger Warner directed his stoff into o record-smashing sales compoign.

Business Manager Al Cohen hondled the enormous enterprise with remarkable success.

Kelton Lowery broke records by selling over 400 copies.

Battalion supervisors of the circulation staff coordinated the campaign throughout the regiment.

Easy Go!

Dave Warner stepped into a big job. '44's book was to be the best yet and its circulation had to be exceptional. A record smashing quota of 6,000 copies was assigned to the Circulation Department. Dave moved into his task to reach the quota with aplomb. His first move was to pick Battalion Supervisors who would keep their portions of the regiment ever awake to the desirability of *Lucky Bags*. He found able men in Lindemann, Al Wright, Ernie Cornwall, and Jack Stuart. No one let him down, and all of the Battalions finished closely in the race for high sales totals.

After picking his Battalion supervisors, Manager Warner found twenty glib tongued men to do the actual selling in each of the companies. Then, among these company representatives, Warner devised a competition that would keep each man pressing to gain the goal. Smooth Kelton Lowery from Mississippi way moved away from the field with his 400 plus sales, and claimed the high score.

Dave stepped out of a job done superbly because of his own organizational talents and ability to choose able assistants.

In his post of Associate Business Manager, Jim Knight proved most adept at tying up innumerable loose ends.

J. L. Boyes directed the advertising sales.

Requests to judge beauty contest proved to be an interesting sideline.

"44's" first issue.

To Editor D. Ames goes o "well done."

The Log Puts Out...

The *Log* is a thirty-two page bi-monthly which attempts to combine local news, sports, music, humor, fiction, poetry, jokes, art, satire and future events into a coherent magazine. On eighteen Fridays this year the pent-up spleen of the Regiment was vented on the *Log*.

The staffs of the *Log* were composed of some 150 optimists who attempted the impossible of staying sat, engaging in athletics, maintaining their sense of humor, and publishing a magazine which would please all of the *Log's* six or seven thousand readers.

Screams of the editor for copy and jokes rang out through the corridors every Wednesday when the *Log* "went to bed." There in the basement office people went mad clipping and pasting galley proofs into a dummy, trying to make this cartoon fit here and that story go there. The deck was ankle deep in scrap paper. The business manager, responsible for the solvent condition of the magazine, would complain regularly that color covers, cartoons and photographs cost too much money. Then he and his staff retired to a corner and played games with blank checks and piles of silver coins. Circulation got people to subscribe for and pay for the *Log*. Exchange traded subscriptions with other colleges and universities. It was a mad scene, but the *Log* always came out. A few gray hairs came with it always, but they disappear.

Officer representotive Lt. Commonder M. B. Duffill, USN.

Holf o hundred men from oll closses compose the staff of the Academy's bi-weekly. Their work is endless; their results grotifying.

. . . All The Dope

Joe Gish, Regimental Hero number one, was mauled and frapped and bricked and led into the most horrible of situations in every issue. He was the butt of jokes and satire, and was even killed on several occasions. But Joe Gish went on and on in the *Log*.

The *Log* kept the midshipmen informed of what was happening and of what was to happen in Annapolis and at the Academy. The sports staff kept up to date with the scores, recapitulated all of the athletic events, made forecasts (somehow preponderantly optimistic always for Navy), and presented interesting articles on outstanding Navy athletes. "Salty Sam" kept the readers informed of the local scuttlebutt and of the many comi-tragedies which occurred in Bancroft's hallowed halls. His page was most popular of all, for his articles were always human, interesting, and usually pretty true. "Professional Notes" and "What's in the Air" took care of items of professional interest for the midshipmen. "Off the Beat" covered the field of radio and music, while the Photographic Department attempted graphically to record all items of interest which occurred at the Academy. Cartoons, jokes, feature stories, and ads filled the other pages. These departments served to keep not only ourselves but our friends at home in touch with the events here at Bancroft Hall, for the *Log* is Bancroft Hall's own magazine.

Circulation Manager Paul Arbe.

Business Manager R. C. Gibson.

Advertising Manager Herrington.

"Salty Sam" Smith and Mr. Mack ponder over a weighty problem. Art work required comment from all hands.

Copper and zinc cuts; what would we do without them—but what will we do with them? "Will it pass the censor?'

Exchange Editor Ferguson sifts out the best for his special edition. And another batch of copy meets the deadline.

Editor Doug Munnikhuysen had a successful yeor.

The first '44 issue.

Business Manager Harvey controlled expenditures.

Officer Representative Lt. Comdr. M. J. Luosey odvised and censored.

Gems of Literature

First class summer saw what we hoped was the birth of a new *Trident*. We have tried to make it a magazine worthwhile to read and self-supporting for the first time in its long and turbulent career. Rising costs, the athletic program, finances and lack of time each rose up in turn and threatened, but didn't defeat us.

The first team was in and they worked like beavers. Dick Mears took the advertisers over the bumps; Jon Leff and many others worked hard to increase our circulation by thirteen-hundred more than ever before; Bob Harvey groaned and said "No" to everything smacking of an expenditure; Ernie Cornwall took charge of the typewriter brigade; Ernie Zellmer and Bob Keller vied for honors with their cameras; Vance Cox turned in some fine art work. So with Doug Munnikhuysen at the wheel and Gar Wolff at the throttle, we got off to a flying start. Our first midshipman reader was sighted in May and by Christmas we had bought our first bottle of black ink!

The *Trident's* brief spin with '44 was full of surprise, pitfalls, and pleasures; but best of all, we proved it could be made readable and it could stand on its own feet. The Trident staff has gained much in valuable experience that will stand them in good stead in the future; for this we are truly thankful.

Members of the Trident Magazine staff were men interested in fine literature and art. Editor Doug Munnikhuysen showed his staff the quality necessary to produce a magazine meeting the Trident standards.

Trident Society President Loeffler coordinated club activities.

'44's issue of the Trident Calendar.

Society Secretary Nichalsan kept activities out of the red.

On Every Man's Desk

One of the most popular midshipmen publications was the *Trident* Calendar. Each annual issue, besides gracing our desks, provided excellent presents for friends and relatives. The demand always far exceeded the supply. It not only provided us a check on the day, but also information for future events. In charge of '44's issue were Editor D. M. Brooks, and Business Manager E. C. Sandquist. All members of the staff belonged to the Trident Society.

The Trident Society acted as a master council embracing some ten subsidiary organizations. Its members belonged to subject organizations—Photographic Club, Quarterdeck Society, Reef Points, Christmas Card Committee, *Trident* Magazine, *Trident* Calendar, *Lucky Bag*, Art Club, Stamp Club, and *Log*. President H. H. Loeffler, Jr., Vice-President E. J. Zellmer, and Secretary J. T. Nicholson, Jr., were elected from the subsidiary organizations. Their job as executives of the master union was threefold. First, they created a federation of midshipmen engaged in extra-curricular hobbies. Second, they lent a helping hand to the plebes in encouraging and aiding them to join an activity. Third, they promoted an increased interest among the members of all of the clubs. Experience has shown that there has been a marked stimulation of all individual hobbies due to the coordinating activity of the Trident Society.

Lt. Comdr. E. B. Dexter, Officer Representative of the Trident Society.

Colendar Editor Brooks had a capable staff in Campbell, Schafer, Sandquist, and Kalina. These three youngsters were clever cartaonists, and Sandquist made a financial success af the enterprise.

Another week shot.

Saturday Diversion

There it was; Saturday afternoon, the day we had been looking forward to all week. Saturday spelled liberty, and Academics were shoved aside until Sunday evening. Remember plebe year when we used to make a mad rush after noon chow to look at the bulletin boards to see if we had been publicly notified of our defeat by the academic departments? Youngster year we were more or less resigned to our fate but nevertheless cast a glance at the bushes after chow. Then first class year we had gone completely blase and very seldom bothered to look at the pesky things until Sunday evening, if at all.

Equally typical of Saturday afternoons were the numerous bull sessions which took place after noon meal. Liberty was the all important topic; how it was to be spent was the question. It was far too precious to waste. To many, however, it was no problem at all, for the Academy provided entertainment for us during the weekends as well as during our week-day grind.

Athletic events throughout the year attracted crowds almost every Saturday. On those weekends which had no scheduled sports events, local theaters were forced to break out their "Standing room only" signs. Local restaurants and soda fountains were usually overcrowded, and Carvel Hall "tea fights" took their share of youngsters and plebes. Toward spring first classmen outfitting themselves for graduation beseiged the tailors of Robbers' Row. There they turned their pockets inside out and pledged their financial security for appealing, but often superfluous items of officer's equipment. Often, the first classmen who had nothing but free time Saturday afternoon just stayed in their rooms, listened to records and to the games, wrote home to Mom or to the girl, or read a book.

"Let's take in the show?"

"It's a bargain."

Ticklin' the keys.

An Evening at Home

By the time Saturday evening rolled around we had recovered sufficiently from drills, lectures, and Nav P-works of the morning to really begin to enjoy life again. For on Saturday nights we could call our time our own and spend it either dragging or enjoying a quiet evening at home.

When the word came for diners to fall out at evening meal formation, there was a rush for rooms and the full dress uniforms that lay waiting. We managed to wriggle into tight fitting monkey suits in nothing flat. The big squeeze always came in hooking up those wonderful standing collars, making certain that we didn't have several fingers inside.

A surge of humanity carried us to the desk outside our battalion office where we initialed class lists to sign out for the hop. The waiting at this point was exasperating because we just couldn't be late for that particular drag. This thought was often recalled an hour later after we had been patiently waiting for our Cinderella-of-the-night to make her appearance. After one last look in the mirror (her thirtieth in as many minutes) she finally came down and we were off for a wonderful evening.

But how were our buddies back at the Hall making out? In this category we should include the "red mikes," the dead-end kids who had run afoul of the law and were restricted, and the hard luck boys who had received one of those well known chits—CIS-o-gram. All the fellows were usually to be found gathered together in a couple of rooms per deck enjoying a game of bridge or a bull session. The favorite topic of conversation? Anything from the Civil War to the price of turkey in China.

"Where'd that ather card came fram?"

"What time shall we say we're leaving?"

"And boy, you should'uv seen'em when I said that!"

There's sameane waiting.

In My Solitude

Catching up on the outside world.

Keeping white glaves clean for chapel often presented a majar prablem.

The flying squadron passes the O.O.W. with three seconds ta spare.

TYPICAL "red mike" Saturday night consisted of just taking it easy. Anything from bull sessions, or writing letters, to washing white gloves and cap covers was done. We "red mikes" fitted in well during plebe year Saturday nights for hops were taboo. Youngster year our ranks thinned as most of our classmates became influenced by the wiles of the woman. As youngsters, however, we were recipients of second class privileges due to the exclusion of the second class year, and most desirous of these rates was the radio. That in part made up for the large loss in our ranks. Naturally, the radio was indispensable and it was kept blaring as late as possible. First class year, added privileges brought us "late lights" and hence a longer night in which to amuse ourselves.

The thought of going to bed early Saturday night was out of the question; that was a desire reserved for study hours. We could tell when it was time to turn in, though, by the clatter of the "flying squadron" putting on one last burst of speed in vain effort to get in before the zero hour. Then as we began getting ready for bed, we remembered the one time we had dragged. She was a brick and lived on the other side of town, but the D.O. didn't know all that. That was the night we were too exhausted to take off our full dress before going to bed. The after effects were none too pleasant, and the following morning it took our wives until breakfast formation to get us out of full dress. Just before dropping off to sleep we remembered, too, the seething crowd of midshipmen waiting to sign in, and the poor guys who would be late no matter how fast they ran. Nice, being a "red mike"; that is until the right girl comes along!

Battalion Officers af the Watch signed us in after haps. Nat all made it an time.

"Two can shove as quickly as one."

Came The Dawn

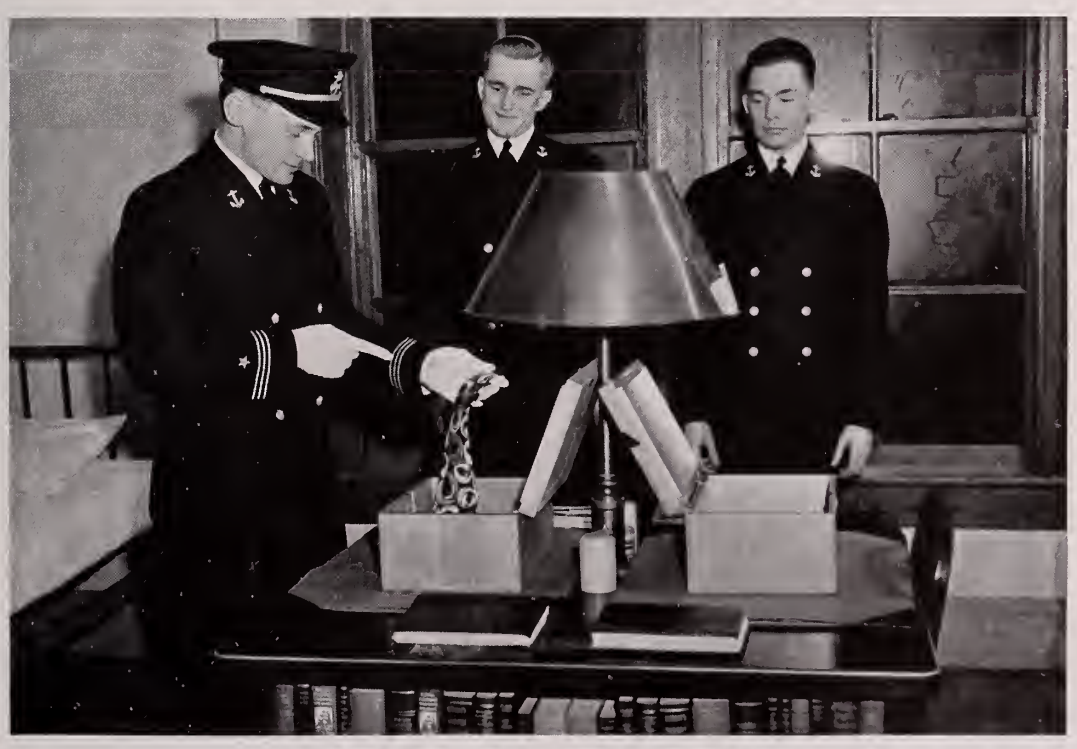
"Next exercise will be 'side to side bending'....ready....1, 2...."

Bells! Bells! We can still hear them ringing in our heads, and especially that reveille rattle of Sunday morning. On our day of rest we could indeed sleep for one hour longer, but with the eventful night before taken into consideration, things never quite seemed to balance out. After taking the customary "All turned out" reports, the inspector proceeded to crack the whip over us during morning exercises. The grunt and groan boys labored mightily to please him with grotesque versions of the "ripple movement" or "sideways bending."

Perhaps chow seemed better on Sunday mornings because we had more than the usual twenty minutes to enjoy it. While the regimental adjutant published "rocks and shoals" (Articles for the Government of the United States Navy) over the loudspeaker system in the messhall, we managed to down several extra pieces of toast and jam, and gulp another cup of java.

After breakfast we dashed back to our rooms and immediately became engrossed in the funnies from at least five Sunday papers. It was soon time to think of cleaning up the happy home, for Sundays brought those extra tough

Rocks ond shoals (Articles for the Gavernment of the Navy) guide all naval personnel.



formal room inspections. But every Sunday one company from each battalion was designated "free company." Members of these companies were excused from chapel and room inspections in order to participate in informal athletics during Sunday morning.

After chapel services were over, many midshipmen wandered up to Memorial Hall or out into Smoke Park with their drags and guests for a quiet chat before noon meal formation. Then bells rang, three thousand midshipmen appeared from nowhere and Sunday morning was over.

Formal roam inspection often caught underclassmen waefully unprepared.

Noon meal formations were usually held outside, weather permitting. Summer white work formations were always more popular than those later in blue service.

The Weekend Wanes

Visitors marvelled at the precision of our Sunday noon meal formations, and cameras clicked as we marched off through various entrances to Bancroft Hall. Those of us who were dragging appeared again in a matter of minutes to meet our O.A.O.'s in front of Tecumseh and take them to dinner out in town.

At least we got the best of them in ping pong.

There were plenty of ways in which to pass Sunday afternoon with our drags, but a good bet was always Recreation Hall. Table tennis and billiard tables were there for our use and we enjoyed them with our drags—often coming out on the short end of the score if we weren't careful.

Later on, the Sound Gang dug out its collection of popular records and with its combination radio-phonograph furnished the music for an informal hop—no stags were allowed. On such occasions the adjoining canteen was open to midshipmen and their guests, and couples could leave the informal to enjoy a coke. We introduced our guests to the official hostess before entering and then fought our way through the lines of drugstore cowboys. The sundaes were good, but the relaxation and informal atmosphere were better.

The hostess was our mother pro tem.

Inside formatians were a relief and fastered relaxatian.

Paarly shined shoes and lint cavering blue service were hard to detect.

Those Sunday Nights

The inevitable formations went on without end, and although we were tired after a big weekend, Sunday night was no exception. Down to the messhall for chow we went and listened to orders once more.

It was appropriate that at this time the plebes should do their best to cheer up their messmates, hence the weekly "Happy Hour" at each table in the messhall. The plebes pooled their dramatic talents in an effort to bring us realistic thrills with any stage props that they managed to smuggle in. One of the more popular skits consisted of ridiculing their seniors with "career" sketches. For their efforts the plebes usually were awarded those joyful words "Carry on!"

Lo, the chowhounds were always with us! Not content with stuffing themselves at mealtime, they insisted in trying to take food up to their rooms. Pity the poor midshipman, who, being caught by the D.O. with six apples, was required to down them on top of a full meal!

"Hat dope"—reading the orders.

Successful plebe happy hours were rewarded by "carry an."

"Tch, Tch"

Resolved:

Today the "silent service" is finding many occasions to express itself. Important officers in both the Army and the Navy find public speaking ability urgently necessary, on the radio, in the banquet hall, and in the conference room. The function of the Quarterdeck Society is the development of better speakers. Embellished and ornate oratory is not encouraged. Emphasized are conversational speaking and ability to think on one's feet. The Quarterdeck Society sponsors an annual public speaking contest, interbattalion debating, and intercollegiate debating. The accomplishments of the debating team have been especially noteworthy, including victories over such schools as Rutgers and Princeton.

At the weekly meeting the members discuss a wide variety of subjects. Subjects range from the heavy problems of post-war reconstruction to the equally vexing problem of fourth class rates.

Checkmate!

Chess attracted a faithful coterie of aspiring naval strategists who thoroughly enjoyed an occasional respite from the demands of a sometimes monotonous academic routine. Besides being an entertaining diversion, chess served as a field of keen competitive endeavor. Rivalry within the club was enthusiastic, and intercollegiate matches tended to temper the caliber of play. Of particular interest in past years was the annual clash with West Point. Last year, however, the series was interrupted for the duration. But the war did not subtract from the popularity of the game. President C. W. Meshier directed an interclub competition which proved highly competitive. The game hardly moves with the speed of a destroyer attack, but it is enjoyable.

. . . For Art's Sake

Every interest in the field of art is stimulated by the Art Club; work turned out by its members ranges from cartoons panning the "System" to modernistic ship designs. Lack of time caused by the crowded academic program prevents many members from producing much of the high grade work of which they are capable, but cartoons and sketches in the *Log* and *Trident* publications bear evidence of their abilities. Frequent requests by various academy organizations are turned in for posters, program designs; nearly anything that entails brush and paint work. Tecumseh's war paint and many of the spirited football posters rise from Art Club paint bottles. The club rooms are equipped to take care of the most diverse needs, and instruction is provided for those desiring to develop any dormant artistic abilities that they may have.

The Hobby of Kings

Philately—from the Greek for "loving that which exempts from tax"—is the king of hobbies and the hobby of kings. For the Naval officer stamp collecting is the ideal hobby—one that he can pursue at leisure (if any), and that can be accommodated in the limited space aboard ship. Navy men are fortunate in that they often visit the places pictured on those stamps from the far-away corners of the globe.

The Stamp Club offers midshipmen association with other collectors. The frequent meetings are scenes of interesting talks by officers and midshipmen on their particular specialty, discussions of new issues and acquisitions, and spirited trading sessions. The club had displayed excellent exhibits in the library. Every collector feels that his interest in philately has and will continue to pay him dividends.

A Thousand Strong

The Newman Club at the U. S. Naval Academy is not affiliated with the National Federation of Newman Clubs, but its aims are the same; namely, the promotion and strengthening of the Roman Catholic religion among its numerous members and the building of character that will enable those who comprise its membership to be better American citizens.

Here each Roman Catholic midshipman is considered a member. The club endeavors to obtain well known figures from the Catholic Clergy and the lay world as speakers who address the club twice a month. The club is guided by Father Joseph Halissey, C.S.S.R., attached to St. Mary's church in Annapolis. He has been an inspiration and a friend to many, and we who leave salute him as a true friend of the class and the regiment.

The Plebe's Bible

The mission of *Reef Points* was to acquaint the Plebes with the yard, Plebe rates, Academy slang, ships of the Navy, the extra-curricular activities, and other general information "every Plebe should know." It served as a general reference book on Academy life for parents as well as midshipmen. Though the terms used in the book were a bit too salty or obscure for the folks back home, it always contained enough pictures and general "info" to help them to better understand our life at the Academy. Because a plebe must know the greater part of *Reef Points* verbatim, it is appropriately called the "Plebe Bible." The staff, headed by Jim Mason, consisted of six first classmen and many underclass assistants. Their job was to bring the handbook up to date in the "44" edition.

Hold it, Please

The objective of the photo club is twofold: to provide darkrooms and equipment to those interested in photography as a hobby, and to be the nucleus for the provision of personnel for the photographic staffs of the *Log* and *Trident*. In its brief two years' existence the club has grown from one darkroom with no equipment to a large organization with several darkrooms, enlargers, printers, tanks, trays, and other essentials. The activities of the club have been primarily individual in nature, but the club as a whole holds contests and listens to lectures on various phases of photography. Unfortunately, the war has made it difficult to obtain some materials and has eliminated certain military subjects; however, nothing can cramp the style of the true "photo bug."

Make Mine Vanilla

Most universal club of them all was the Radiator Club. It was extremely popular because there were no dues, attendance was voluntary, everybody was president. At one time or another all of us were members, but a few of us liked it so well that we held on to our membership for three consecutive years. The sports program bit deep into our ranks. The die-hards, however, always seemed to find time to call a meeting. Club members frowned on any form of athletics or exercise, and horizontal bunk drill during spare moments was written into their character. Their motto was "We aren't lazy, we're just conserving energy." Favorite haunt was the steerage where our thirsty members spent many happy hours with their noses deep in the ever present dixie cup.

Our Greatest Treasure

The one thing that an Annapolis graduate will never part with is his class ring, a treasure symbolizing all of his work there. Our ring began Plebe year with our own individual class crest. The Ring Committee that we chose artistically combined this crest with the Academy crest to finally create this magic band of gold that recalls all of one's days "where Severn joins the tide."

Wishlinske, J. R.; Duncan, G.; Brand, R. C.; Ames, D. III; Strassle, R. W.; Webster, D. A.; Davis, J. F.; Plawchan, J. D.

Next to Her Heart

The American Eagle, symbol of our nation, dominates the 1944 class crest, and the sweep of its wings surmounted by our class numerals is a distinctive feature in crest design. We are proud to wear it on one side of our ring, proud to have our best girl wear it, and sincerely thank our Class Crest Committee for a beautiful, novel design well-done.

Seated: Strassle, R. W.; Warner, D. T.; Chapman, W. C.; McKibben, R. K.; Wishlinske, J. R. Standing: Wright, H. A.; Smyth, B. B.; Mahoney, G. H.; Ames, D. III; Duncan, G.

Joy to the World

We are indeed grateful for the splendid work of the Christmas Card Committee. They have succeeded so beautifuly and economically in carrying the Christmas cheer of the Regiment to all parts of the world. Our motif has been peculiar to us; we carry greetings to you aboard a battleship plowing through green cardboard waters. In these troubled times, this battleship carries a delightful kind of cheer.

Front raw: Andersan, G. F.; Hill, R. S.; Hagan, H. C. Jr.; Brack, C. C. Jr. Back raw: Adams, D. L.; Bacon, A. V. H.; Strassle, R. W.

The Chosen Few

Our class officers were largely responsible for the special privileges that we received from the Executive Department. Especially do we remember radios and second class rates granted us on April 1 and May 1 respectively during Youngster Year. So well did our Youngster year officers represent us in executive circles that they were again elected by acclamation to serve in our final year.

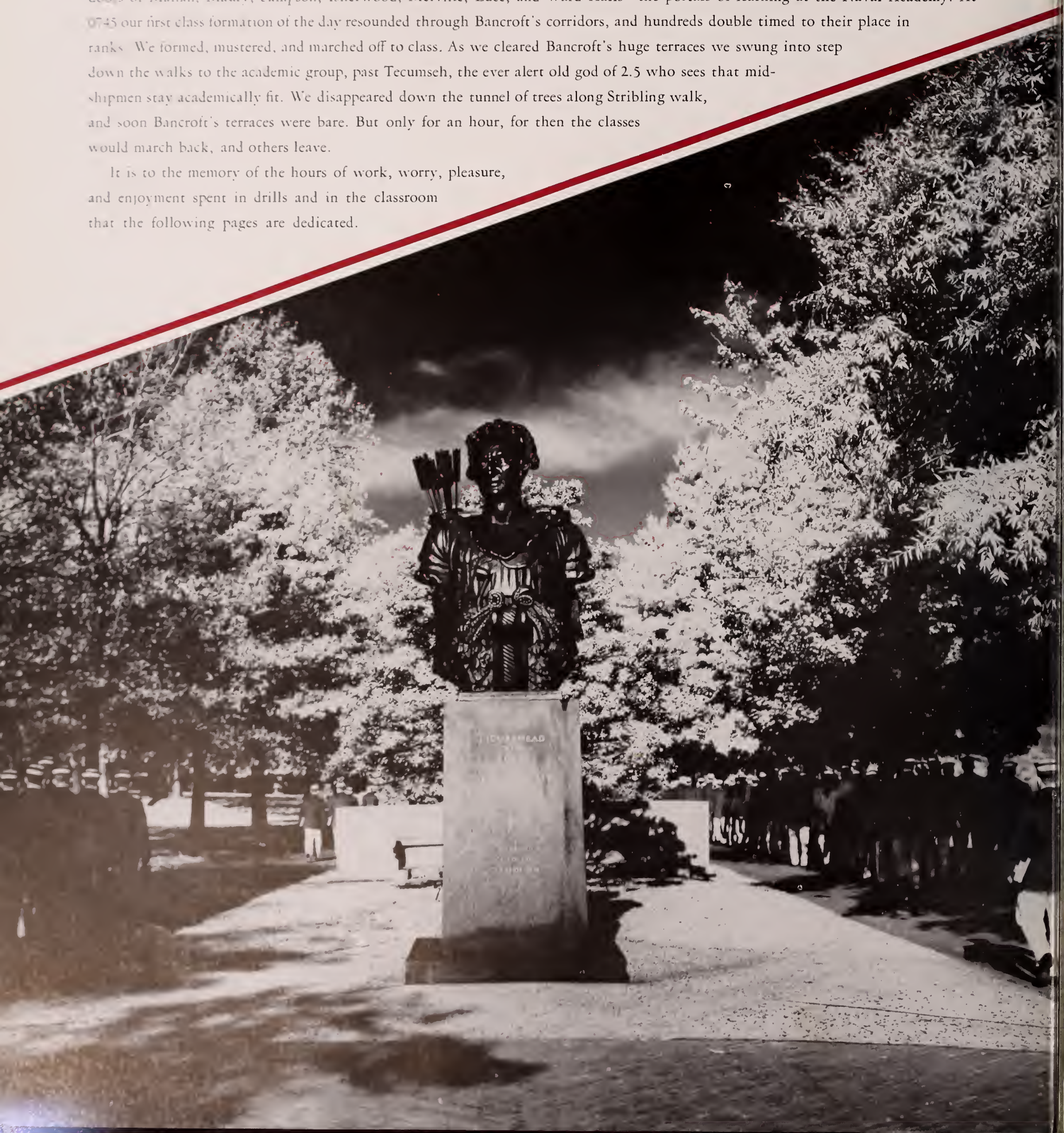
Davis, J. F.; Chapman, W. C.; Goudie, G.; Wilcox, R. L.

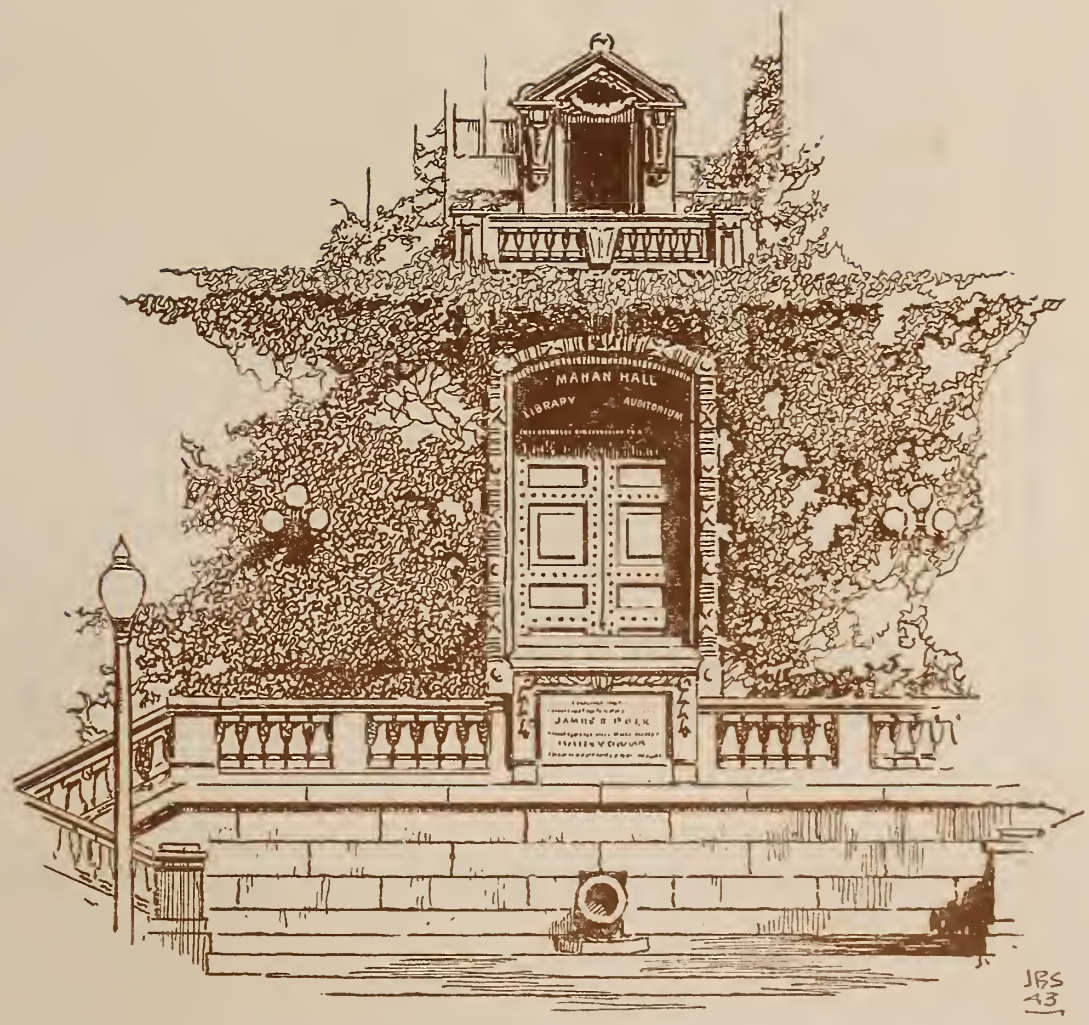
To the Attainment of Knowledge

The instructors of our academic subjects are entrusted with the training of young men from all walks of life. For three years they have guided us, giving freely of their wisdom and learning, that we might be better prepared to serve our country in whatever capacity we may be called upon to act. With a firm hand they have given to us that portion of knowledge upon which a successful Naval career may be built.

Every day for the past three years we spent the greater portion of our time with Academic subjects. Daily we marched through the doors of Mahan, Maury, Sampson, Isherwood, Melville, Luce, and Ward Halls—the portals of learning at the Naval Academy. At 0745 our first class formation of the day resounded through Bancroft's corridors, and hundreds double timed to their place in ranks. We formed, mustered, and marched off to class. As we cleared Bancroft's huge terraces we swung into step down the walks to the academic group, past Tecumseh, the ever alert old god of 2.5 who sees that midshipmen stay academically fit. We disappeared down the tunnel of trees along Stribling walk, and soon Bancroft's terraces were bare. But only for an hour, for then the classes would march back, and others leave.

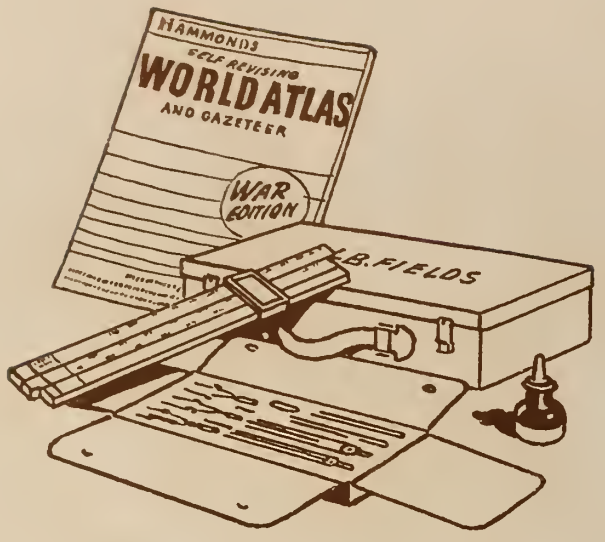
It is to the memory of the hours of work, worry, pleasure, and enjoyment spent in drills and in the classroom that the following pages are dedicated.




MAHAN HALL
LIBRARY
AUDITORIUM
JBS
13

THE ACADEMIC GROUP

JBS
92



SIX BUILDINGS centering about Mahan Hall, named for the famous mariner-author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History".... Isherwood, Melville and Griffin Halls, where we struggled with the T-squares, epicyclic trains and Carnot cycles of marine engineering.... Maury Hall, where we improved our writing, and slaved over slide rules and calculus.... Sampson Hall, where we studied chemistry and physics, and timorously made connections with generators and motors, and were amazed with the results.... Mahan Hall, where we relaxed for motion pictures, Masqueraders, and Musical Club shows....

Across the polished surface of this table the Superintendent, the Commandant of Midshipmen and the Heads of the Departments decided what our curricula should be and if we had met its requirements.

The Great Tribunal

On the upper floor of the Administration building, closely adjoining the Superintendent's office, is the Academic Board room. During hours of session the Superintendent, the Commandant of Midshipmen, and the Heads of the Departments of the Academy, sat around its polished table. The business that this board transacted was generally of vital interest to midshipmen. The regulations for entrance into the Academy as well as the examinations of candidates for admission were promulgated by them. The decisions of this board affected our lives from the minute we decided to attempt to become midshipmen.

The board represented the final tribunal for all midshipmen. The records of all men who failed academically, that is, those whose marks fell below 2.5 for the term, were reviewed by the board. If deemed necessary, they required that the failing men appear personally before the board. On each case they deliberated carefully and decided as to whether or not the individual concerned would continue as a midshipman or be shipped aboard the U.S.S. Outside.

Their final recommendation of us as Ensigns was readily forthcoming when, in their estimation, we had fully met the rigid academic standards in all fields of endeavor and were qualified to serve as officers in the Navy. A naval officer must be well schooled to do properly his intricate job; the work of these few men has insured the superior quality of officers that the Academy sends to the fleet.

The Department of Electrical Engineering: Top row: Howard, Baker, Brown, Goodwin, Brabender, Heinicke, Wilson, Skinner, Danser, Stevenson, O'Brian, Halloran, Kiley, Foote, Woodward, Lee, Earle.

Fourth row: Cook, Smedley, Pennington, Gray, McHose, Jensen, Oberist, Kleinhans, Fitzgerald, Robnett, Riggs, Nare, Torgersen, Hanwick, Paquette, Dahlberg, Turner.

Third row: Sunderlin, Purcell, Condit, Austin, Daley, McGhee, Bowles, VanderLagge, Riggin, Miller, Pinkston, Kinsler, Thomas, Sellman.

Second row: Hill, Kulot, Williams, Bloodworth, McCurley, Sherwood, Power, Dye, Duncan, Jackson, Redecker, Clement, Rankin, Tiedeman.

Front row: Ellis, Davis, Ball, Dashiell, Frellsen, Capt. Wiley, Blair, Elder, Cockaday, Morash.

Captain H. V. Wiley, Head of the Department, was responsible that we received an adequate amount of instruction in Electrical Engineering.

Electrical Engineering

Plebe year they gave us Chemistry and youngster year, Physics, but to us they were both "Skinny." First class year was a bit more difficult, with Electricity, or "Juice," and Radio to torture us. Vainly did we try to learn all the formulas in the textbooks; every exam brought forth the question, "Sir, do we have to know all these formulas?" and the answer, "Yes, Mr. Gish, I think that you should." Always the ones we forgot were the ones we needed.

The Chemistry was very general. We studied ions, atoms, molecules, mixtures, compounds, and what have you. We tried to learn something about both the inorganic and organic branches. For those of us who had studied Chemistry before coming here, the course was easy; for those who knew nothing about it, the course provided many headaches and much extra study.

Our drills in the Physics Lab were fundamental, touching upon all phases of engineering.

As the instructor proceeded with his experiment, we always wondered what would happen next.

We oll but stood on our heads os we attempted to visuolize the principle upon which the gyroscope operated.

Members of the 6th company dig in ot juice lob.

We supplemented our classroom work with laboratory experiments. Here we discovered many things not included in the experiments. Among other things, we found that sulphuric acid plus white works, yields holes in white works.

We had heard that "youngster year was fruit." Physics soon taught us better. Mechanics, light, heat, sound, and some electricity were crowded into one year's work. Here again we had laboratory exercises, and something new also—Friday afternoon lectures. "Slipstick Willie" told us about Newton's laws, torque, gyroscopic action, and physical measurement. In spite of these lectures, however, some of us continued to find that F is not always equal to MA, and some still wonder if it ever had an equal!

In our drills, or "P-works," we tracked down forces, BTU's, calories, ergs, and other elusive units. We broke up light into its component colors, experimented with lenses and mirrors to find out why images are sometimes inverted, and we found out what the diopter is. Then, for a few weeks, we studied electricity and tried to answer the question, "What is electricity?" For once, "I don't know" was the correct answer.

In our transition from third to first classmen, we had a brief study of the theory of aviation, as a part of applied physics. We learned about the forces that sustain the heavier than air craft in flight, about the characteristics of various shapes of wings, about stability as applied to air craft. In the small amount of time available for the study of this subject, we learned that flying is not as easy as it seems—in fact, we found a deeper respect for the men who man our flying Navy.

Shoot the juice to us, Bruce.

The heort of an underwater demon, a submorine motor.

The course in oviotion was new, but the desire to fly hos long been with many of us.

The "Hams" kept alive an interest within the Regiment in practical radio.

FINALLY, first class year we reached the most important subject that we were to study in the Department of Electrical Engineering. Electricity, with its many applications and uses, soon made us realize that we were studying one of the subjects that was to confront us during our entire careers in the Navy. All our previous studies in this department were merely a preamble to the real object.

The modern vessel of war is a maze of electrical wiring. It uses electricity to ventilate compartments, to operate radio and visual signal apparatus, to load, train, and fire the large guns, to drive and steer the ship, to provide light, and to accomplish many other major and minor tasks. No matter what ship to which we may be assigned and no matter what duties we may have on that ship, we will have some form of electrical apparatus under our cognizance. With all this in mind we began to digest as much as possible of this new subject.

We already knew that there were such things as alternating and direct currents, but we soon found that we knew relatively little, even the supposedly simple parallel and series circuits became complicated at times. Generators, compound motors, speed regulation, hysteresis losses, and eddy currents became familiar terms. When we got to alternating current, the phase angle added new worries, as did single phase and polyphase equipment, we learned about transformers.

In the laboratory, we made our own electrical connections for the motors and generators. Half an hour's argument, plug and re-plug the leads—then throw the switch and stand back. Sometimes our brain children worked and sometimes the circuit breakers flew open. Here again we tried to practice what we had learned in class—we reaffirmed our belief that experience is the best teacher. We shall not soon forget our mistakes, although they were many.

The radio repairmen out in town must appreciate the last course we had in this department. A few weeks after we began to study Radio, *they* had a chance to profit from our mistakes. Our well-aimed attempts to rejuvenate our own radios frequently resulted in a trip out in town to get Joe or Bob to repair the damage. Nevertheless, we discovered that the fundamentals of radio construction and operation could be mastered, with plenty of work. Triodes, multigrid vacuum tubes, rectifiers, and cathodes ceased to be just names. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," but every little bit helps. This knowledge that we have gained will serve useful purposes, will enable us to fight better and longer, and will provide a basis for our future learning. Our studies have ended, our work has begun. Our only hope is that, in some small way, we may apply what we have learned to a better and happier world of the future.

We listened attentively during a lecture, for the next day we perhaps had to explain it ourselves in class.

Radio lab was something new and enjoyable, if sometimes the results were not.

Whatever were the demands for stage lighting or electrical appliances, Fitzpatrick and his Juice-Gang found the answer.

Getting equipment for stage settings caused no worry when the Prop Gang under Gorman was an the job.

The technicians af saund repraductian gather around for a demonstratian.

Extra Curricular in Mahan

The scene changes but where has it gone? Ask the Stage Gang, that industrious group who in a few moments can erase dark Africa and insert glittering New York City in its place—right there in Mahan Hall!

Now it's a he, now a she. The wigs, the costumes, and all stage equipment are the worries and responsibilities of the Property Gang.

By the dimming of the lights we know that the Juice Gang is on duty, seeing that every illumination requirement is met.

This year the Movie Gang and Sound Unit joined forces and offered afternoons and evenings of diversified entertainment to all hands. Restricted and educational movies were shown in Memorial Hall, and the works of old masters were reproduced for lovers of fine music. Occasionally the mess hall resounded with dinner music, and we again recognized and appreciated the work of this organization.

Siple's Stage Gang was a necessity at every stage performance.

Behind the curtain, actian predaminated and the various gangs turned to.

Here in "George and Margaret" we see all the "boys" on the stage.

Behind the Footlights

Under the presidency of Creighton Cook and direction of Jim Nicholson, the Masqueraders this year presented *George and Margaret*, a pleasingly crazy and amiable comedy by Gerald Savory. *George and Margaret* concluded the '44" contribution to the Regimental stage which saw *Tovarich* plebe year and *Mr. and Mrs. North* youngster year. The play this year, with neatly clipped dialogue incorporating perfect spontaneity, was received by the audience with constant laughter and repeated bursts of applause.

Unique with the play this year was the fact that priorities, allotments, ration-cards, and salvaged gear all had a part in the production. The sets used in *George and Margaret* were basically introduced to a Regimental audience several seasons ago. The electrical display on the Mahan Hall tower was made entirely from materials on hand in the Masquerader production rooms. But *George and Margaret* had not been salvaged, and its humor had not been rationed. Its three acts of gusty, full-blooded mirth bloomed as engagingly as a "C" card.

The Masqueraders had offered new fields for our dramatic talents, for in addition to playing male roles in international stage successes, parading before the Regiment as women has been a new experience for us.

Many of the Masqueraders played their last performance this spring. But we who are leaving the Regimental stage for a world-wide stage believe that the lessons we have learned in tact and judgment, in patience and determination, and in poise and assurance on the stage of Mahan Hall will be applicable in the conning towers, turrets, and plotting rooms aboard the ships of our Navy.

Midshipmon Cook, president of the Mosqueraders, explains his plans.

Masking up the Mosqueraders.

The unseen scene after the curtoin fell.

Muses from Bancroft

The Glee Club, the Mandolin Club, and the NA-10 were outlets for the musical talent in the Regiment. In the medium of their own pleasure, they gave much enjoyment to midshipmen and their drags. Each year these organizations combined to present a great musical show, one of the rare events to which we were permitted to drag as plebes.

Our Glee Club was the largest ever brought together at the Naval Academy. It was a group dedicated to the singing of light music and to the entertainment of others—an organization that gave us hours of joyful entertainment. Remember Fred Waring and the versatility of our club?

The Naval Academy Glee Club, led by Midshipman Razier, offered both classical and nan-classical music.

Under the baton of Rice, the Orchestra played "highbrow" with classics.

The Orchestra was a small symphony, but played all types of music—classical, semi-classical, and popular. Only those who lived near the orchestra room heard it during the winter evenings, but all of us were grateful for those rehearsals when spring and the combined Musical Club Show rolled around.

A feature of that show was the Mandolin Club, whose men reminisced with their fingers the old ballads—raucous hill-billy, sorrowful cowboy, and languorous Hawaiian pieces.

The devotees of good dance music answered the call of the NA-10, the Midshipmen's own dance band. They played so seldom for us that we suspected them of playing for their own amusement, but how we enjoyed a Sunday informal with the band, and how we yelled during those jam sessions after dinner!

To the men of the Musical Clubs who find time to amuse us and ease the strain of a wartime program, we give hearty salute.

We seldom heard the Mandolin Club, and wish that Schulz had trotted them out mare aften.

At a cue from Holbrook, the NA 10 swung out with the latest in popular music.

Daily work with differentials and integrals was the by-word of youngster calculus.

That's right, now prove it.

Chalk and Slipsticks

Waiting to orient us with the world of figures and integral signs, at the end of plebe summer, was the Mathematics Department. Every day for two years we graced the rooms of Maury Hall indulging as the Department would have us into that indispensable subject of all engineering. Too few of us realized at the time that success in coping with the engineering practicalities of the Navy depended on our foundation in Mathematics.

For these two years we faced first the ever evasive trig problem and then the unfathomable integral. The slide rule became an indispensable tool as the Mathematics Department led us from the X's and Y's of algebra through trig tables to the dt's of calculus. Well do we remember the chalk dust as it settled over our blue service while we raced against time and our classmates, pitting our mathematical knowledge against the instructor's example problems. Upon the completion of calculus we surmised, rather hastily, that our course in Mathematics was finished. It was not that easy, for there yet remained that subject dealing with rigid and non-rigid bodies, and Newton's laws of motion-Mechanics.

Our presence was required daily for two years in the realm of Captain S. P. Fullinwider's Department of Mathematics.

The Department of Mathematics: Back row: Hydeman, Moore, Hammond, Holme, Miles, Wagner, Kern, Stotz, Hawkins, Currier, Sears, Cosby, Benac, Muhly, Abbott, Bland, Chambers, Phelps, Bush, Seekins, and Girratana. Middle row: Morrow, Arnold, Saslaw, Aucion, Brady, Lindquist, Worth, Robinson, Secrist, Buchholtz, Wicks, Miller, Hoyt, Betz, Downs, Quense, Wilson.
Front row: Mayer, Scarborough, Lamb, Cullins, Eppes, Capt. Fullinwider, Wilson, Galloway, Clements, Conrad, Tyler, Lyle.

Here at the board we had ta stand on our ability; buckets and slashes were easily distinguishable.

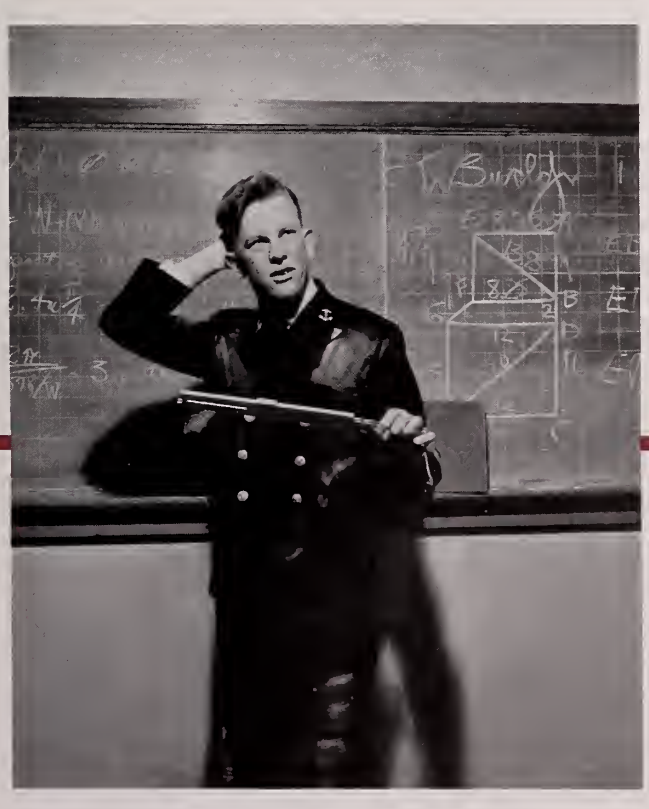
Never did we start class without warming up—ten mental arithmetic problems, a mind awakener, covered the fundamental phases of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Many of us found we had to learn arithmetic over again.

No attempt was made to teach us mathematics as a pure science nor to develop great mathematicians, but rather to co-ordinate the problems of mathematics with those of other departments and to those problems peculiar to the officer at sea.

With the concluding of the course in Mechanics, we bade farewell to the Mathematics Department in the Spring of '42. Unappreciating, and with a light heart we left, thinking that the worst was behind us. Disillusioned, we were soon confronted with ordnance, navigation, electrical engineering, radio, and thermodynamics. Then we realized and appreciated why the Math Department had led us on.

Among us in Bancroft are many who enjoy Mathematics and find much pleasure and increase of knowledge by delving into its intricacies. Composed of such men is the Mathematics Club. Meetings are held weekly and discussions cover the practical engineering applications of mathematics as well as theory. They are the boys to decide for the captain "Will the boom support the motor launch?"

The Aftermath—"Hey, Mister, what's your name?"—the first class were everywhere alert.



. . . but the sum of the forces must equal zero.

The members of the Mathematics Club find figures an intriguing study.

Captain R. A. Hall, Head of the Department, saw to it that we kept busy.

Department of English . . . .

Our bout with the Department of English, History and Government, or "Bull" Department, as it is more affectionately known, began early plebe summer. We learned then that it is not impossible to find a book in the library; this knowledge has served us well, for many times in our subsequent work we have found the necessity to seek additional information. Most of us began to realize even then how little we knew about our own language.

That fall we began our real work. Sentence structure, paragraphs, themes, essays, and short stories provided an outlet for the fertile pens of the more proficient writers; the rest of us just struggled along, trying to derive some benefit from our mistakes. Toward the end of that year we devoted our efforts to the study of the masters—Shakespeare, Browning, Keats, Shelley, and others whose mastery of the language completely dumbfounded us.

Youngster year we delved into the history of naval warfare, from the

The Department of English, History, and Government: Back row: Wagenblass, Berwick, Mueller, Lowe, Pitt, Mahaney, Clark, Keeney, Brian, Bass, Bavey, Crowl, Sibley.
Middle row: Cronin, Jeffries, Fredland, Greene, Stephens, James, Gary, Carter, Sturm, Cannelly, Ropp, Patter, Haupt, Olney, Lacey.
Front raw: West, Judge, Merrick, Sturdy, Narris, Hazlett, Capt. Hall, Westcott, McCarmick, Meigs, Lewis, Darden, Harn, Cook.

Cause for study—that endless stack of books.

battles of the ancient Greeks to the Battle of Jutland. We learned to draw sketches of the maneuvers employed, to pick out the mistakes of the leaders, and to appreciate the intricacies of maneuver as found in the close-aboard struggles between sailing men-of-war. We spent evenings listening to lectures which supplemented the meager knowledge gleaned from books. Who among us can forget how Admiral Sir John Byng stood on his quarterdeck, achieving in death what he failed to accomplish in life? These lectures added a sense of reality to the naval engagements of the past— Lake Champlain, Tsushima Straits, Mobile Bay, and Coronel.

First class year, the "Course of Europe Since Waterloo" gave us an insight into the causes of the first World War, the events succeeding it, and the developments leading up to the present world conflict.

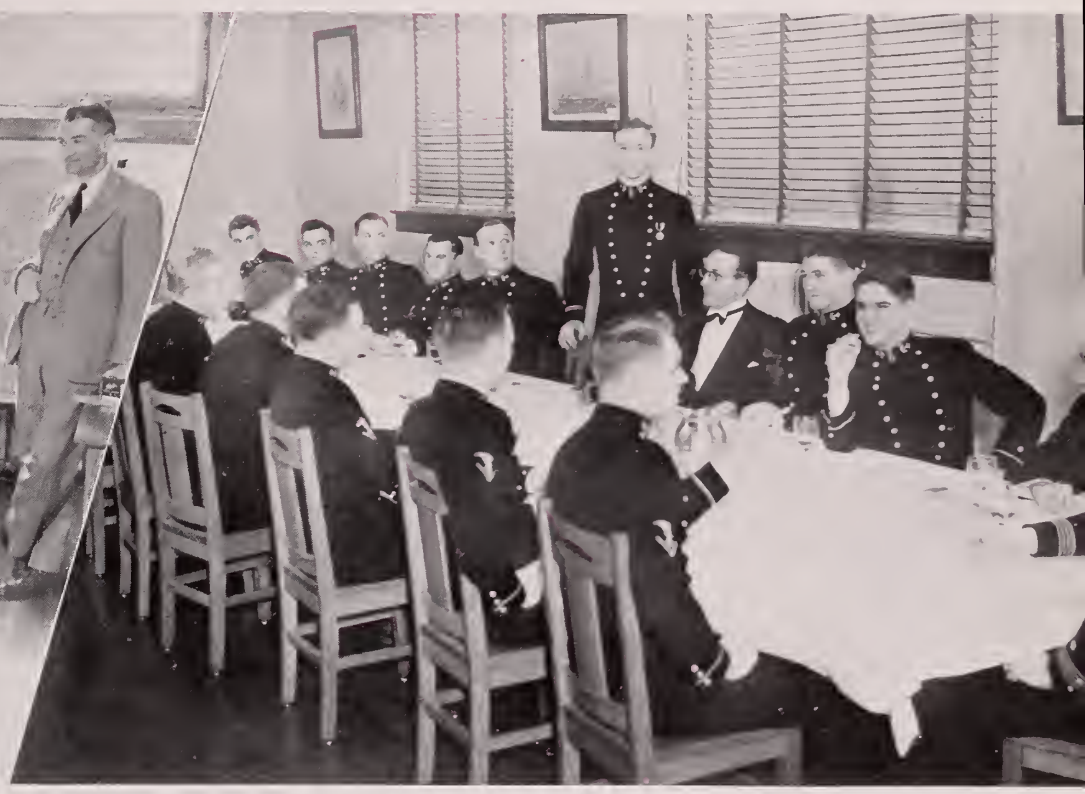
. . . History, and Government

The last half of first class year, we studied our own Constitution—its background, its original contents, its subsequent amendments, and the interpretation of its hidden meanings. We quickly gained a better knowledge of the inner workings of our national government and its subsidiaries, the states. Few of us realized how much could be written about the few thousand words of this imposing document.

First class year, also, we entered upon a new field—after dinner speaking—for according to John Paul Jones, a naval officer . . . "Should be able to express himself clearly and with force in his own language, both with tongue and pen." We continued to write, but we were being prepared for the days to come in which our service in the Navy will include making short talks of diplomatic nature in foreign countries. The imaginary occasions at the after-dinner speaking mess were many; perhaps we were attending a dinner given

Tsushima—the Japs won this one!

History, basis af understanding the present and the future, was on important study.



We accustamed aurselves with after dinner speaking by addressing classmates and instructars at a farmal dinner.

by the officials of some South American country for the Ward-room Officers of the *U.S.S. Blank*, or perhaps we were honoring the heroes of our allies. Of course, most of us enjoyed the steaks and cigarettes more than the speeches, but guest speakers often livened up the evening in a fashion that we dull midshipmen envied. On Friday nights the Department arranged for Naval Officers and civilians having a message of interest to us to speak on topics touching our profession.

We have complained much about the length of assignments and their thoroughness—we said that what was omitted in the classrom was covered on the examinations. But anyway, Captain Hall, thanks from '44 to you and your department, *unless* you change that ungrammatical "Tain't no more plebes" to "There aren't any more plebes!"

The skipper of the USS Sturgeon speaks to the class, under the auspices af the Department of English, Histary, and Government.

Keeper of tangible Naval history was Captain H. A. Baldridge, Curator of the museum.

Facts and Fiction

Perhaps the least imposing building in the Naval Academy yard is the Museum. This building, located but a short distance from the main gate, houses the mementos of by-gone generations and wars. We find relics of the American Revolution, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the first World War. Many of these articles belonged to famous American Naval officers, and others were captured from the enemy. Here, in a very small space, we have Navy tradition in a nut-shell.

As one enters the main room, there is a collection of nearly all the class ring designs of past graduating classes. Ranged about in glass cases are many models of sailing vessels—relics of the days when canvas ruled the seas. In other cases there are old medals, uniforms, guns, and bits of wood and metal, each bearing some historic significance. This building also houses the offices of the Navy Athletic Association and the Naval Institute Proceedings.

A bit farther from the main gate, facing Bancroft Hall, we find Mahan Hall, which contains the Naval Academy library. It is perhaps fitting that this hall bears the name of the famous historian, Rear Admiral Mahan. In the library itself, we find reading material of all kinds—history, scientific matter, professional reports, and novels. Periodicals and newspapers in several languages may be found in the main reading room.

The files contain newspapers and magazines, which may be used for reference work, for several years back. Another room contains encyclopedias covering all imaginable subjects, in several languages. The double stairs approaching the library are lined with ship models and busts of famous naval officers. Ranged around the walls of the library are the pictures of the past Superintendents of the Naval Academy.

The library maintains bulletin boards in Bancroft Hall, upon which, at regular intervals, is posted information concerning new books, current event displays and other information about the aids offered to midshipmen by the library.

Here, then, in these two buildings we have the nucleus of our knowledge concerning the past history of our navy and its part in the wars in which we have participated. The library supplies the written record, and the Museum furnishes actual objects to aid our fertile imaginations.

Lt. C. W. Mixer, Librarian, was responsible for the availability of the entertainment and knawledge that our well-organized library gave.

The museum is a storehouse of mementos in the past of our Navy and our country.

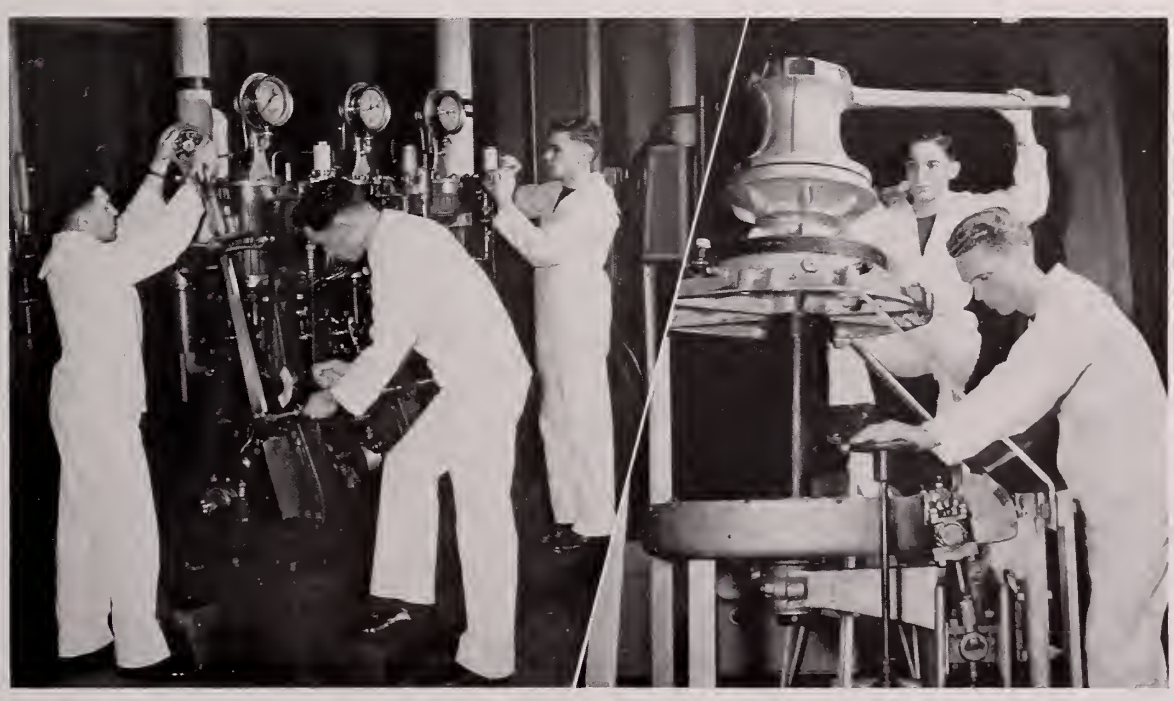
We used the library often as plebes, often as youngsters, but seldom as first classmen.

The Department of Marine Engineering: Back row: Guis, Stackhoff, Brown, Robinson, Tuomy, Price, Glenn, West, Kimball, Elrod, Welch, and Thalgott. Fifth row: Holland, Griesedieck, Bruns, Sheneman, Banks, Reahl, Scisson, Brown, Schaffer, Young, Fires. Fourth row: Spencer, Ayers, Maddox, Dixon, Bourke, Langdon, Fortune, Vogeley. Third row: Nash, Sterling, Scaffe, Tucher, Thomas, Marks, Leach. Second row: Beneze, Palmer, Smedley, Lank, Burrow, Derickson, Hubbell, Eakens, Winston, Fox, Farrell. Front row: Gorsk, Lewis, Lorenz, Davis, Stewart, Capt. Teasley, Kelley, Eldridge, Bolgiano, Dusinberre.

Captain W. A. Teasley, Head of the Department, organized a well-rounded course in practical Marine Engineering.

Marine Engineering

What keeps our Navy operating—the huge battleships plowing through the oceans and those sleek racehounds, the destroyers, at sea? Down under the decks, below the waterline, where there is little glamour and no comfort, the heart of the vessel throbs. Aye, the heart of the vessel, for her boilers and pumps and turbines and condensers, throbbing in torrid blackness, push her through the water at tremendous speed, and place her guns where they will do damage. Down in that pit of sweat and fuel oil, an alert crew is always on watch, checking, regulating, seeing that all machines function properly. Those men and their officers keep that vessel at sea. And so it is necessary that each Academy graduate be educated in the functions and operation of every piece of machinery found in the engine room. He must not be a design engineer or a technician—he must be able only to properly use and maintain his equipment. A Naval officer cannot be burdened with intimate technical details—his duties are supervisory and too diversified to permit great specialization. It is, then, with the object of moulding us into practical operating engineers that the Marine Engineering course is designed. It is strictly an engineering course for a mariner—irrelevant material is carefully weeded out. Practical application of theory is made on typical naval machines. The course was thorough, and started with drafting, so we would be able to represent what we later learned, and included mechanisms, naval machinery, metallurgy, and thermodynamics.



All hands were required to understand how to operate a steam engine efficiently.

During our Youngster "steam" drills we began studying types of steam operated equipment.

A part of our course consisted of learning simple operations on the power driven machinery in the machine shop and pattern shop.

Our first introduction to the department came plebe summer when we worked in the pattern shop, constructing patterns for use later in the sand molds of the foundry. In the foundry, we tried our hands at metal casting. The results were astonishing, both good and bad. Some of us had learned the knack of casting, and it was definite that others had not. In the machine shop, we learned the rudiments of operating lathes, milling machines, drills, and planers. In this lab, we tooled down many of the castings which we had made in the pattern shop.

When it came to forging we discovered that it took a little muscle and a lot of heat to make two metals fuse. Welding by the use of electric arc and the acetylene torch was enjoyable work. Our first efforts were sloppy, but with a little practice we could both weld and cut with a torch.

Throughout our entire plebe year, we bent our tired backs over drawing boards. In the mechanical drawing course, we did our best to reproduce in three views all the details of a piece of machinery. Intersections of cones, spheres, and planes with one another always gave trouble; blind routine did not suffice, we had to visualize.

Engineering Processes brought with it the microscopic study of the structure of metal. Laboratory machines ripped apart metal samples, and we plotted curves of tensile strength and solved for Young's Modulus of Elasticity—elusive mathematical sprite!

At last, as youngsters, we studied the functions of the ship's power plant. We learned of those famous words "sketch and describe." We sketched practically every kind of naval machine. Designs of turbines, boilers, valves, and other intricate pieces of machinery filled the blackboards daily. In drills we studied and examined full-scale models, determining how they were constructed and how they functioned. We studied a brief reprint of the Navy's *Manual of Engineering Instructions*. We learned lists—the thirty steps to be followed in lighting off a boiler and the safety precautions observed in the fireroom—ad infinitum.

Our plebe course in Marine Engineering was a backbreaking session over drawing boards.

Several men here are interested in the intricacies of a model boiler front.

The Mollier diagram has all of the answers, if you can find them.

Damage control was our "steam" course during first class summer. As reports from the war zone trickled in and as ships limped into ports, saved only by the daring of their unsung damage control parties who shored, pumped, counterflooded, and repaired under fire, we began to appreciate the potential value of this important course. We studied the laws that control the attitude of a ship in the water, and learned of the means employed to give stability to a ship.

White-hot metal in the foundry meant work and sweat. Destruction of metal shafting determines its strength.

In the fall we plunged into the academics of first class year and came face to face with thermodynamics — the steam course deluxe. We studied theory and principles of turbines, refrigerators, evaporators, condensers, and pumps. In the classroom we solved problem after problem in which the underlying law was the conservation of energy. The p-v, t-s, and h-s diagrams of steam were continually in use, and we plotted our problems as we worked. In the laboratories, we studied practical problems in heat transfer and power development, and learned to operate reciprocating engines and steam turbines.

Our last academic contact with the Marine Engineering Department was the internal combustion course. We studied various types of diesel and gasoline engines, and made tests in the laboratory to determine their operating characteristics and efficiencies.

It takes more than one torpedo to sink a ship having modern damage control. Here we learned how modern ships are designed.

Workshop Artists

In their own special shop, equipped with lathes, drills, and woodworking machinery, the enthusiastic members of the Model Club, with steady hands and keen eyes, constructed fine working models and increased their knowledge of various types of naval construction and design. They are a group enjoying a hobby closely allied with the Naval profession; a club that has developed and added to its equipment greatly during its four year life. Many worked with tissue and balsa wood and glue and made flying airplane models; others worked with hardwood and knives and made scale replicas of airplanes, ships, and submarines; and one made a show case full of various types of warships.

Gathered around its president, Midshipman Deal, the model club proudly displayed its handicraft.

Internal combustion engines were not new to us but their thermodynamic principles were.

After the day's last class our steps were lighter and our salutes snappier.

Secure Your Gear

Bells rang and we prepared to leave. From the Academic Group midshipmen walked back to Bancroft, happy that the day's combat with the fundamental sciences was done. Some had profited by the day's work and were conscience-free. Others... But the Academic Departments all retired complacently, for they had offered equal opportunity of knowledge to all.

Those midshipmen returning along Stribling and Chauvenet little contemplated the pattern before them, but had they speculated, they would have remarked how Bancroft Hall nestled between Luce and Ward Halls, seats of professional learning, and opposed the Academic Group, seat of fundamental learning. And now, as they return for an afternoon's relaxation, we turn to the professions for which the Academic Halls prepared them....

JBS
43

LUCE HALL

WARD HALL

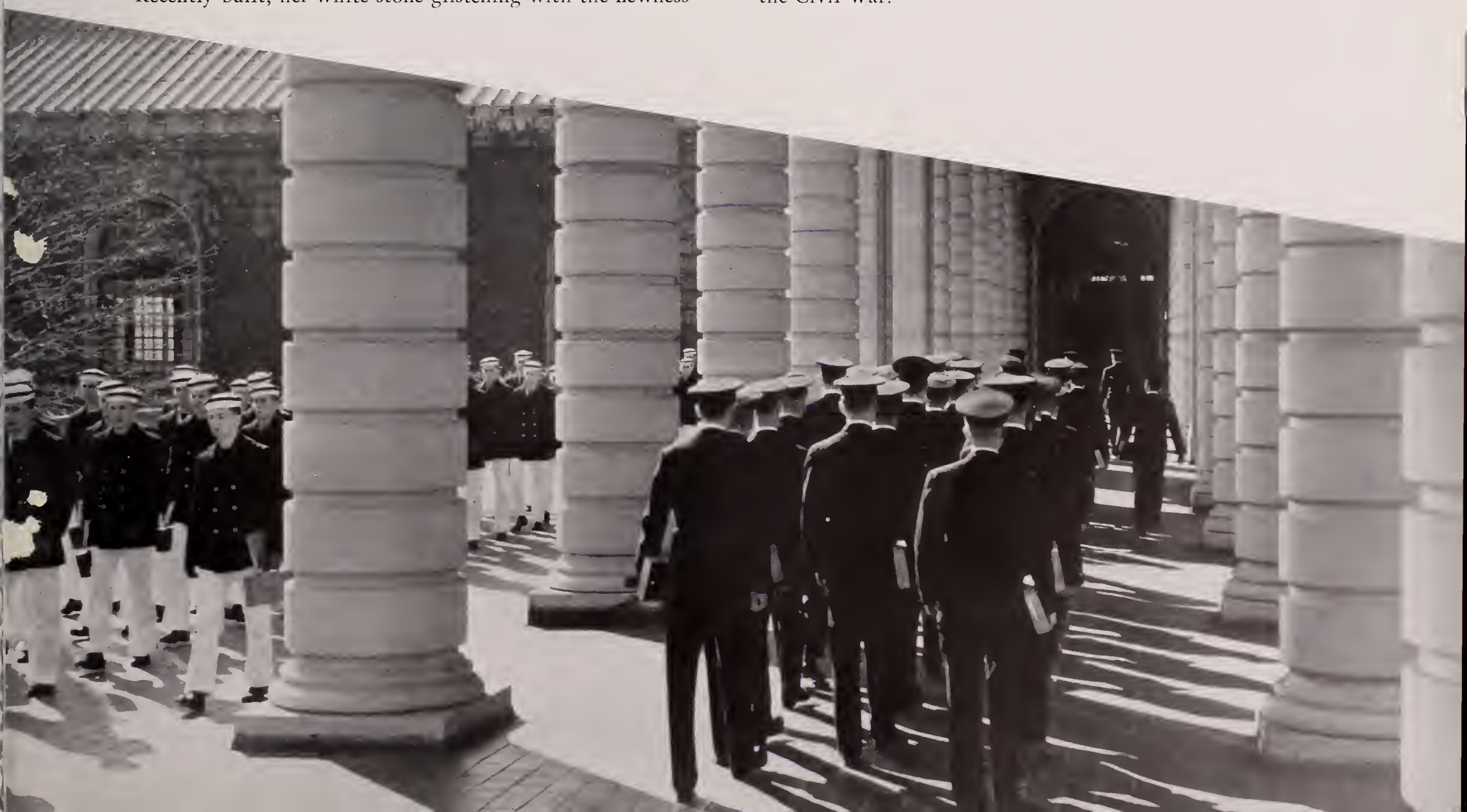
WARD HALL
JBS
42

BALANCING TWINS on Bancroft's flanks ...named for Stephen Luce and James Harmon Ward, leaders in seamanship and ordnance respectively. Luce Hall, cradle of Seamanship and Navigation... where we learned new languages and tied new knots...where we cruised on the chart table instead of on the ocean...which gave us our cruise on the Chesapeake, to make us much tanned and a little saltier...Ward Hall, where we studied big guns and how to direct them, and little guns and how best to carry them.

Halls Of Professional Knowledge

Resting on land that was once claimed by the Severn River, close enough to salt waters to feel the swelling of the tides, Luce Hall proudly stands, an outpost by the sea for the Academy buildings. Here, the home of Seamanship, Navigation, and Foreign Languages, we are taught the ways to sail to the outer regions of the globe and once there, how to speak to their peoples. Luce Hall is the mistress of the Naval Academy harbor. Out of Dewey Basin knockabouts flutter past her grilled portals. Busy motor launches annoy her as they hustle about Santee Basin. To the south and east, she searches the horizon and the Eastern Shore, awaiting perhaps the return of her navigators.

Recently built, her white stone glistening with the newness of a late Mod. rangekeeper, Ward Hall by her very newness typifies the ever changing field of ordnance. Unlike Luce Hall, her partner at the other end of the Bancroft group, Ward Hall sits protected among the trees of today and the guns of former wars. Ward and Luce Halls are alike in that their names are rich in significance. Stephen Bleecker Luce entered the Naval Academy with the first class in 1845 and became the foremost among the seaman of our Navy. James H. Ward was Executive Officer in charge of Luce and his classmates in 1845 and at the same time head of the first Gunnery Department, and he remained a fighting gunner until his death in action during the Civil War.



We Speak In . . .

"Les officiers de Vaisseau" prepare themselves for future action ashore.

THE three year course shortened the usual two years of "Dago" to one, followed by two summer term courses a year apart. With no change in the material to cover, that was hard. We were supposed to speak not a word of English after entering Luce Hall, but except for the savvy boys, the strain of asking the prof questions in French or Spanish was usually too much. Since we were there primarily to acquire a practical speaking knowledge, we spent long hours struggling through *Naval Phraseology*, and trying to reproduce the scenes in front of the class. Nothing else could quite equal the sinking feeling that came with " . . . and Mr. Door, you will be the pilot. We'll take the entire scene today. Commence!"

As in most of the other departments, we had our daily dose of "draw slips and man the boards." It was hardest First Class Summer when we had to write our verbs completely correct or get a 2.4 maximum for the day.

We saw the war change the course during our last year. Some of the new plebe class tackled Russian and Japanese. We had had to choose from amongst Spanish, French, Portugese, Italian, and German, and none of these had involved the problems of a new alphabet. For once it seemed as if the plebes were not "getting away with it." But we'll probably wish we knew some of that Japanese before very long. We hope so.

Jovial, dynamic Captain Ziroli ruled an efficient language department and "sold" submarines on the side.

Back row: Lt. Hartsook, Lt. (jg) Reed, Lt. (jg) Sedgwick, Lt. (jg) Buffum, Lt. (jg) Sewell, Lt. (jg) Beadle, Lt. (jg) Bruner.
Third row: Lt. (jg) Black, Lt. (jg) Canter, Lt. (jg) Thompson, Lt. (jg) Heise, Ens. Ross, Lt. (jg) Michaud, Lt. (jg) Walsh, Lt. (jg) Fogelquist, Lt. Brandon, Lt. (jg) Blanchard, Lt. Michels, Lt. Espinosa, Lt. Hamilton.
Second row: Lt. Berry, Lt. Lemieux, Lt. Purdie, Lt. Drexel, Lt. Shields, Asst. Prof. Muller, Lt. Fahs, Lt. Retting, Ens. Chandler, Lt. Hammond.
Front row: Lt. Sewell, Asso. Prof. Starnes, Senior Prof. Purdie, Cdr. Cope, Capt. Ziroli, Cdr. Lusk, Asso. Prof. Winchell, Asso. Prof. Cabrillo-Vázquez, Asst. Prof. Hefler.

. . Many Tongues

"Parlez-vous" is the avowed hope and purpose of the Academy Dago course. The language professors listened to our miserable gibberish for a year and two summers—their goal, to qualify interpreters and translators. But then they were through with us, and with a year to go before the interpreter exams, even the savvy would have difficulty retaining their inflections and accents. To maintain our language contacts, The Foreign Language Club and its numerous activities served a worthy cause.

In contrast to class room sessions, informality was the order at club meetings. Skits were presented, songs sung, popular recordings heard, and short talks on subjects of interest delivered. Besides the regular meetings, the clubs engaged in other activities. There was the language table in the mess hall. Midshipmen at these tables spoke their foreign language and by doing so improved their ability in its use. For the underclass this meant better grades; for the first class it afforded a painless way of keeping their grasp on the language.

"Nibban-ga wo inakavimasee pa?" and thirty-six select plebes reply, "Hai, so desu!"—they know Japanese. Lt. Reed, who once taught in Japan, has attempted to divulge to an apt few of '46 the mysteries of Japan's national code—both its language and its customs.

A submariner relieves a submariner: Captain Cape steps up to take the conn of foreign languoges during first class year.

There were the movies presented by the Foreign Language club. These movies, with foreign dialogue for the interested and English subtitles for those who cheated, were interesting, entertaining, and enlightening.

With '44 at the helm, the Language Clubs surged with life, interest, and accomplishments. They bought a phonograph on which records could be made as well as played. Droves crowded the small club rooms above Mem Hall. These rooms took a "lived-in" appearance—posters and maps on the walls; periodicals, foreign of course, on tables. Two new sections, Japanese and Russian, were welcomed into the fold and given a helping hand. The Club truly had its best year.

Top row: Dwyer and Faubian—officers of the Foreign Language Clubs.
Second row: Christaffersan, Braaks, Sanza, George Keller.
Front row: Correia, Heimark, Suhre, Hawell, Upshaw. Standing: Keller

The goal of two years of hard study for the Daga Department—a successful interpreter's exam.

Back row: Lt. Gault, Lt. Harmon, Ch. Bosn. Siotkowski, Lt. Filbry, Lt. Cdr. Mosselink, Ch. Bosn. Thompson, Lt. Cdr. Withers, Lt. Cdr. McCune, Lt. Cdr. Watters, Lt. Cdr. Espenas, Lt. Cdr. Adams, Lt. Cdr. Steinbeck, Ch. Bosn. Stagner.
Middle row: Cdr. McClench, Lt. Cdr. Fife, Lt. Moody, Lt. Cdr. Costello, Lt. Cdr. Downes, Cdr. Agnew, Lt. Adams, Lt. Cdr. Lee, Lt. Cdr. Hill, Lt. Cuffey, Lt. Cdr. Hyatt, Lt. Cdr. Christ, Lt. Cdr. Wright, Lt. Cdr. Price, Lt. Cdr. Jalbert, Lt. Cdr. McCoach, Cdr. Weimer, Mach. Ellington Ch. Mach. Neal, Ens. Kotsch.
Front row: Lt. Cdr. Waller, Lt. Cdr. Heinz, Lt. Cdr. Walsh, Cdr. Maury, Cdr. McDonald, Cdr Tarbutton, Cdr. Agetan, Capt. Hurt, Cdr. McCarty, Cdr. Hyde, Cdr. Leeper, Cdr. Cochrane Ens. McCarthy, Lt. Clark, Lt. Jack.

"And a Star to Steer Her By"

The memories of many of our academic bouts will doubtless fade with time, but we are doomed to be haunted forever by recollections of the Saturday morning Nav P-Works. The Nav Department always seemed to take a certain pride in determining the maximum amount of work the best man could do in the allotted hour and three quarters, and then adding ten percent before giving it to us. We worked like mad, and became accomplished jugglers—we balanced all the books and instruments around the desk and still left sea room on the chart for safe navigation and that gangling drafting instrument. The inevitable corrections to the mimeographed sheets were always read out over the speaker system, but no one ever understood. We wondered if it were always part of the plan that with ten minutes to go the speaker should triumphantly announce, "Attention, please! Correction on page one.

Captain Hurt, whose name only the privileged few ever had time to read at the end of aur weekly p-works.

Each Saturday morning af first class year found us attempting to master the intricacies of a navigation practical work. All too often we ended up high and dry.

Orient the plotting sheet for south latitude instead of north, and change the fixes to correspond."

The other half of the Department of Seamanship and Navigation wasn't quite so hard on us. It was easy to listen to Seamo lectures and the subjects were always important. We covered everything from bombsights to carrier operations at one time or another, always listening to a specialist on the subject, and helped by the excellent models and exhibits in Luce Hall. This year for the first time movies were extensively used for training and lots of the practical shipboard knowledge we should have gained on a battleship cruise was taught us this way. When the salty old "chiefs" gave the lectures we learned the most of all, thanks to their huge fund of valuable knowledge and good stories from the fleet.

"Salty Sailors of the Chesapeake"

Our good ship is off to explore the eastern share.

After a year, came youngster Summer—and dirty decks, and dirty brass, and raucous coxswains, and a chance for us, the salty sailors of the Chesapeake, to get our scrubbing legs! We manned everything from wherries, loosed from the "dowager" sterns of the ketches, to the once palatial *Jamestown*.

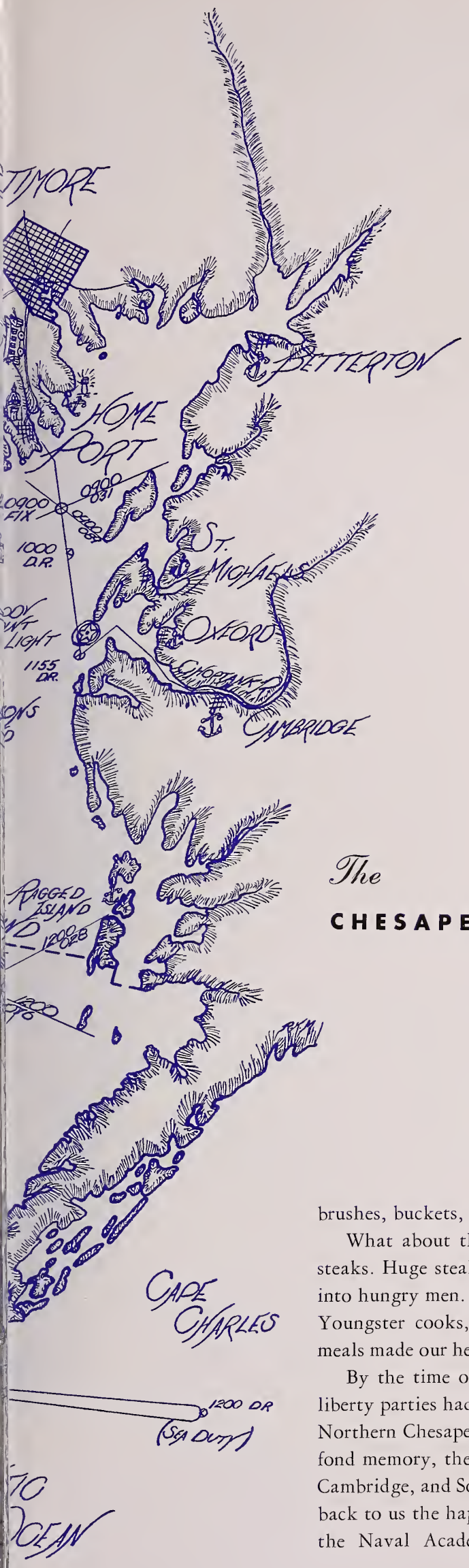
We learned soon that the yacht's clean, whitened teakwood decks didn't stay that way naturally. It took plenty of swabs, white lime, and backaches to keep them bright. We spread gallons and gallons of Navy paint from bow to stern and down to the waterline to keep her gray sides shiny.

The painting episodes had their colorful moments. At least once a week someone was sure to fall from a stage and absorb some of the ocean salt at Pier 7 in Norfolk Navy Yard.

Five men, all eager to go on liberty, climbed on a float to get the job done, and sank—float, paint

One of the more menial tasks in the life of a pampered pet.

A navigation drill on the bridge of the mighty Jamestown—our "battle cruiser."



The CHESAPEAKE BAY *Cruise*

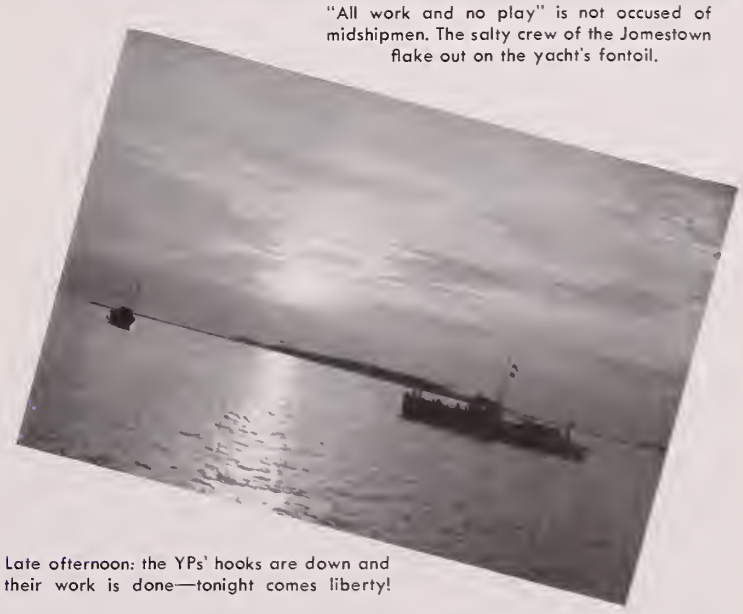
The signal officer watches the rear of the column while his crew bends on another signal. Competition is keen and all hands must be alert.

"All work and no play" is not accused of midshipmen. The salty crew of the Jamestown flake out on the yacht's fantail.

brushes, buckets, and midshipmen.

What about the chow? Oh boy!—nothing but steaks. Huge steaks, a foot long, served in salt air into hungry men. Even after being disguised by the Youngster cooks, the memory of those delicious meals made our hearts ache on "meatless Tuesday."

By the time our cruise had ended, our raucous liberty parties had visited nearly every town on the Northern Chesapeake shores. Although now just a fond memory, the names Virginia Beach, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Solomon's Island will always bring back to us the happy thoughts of our first cruise at the Naval Academy.



Late afternoon: the YPs' hooks are down and their work is done—tonight comes liberty!

Learning by Doing

"Man Overboard" goes the dreaded cry, the lifeboat crew runs smoothly through a routine known by heart, and soon the whaleboat is off to the rescue. The "man" is only a life preserver, but the principle remains.

The Uniform for Seamanship drill is white works, gym shoes!" Remember? Remember the first taste of salt spray in the cutters? Remember the bull-faced, hoarse-voiced Chief who shouted "Out oars!" or "Walk back handsomely!" like Stentor yelling at the Trojans? His was a picturesque expression of old Navy philosophy. Then there were the knockabout drills. We easily saw why the tough little sloops were called "knockabouts." Tack, clew, luff...a hundred new terms a minute were fired at you when you scarcely knew port from starboard. It felt so good when you received a little blue card from Seamo and Nav, "Primary Seamanship Qualification." What a queer looking sailboat was the whaleboat, you thought, until you found that the trim little ketches were quick and tricky.

You had thought that the days of marlinspike sailing were over. But you manned a jackstay in the rigging loft and learned bowlines and clove hitches. There were races to see who could tie his knot quickest. Remember the grannies? And then the signal drills you had all through the Academy—how exasperating they sometimes were! During blinker, "Item," "How," and "Sugar" always looked the same. And Flag Hoist—who on earth could remember what "Broad Command" looked like? But weren't you proud one day when you knew and bilged everyone else? Remember those things? They gave you the very rock-foundation of Naval procedure and operation. Naval communications get their supreme test during the heat of battle, at the time when success or failure hangs on co-ordination.

Winter drills on the General Signal Book and Visual Call Book were carried out using flagbags and hoists.

A close heat in a Thompson Trophy Race.

Miniature flags are used to simulate the actual flag hoists for coding and decoding drills.

Youngster cruise and many Seamanship drills were spent abaard these patrol boats. By the time of First Class cruise we were ready to teach the youngsters maneuvering and station keeping.

Our First Command

On the briny waters of the Chesapeake, the members of '44 were given their first chance to command. Most of us went out for just one day, some for longer, but all of us had the thrill of being master of all we surveyed within forty feet in any direction except abeam. Despite the presence aboard each boat of an officer from the Seamanship Department, our word was law for a few hours.

We took pride in teaching the new third class blinker, semaphore and the intricacies of direct reading flag hoists, but many a "skipper" was forced to rely heavily on his Blue Jacket's Manual, the seaman's bible, kept handy for reference.

During the sunny afternoons, we plowed up and down the Bay, executing, now with remarkable precision, then with more remarkable escapes from disaster, all the maneuvers of which the YP's were capable. Competition between the various signal crews was high and woe betide the men whose ship was last to hoist a signal.

On the few overnight cruises, evening found the youngsters taking blinker, instead of "cherchezing la femme," as we had been on our summer cruise a year before. Then, we had improved our social contacts along the Eastern Shore; this time, we improved our knowledge of the sea, or its reasonable facsimile.

As the cruises drew to an end, many of us paused to wonder how we would react when our duties were actual rather than synthetic. In a year we would begin to find out.

Signal flags mildew and must be aired. Here a breathing spell offers an opportunity.

Instructian in the use of the stadimeter goes hand in hand with the preparatian of naon meal.

The busy pilat hause, chartroam, and caffee salon of a YP underway.

Back row: Lister, McCarthy, Trottier, Hughey, Beierl, Collin, Geneste, Curran, Kirby, Stock.
Third row: May, Travers, Budd, Victor, Sullivan, Bryan, Shafer, Simpson, Fontaine, Koehler, Siegrist, Ostrom, Knudsen, Lt. Reagan, Ens. Fox.
Second row: Behm, Rudisill, Baldwin.
Front row: Boose, Jones, Dieust, Fiske, Valentine, Brown, Cochrane, Mitchell, Smith.

The sailing team practices racing in International Class 14-foot dinghies. The Academy yachts Freedom, Vamarie, and Highland Light are in the background.

Sailing for Sport

Wartime restrictions on traveling limited the intercollegiate competition in sailing. Last fall, the Navy sailors were prevented from testing a so-far undefeated season at a Boston regatta that attracted the best of intercollegiate sailing teams. Instead our biggest event was a trip to more accessible Princeton. In a triangular meet on Lake Carnegie, with Dartmouth and Princeton, Navy finished second in a tricky breeze that was as unpredictable as the native Severn's. Dartmouth, the intercollegiate champions, won by a small enough margin to establish themselves as the future target for the Annapolis sailors to shoot at.

There were only two meets held in the fall; Navy swamped Haverford in a dual meet and decisively defeated Pennsylvania and Drexel in a triangular.

The new year started with various unofficial "frostbite" regattas with neighboring yacht clubs. All hands were pointing for what promised to be a full season of sailing. The hopes for the spring included a return meet with Princeton and Dartmouth, and a trip to New London to sail against the Coast Guard Cadets, always excellent sailors. Also scheduled were such competitors as Yale, Pennsylvania, Haverford, Stevens, and Drexel.

During the 1942-43 season, four first class crews shared most of the honors. Gathering a majority of the points were Captain "Frenchy" Fontaine and his crewman, Bob Kirby; T. W. Budd and Jim Victor; Johnnie Bryan and crew Eddie Taylor; and Joe Travers with his number one jib, Bill Boose. These men will all graduate in June, leaving a fine record to encourage the youngsters and plebes, and a big job to keep full the able hands of Lt. Comd'r Clark Withers.

Appropriately, this year's Navy team was among the finest in the East in the sport which should be the Navy's own sport—Intercollegiate Yacht Racing.

Dinghy sailing was a tricky sport in any breeze. Ask the man who owns one!

Back row: Butler, Muller, Brauner, Linniken, Sherwood, Bowe.
Middle row: Saunders, Ives, Heald, Autrey, Watkins, Farrell.
Front row: Braaks, Hutzel, Hay, Boose, Rice.

Sailing for Pleasure

The Midshipmen's Boat Club has attracted more members than any other extra-curricular activity here. And how could future men of the sea better spend their time than on the water? There is a wide variety of boats in the Club, ranging from the 80-foot schooner *Freedom* to the 10-foot Dyar dinghies. Sometimes drags are taken along for a grand day, drifting wing and wing along a lazy breeze. What a healthy interlude at the end of the clock-ruled weekly routine!

But for real sailing we got together a bunch of fellows and went out for an overnight. The commissary department supplied the food, and the plebes carried out their duties of chief cooks and bottle washer. If we were out in our mahogany-hulled *Vamarie*, we got up a full suit of sails. She carries six beautifully, including a spinnaker of 1000 square feet of three-ounce canvas. If we're sailing the cutter *Highland Light* we broke out the best canvas and sailed past the other yachts. The *Spindrift* is a smaller boat, but a keen sloop to sail in Chesapeake breezes.

The most popular of the so-called "big boats" are our six yawls. A lot of work must be done to become qualified to command these $13,000 crafts, but those who earn their qualifications are repaid many fold by countless hours of relaxation and fun on the Bay.

And then there are the four ketches. We worked on them during the week, and took them out for trips up and down the Bay of a weekend. They are not the best sailors, but we can always rely upon their Diesel auxiliaries. Aboard all of our boats, there are no rates—ashore plebes and first class may observe their formalities, but afloat they shake down and are good shipmates.

Sailing is as free as the breeze and as clean as the sea. The water swirled under our hull and washed all care from our minds.

A crew like this made ketch handling less efficient but more fun—a midshipman's drag helps dause sail.

A knockabaut, a fresh breeze—a midshipman and his drag enjoy themselves.

. . . "as idle as a painted ship upan a painted acean"—actually an aerial view of a Chesapeake Bay race far cruising yachts. Our "Vamarie" is in the lead as they run befare the breeze with spinnakers set.

Sketch and describe was the rule of the day at ordnance. These men get the sketch part.

The Ultimate Purpose Is . . .

If ordnance was one of our hardest courses it was also one of the most interesting, for there we were at last studying the one subject for which all the others exist. The work of the most skillful navigators and the labor of the most experienced engineers is useless if battle comes and the gunners cannot find their marks. Gunnery is today the fastest developing field in naval warfare, and to send us to the fleet with a good working knowledge of its problems and methods was the difficult task of the Department of Ordnance and Gunnery.

We began our studies Youngster Year with a general survey of ordnance material, but we had already spent long hours in the gun sheds and Dahlgren Hall, drilling on the guns and listening to innumerable lectures on fire control. By the time we finally took up the subjects in the classroom we already had a good understanding of them. Due to the increased demands on the department and the lack of classroom space in Dahlgren Hall, a new addition to the academic buildings, Ward Hall, was erected, joined to Dahlgren by a causeway. Installed in it were the latest kinds of gunnery equipment. Here we drilled on the same pieces of intricate machinery that we would use in the Fleet, and learned by practice the duties we would face as gunnery officers.

To add the stimulus of competition to the job of learning, the First Class of each company were formed as complete secondary battery, anti-aircraft, and torpedo organizations, and the companies did their best to outdo each other in properly solving simulated attack problems and sinking the imaginary enemy. We enjoyed it, for we would be doing it in earnest before long.

Captain Clarke, until February first class year, our guardian and guide through the deep mysteries of ordnance.

Back row: Lt. (jg) McGovern; Lt. Cdr. Ingels, Lt. Cdr. Maore, Lt. Birthisel, (jr), Lt. Peterson, Lt. Cdr. Rigler, Lt. Terrell, Lt. Blackburn, Maj. Moreau, Lt. Alpert, Lt. (jg) Shellworth, Lt. Cdr. Rust, Lt. Cdr. Faster.

Front row: Lt. Cdr. Connelley, Lt. Cdr. Travis, Lt. Cdr. Johnson. Lt. Cdr. Bewick, Capt. Whelchel, Capt. Clarke, Cdr. Vinsan, Lt. Cdr. Fair, Lt. Cdr. Stacker, Lt. Cdr. Curtin, Lt. Cdr. Rutt.

"All ready on the firing line! The disk is down!" And twenty-three midshipmen stand by to send a salvo of .30's into the target above the butts, concrete pits served by twenty-three ather anxiaus midshipmen.

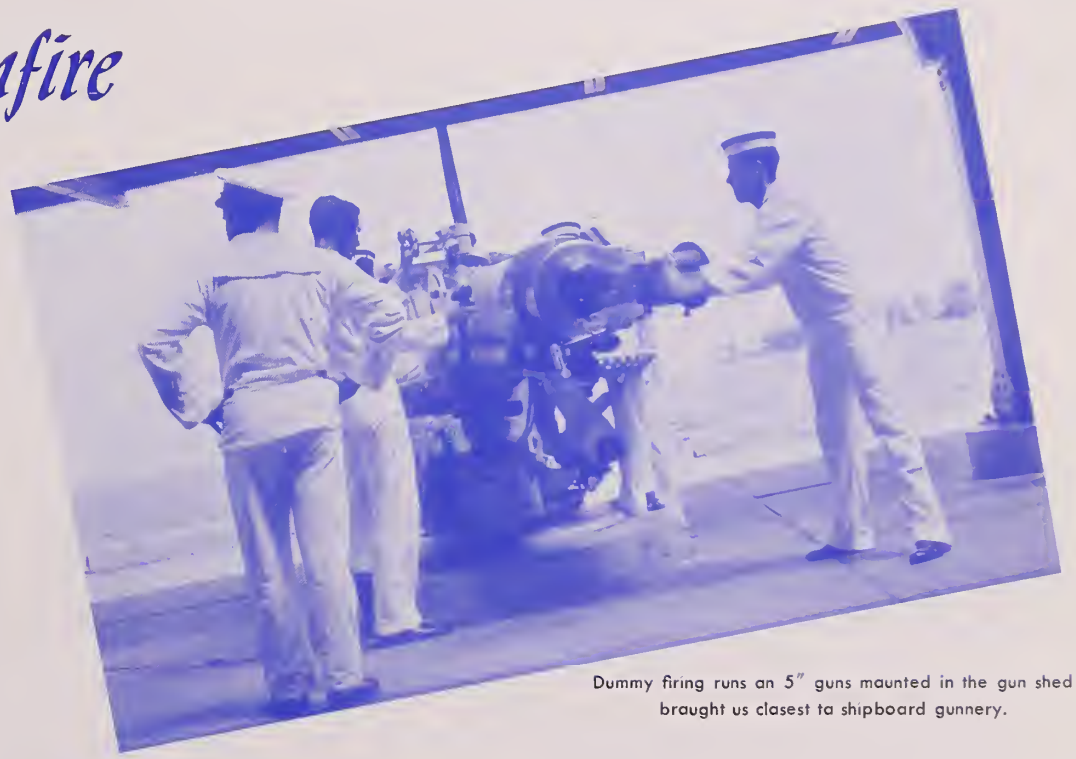
As a destroyer skipper in the Pacific, Captain Curry had goined experiences to oid him in guiding Ordnonce ond Gunnery instruction

obstacles. As we vied for "possibles" and the expert medal, we received our first taste of our future competitive life. Shooting wasn't all, however, for someone had to lower, paste, and raise the targets. When it came time to work in the "butts," there was still that same spirit of competition as each man raced to square away his target.

Youngster year we received an opportunity to try our hand at pistol shooting. "Trying our hand" is a very apt phrase, for there was much unsteadiness in our hands 'til we became used to the little demons. Indeed, shoulder windage and wrist windage made many of us swear in disgust that we could have *thrown* a better score. If ever we must at all, that will probably be the fashion in which we will use that weapon.

. . . to Deliver Effective Gunfire

Twice a week during plebe summer we crossed the Severn to the rifle range wearing suits of white, and came back wearing suits of grass-stained green. Here most of us got our first taste of military marksmanship. The first few days were nightmarish—adjusting slings, mastering speedy bolt action, perspiring on raw elbows as we tried to master rapid fire prone. "Back to third day" was a dreaded condemnation cursed to him who attracted the displeasure of the marines on the firing line. When the preliminaries were over, however, we saw our labor produce smaller groups and better scores. Slow fire prone, rapid fire prone, and offhand offered us a variety of



Dummy firing runs an 5" guns maunted in the gun shed braught us clasest ta shipboard gunnery.

Stand By One...

We in the Navy may not have much to do with gas, but here in the Model Room of Ward Hall we learn the how and why of gas and gas masks anyway. Lt. (jg) McGovern is showing a cylinder of poison gas.

Dahlgren Hall had still another recess where information was disseminated at drills. High on the top deck at the seaward end, the intricacies of the mysterious and complex torpedo are outlined on large wall plans. Knocked-down torpedoes bare their skeletons for closer inspection of their vitals. A suspended working model is even provided for test runs—it almost flies away!

The gun shed at the south end of Thompson Stadium served well for drills with moving, live targets. There, many four-inch guns point their muzzles over the Bay. Short range battle practice (without the projectiles) gave valuable experience.

The torpedo mount is "manned and not ready"—some of the crew are out of position. Our practice was simulated—we couldn't shoot a torpedo across the Armory deck!

First class year cleared up a flagrant misconception that we held plebe year. Dahlgren Hall was not innocently just the scene of many hops, lively basketball games, and indoor badminton, but in reality was a disguised battleship— perhaps a trifle misaligned, but nevertheless a battleship. The main deck, north end, held four husky six-inch mounts (whose guns went for more warlike duty) which represented the turrets of a battle wagon. The turret officers' booths, situated on the balcony above the mounts, were represented by indicators, ready lights and switches. Above the balcony on the north end bulkhead, director 3 trained its telescopes seaward. Anomalous as it may seem, plot with its innumerable computers and trackers was on the top deck—a more likely position for spot 1, which of course detracted none from its effectiveness in training midshipmen.

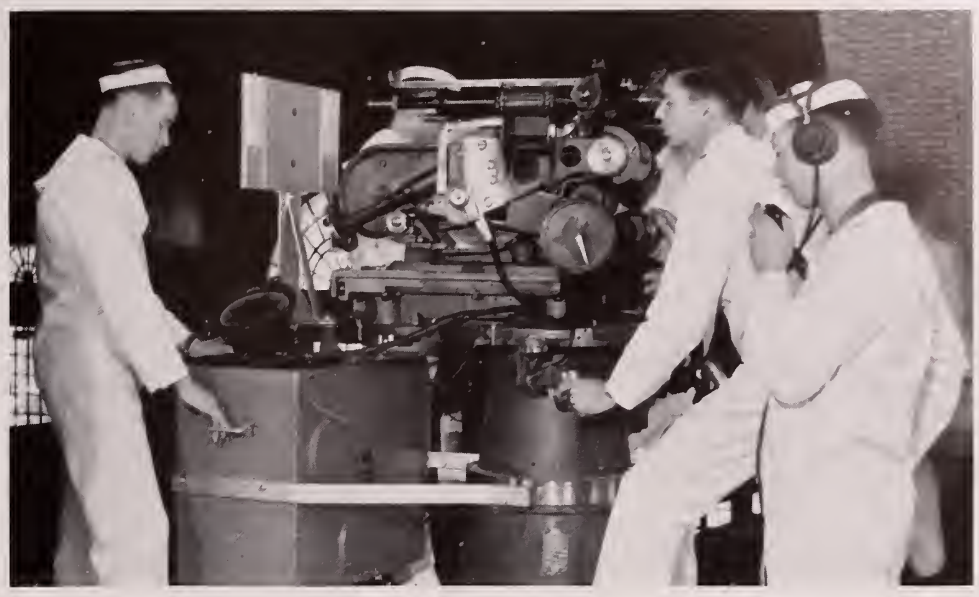
Main battery spotting practice was given on the balcony deck with a large electrical spotting board. Here our first spots of "Up five double-oh, Right-oh six" rang out with vigor. A secondary battery spotting board worked in conjunction with a Vickers director and four five-inch fifty-ones to repel many an imaginary destroyer attack. These were at the south end of Dahlgren Hall directly facing the formidable main battery. The director was on the upper balcony deck seaward and gave the first class a realistic conception of secondary battery fire control.

The tracking board served to check the spotter. This drill is being conducted on one of the boards in the "plotting room" of Dahlgren.

. . . Fire One!

Topside on the gun shed once rested one of the finest of anti-aircraft gun directors, but this too was surrendered for active service. We received drills in both director and pointer fire, besides suffering several bruised sets of hands at the loading machines in the process of making smooth functioning units of our gun crews. An aviator spent many very dull afternoons making approaches towards Annapolis to provide us with a target. Several breech mechanisms were broken down by the gunner for our study.

There came a day, however, when the Ordnance Department supplied us all with a very tearful afternoon. After gathering in the anti-aircraft plotting room, the chief instructed us to put on gas masks while he released a few cc's of tear gas. In small groups we removed the masks and breathed the polluted air until fresh air was necessary. Then we burst from that torture chamber to regain the wonderful fresh Chesapeake Bay breeze.



Secondary battery practice in preparatian far inter-campany campetitian was held during our bi-weekly "happy haurs." The man sighting through the telescope has just fired a broadside of five-inch prajectiles.

This five-inch gun had sa many interesting fixtures and knobs to turn that by the time the Department gave us instructions on it we all had a pretty good idea af haw it aperated.

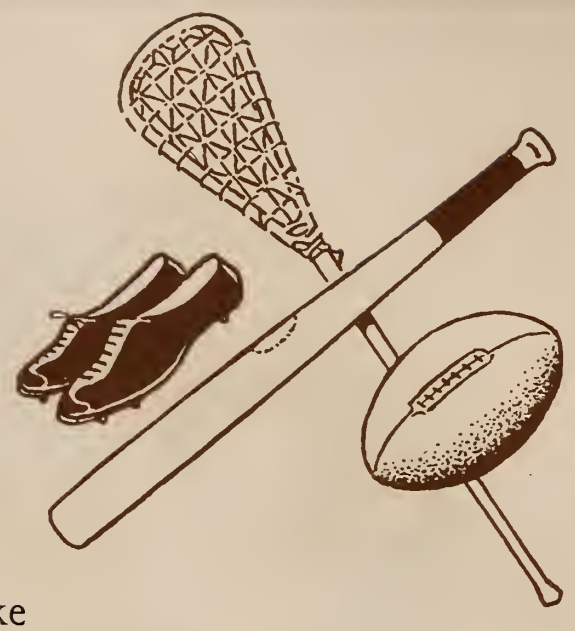
Our new Ward Hall furnished rooms for recitations and a complete model room for drills. There was a miniature working model of a 14-inch turret, dummy powder bags, small caliber shells, flares and various sized projectiles. Practice on the stereoscopic trainer was one of the more interesting of our drills. Coincidence rangefinders of various sizes took up a considerable portion of the remaining space. Ward Hall unfolded to us an up-to-the-minute rangekeeper installation at several highly valuable drills. After working with this mechanical marvel, the many hours spent stewing over its intricacies began to pay dividends.

Slowly our studies revealed the entire complex picture of the ordnance installation of a modern man-o-war. There all of man's genius of construction has revealed its ultimate conception of weapons of destruction. As we progressed in our course to the intimate study of the offensive armament of warships, we were struck with the great importance of that study. "Hits per gun per minute" is our ultimate wartime job—that realization made us grimly bone our ordnance.

At rangekeeper drills high in the gallery of Dahlgren Hall we had a plotting roam large enaugh for all af us ta try our hand at operating the computers and associated instruments af fire cantral.

MacDONOUGH HALL

JBS
42



Thomas MacDonough, the hero of Lake
Champlain....the hall, the base of all Navy sports
activities, of sweating men and muscle men....
where we climbed that darn rope or died in the
attempt....where we first jumped into the water
with all of our clothes on for a purpose (may we
never have to jump again)....where we boxed,
and wrestled, and swam, and prepared our bodies
for the tests that lay ahead....friendly contests to
ready ourselves for deadly ones....as MacDonough
built his fleet on Champlain in preparation for an
inevitable contest, so we built of ourselves, seven
hundred and fifty men prepared for life's unknown.

When We Were Host

The midshipmen on the Reception Committee find an important and pleasing avocation. Their task is often of manifold nature, especially during the winter season when as many as ten visiting teams may be present at once. The purpose of the committee is to accommodate the guests and to entertain them during their brief sojourn on the Severn. Touring the Yard, escorting them to hops, or acquainting them with the life of a midshipman are a few of the ways in which the Reception Committee members make the guests' stay enjoyable.

On a typical weekend, several members of the Committee meet their guests at the Main Gate and escort them to the visiting team dormitory, stopping enroute to introduce the coach and captain to the Officer of the Watch. In the dormitory the players find a spacious lounge where they can read the latest magazines, play cards, listen to the radio, write letters, or study. The team usually eats with the Regiment, after which they acquaint themselves with Bancroft Hall. The next day the midshipmen see that the team is kept comfortable until game time whereupon they become rooters for "their" team. That evening the team may attend the hop, the movie in the Yard, or go into town.

The following morning all the Committee are on hand to wish the team a pleasant journey home and a sincere desire that they may soon return. Aside from making many friends, the Reception Committee has extended to another school the fine spirit and hospitality of the Naval Academy.

An exchange of ideas.

"Chow Time."

First classmen Apple, Fergusan, Foss, Mullen, Crutchfield, Silhavy, Rhees, Brand, Arbo, Meshier, Glad, Rubel, ossisted by o horde of underclossmen, met visiting teams and made their Noval Acodemy stay pleasant. Chairman was Ray Brand who had an able helper in Tom Rhees, Commissary Officer.

'44's Wearers of the "N"

FOOTBALL
Cameron, A. R.
Dawson, H. W.
Montgomery, W. G.
Collins, D. H.
Knox, A. C.
Fedon, R. C.
Schnurr, F. A.
Wilcox, R. L.
Gilliland, T. M.
Siegfried, C. W.
Miller, J.
Berry, J. L.
Laboon, J. F., Jr.
Fowler, H. B.
Crepeau, O. J.
McVey, W. J.
Salsig, E. B.

SOCCER
Cutler, H. O.
Strassle, R. W.
Wilky, N. L.
Adamson, R. E., Jr.
Talbott, J. W.
Behounek, F. J.
Keller, J. G.
Ochenrider, G. H., Jr.
Grosskopf, H. L., Jr
Lowe, H. C.
Suire, F. J.
Chapman, W. C.
MacNamara, W. J
Miller, C. L

CROSS COUNTRY
Creamer, J. J.
Lewellen, R. S.
Coogan, R. P.
Windheim, J.

BASKETBALL
Cameron, A. R.
Patrick, U. W., Jr.
Lindsley, R. G.
Ness, D. V.

FENCING
Walker, C. D.
Papageorge, A. J.
Blalack, R. E.
Cox, D. V.
Seacord, R. E.
Nelson, W. N.
Faubion, R. D.
Patterson, J., Jr.
Gartner, J. L., Jr.

GYMNASTICS
Parker, J. M., Jr.
Vaughan, B. D.
McGough, H. N.
Searles, T. M., Jr.
Brand, R. C.
Cryan, J. J.
Herlong, D. W.
Kolstad, R. E.
Rafferty, W. V., Jr.
Stickles, A. L., 2nd

SMALL BORE RIFLE
Barrett, F. O., Jr.
Donovan, J. F.
Gaibler, R.
McClenahan, D. L.
Payne, W. E., Jr.
Slaymaker, B. D.
Hill, T. K.

PISTOL
Crain, E. F.
Little, J. C.
Martin, W. F.
Kelly, F. J., Jr.
Douglas, A. E.

CREW
Gibson, W. C.
Jubb, G. F.
Salsig, E. B.
Christman, T. J.
Dankworth, T. P.
McKibben, R. K.
Jennings, J. C.
Roberts, C. J.
Wooten, R. J.

BASEBALL
McNamara, W. J.
Schettino, F. G.
Gillis, A. W.
Watson, G. W.
Snyder, E. K.
Higgins, T. P.
Davis, J. F.
Leahy, W. F.
Rienstra, D. J., Jr.
Barbour, H. S.

SAILING
Fontaine, R. E.
Travers, M. J.
Boose, W. R.
Bryan, J. I., Jr.
Budd, T. W., Jr.
May, M. M.
Taylor, E. J.
Victor, J. E., Jr.
Kirby, R. S.

GOLF
Grosskopf, H. L., Jr.
Peat, J. R.
Clark, G. L.
Barrow, W. B., Jr.
Stevens, J. H., Jr.
Croft, A. R., Jr.

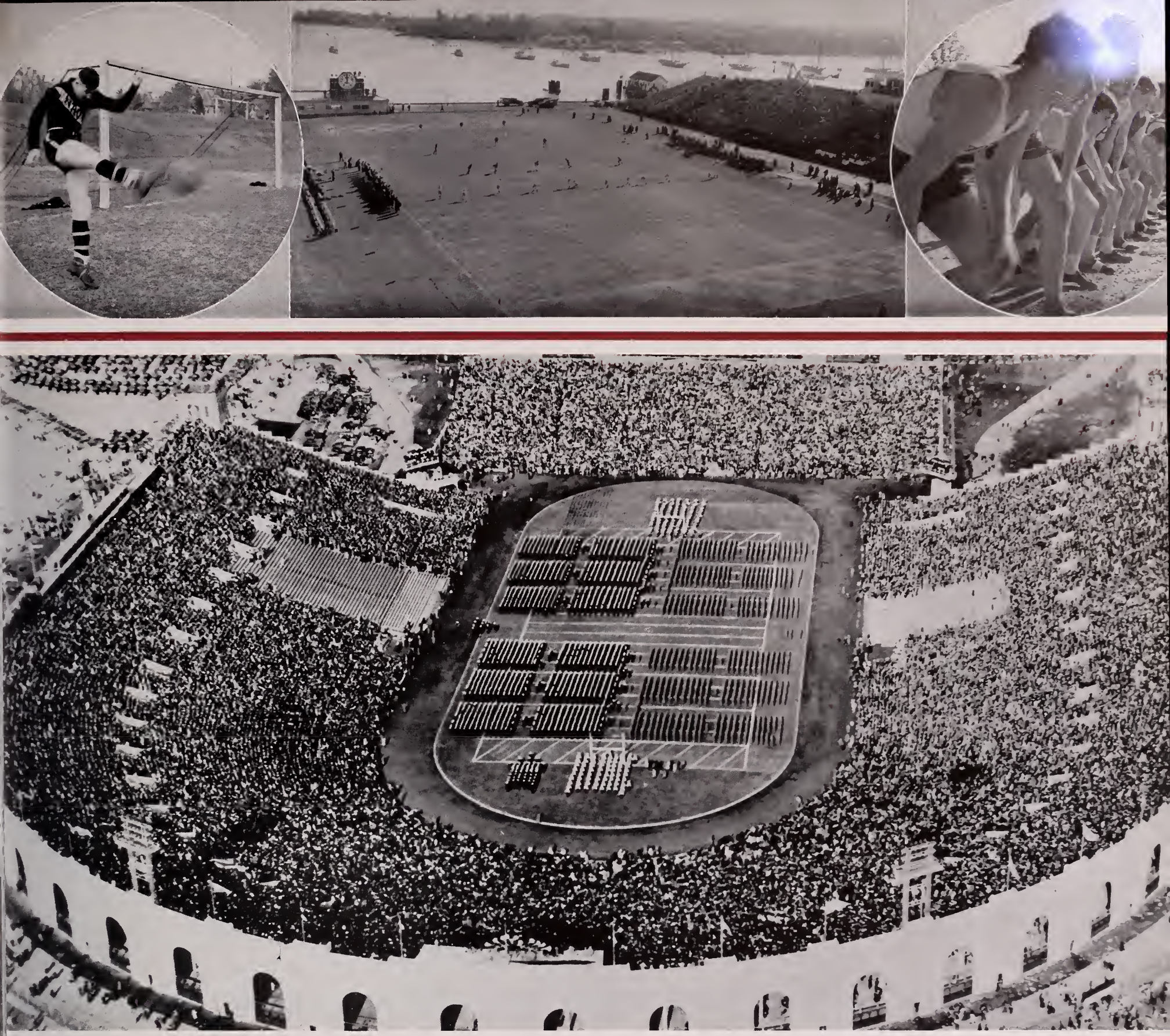
TRACK
Tingle, J. E.
Hayen, C. L.
Stribling, J. W., Jr.
Moran, G. F.
Boyer, W. F., Jr.
Creamer, J. J.
Rhees, T. R.
Gilliland, T. M.
Sherman, H. G.
Reynolds, T. H.
Miller, C. L.
McDonald, R. R.
Park, B. F.
Hoke, L. A., Jr.

TENNIS
Wyatt, E.
Fowler, H. B.
Aldrich, D. R.
Casey, W. C.
Stockton, J. A.
Williamson, V. F.
Zachry, D. S., Jr.

SWIMMING
Gross, A. P.
Krotkiewicz, R. J.
Bailey, R. E.
Brown, W. E.
Warner, D. T.
Ford, A. T.
Lemlein, A. B.
Burk, R. W.

WRESTLING
Joslin, C. L., Jr.
Yates, E. P.
Kitt, R. B.
Smith, K. F. X.
Swift, C. S.

LACROSSE
Bagby, R. G.
Booze, R. J.
Gummerson, K. C.
Ochenrider, G. H., Jr.
Siegfried, C. W.
Chapman, W. C.
Gorman, H.
Montgomery, G. P., Jr.
Rosania, H. J.
Strassle, R. W.
Wootton, W. T.
Laboon, J.
Montgomery, W. G.



Fiftieth Anniversary of the Army-Navy game . . our plebe year

Fall Sports

Playful strife and games of sport
make men of boys, add zest
and zeal to their character,
supply them that companionship
and adaptability seldom
found in days of maturity.

Press Detail: Boyes, Corlin, Blackburn, Cummings, Mason, LeBourgeois, Wyatt, Sperberg, O'Neil, O'Rourke, Bettis, Kern, McCouley.

"Pick up thy bed ond wolk."

A tense moment.

Pep Committee: Sulick, Porex, Hightower, Rice, Perry, Willis, Longfield.

We bunked in every nook and corner of the good ship *Boy Belle*.

Navy Football's Big Men

When Major Swede Larson left for foreign duty at the end of the 1941 season, Capt. John Whelchel stepped into his place as head coach of Navy football. The nucleus of one of the greatest Navy teams in history had left also, and it was a brand new coach and a brand new team that faced 1942.

Rip Miller, former Notre Dame star, assisted as Navy line coach. His genius developed many inexperienced plebe and youngster linesmen into seasoned ballplayers. Assistant Coaches Raymond Swartz and T. C. Scaffe in the

NAVY COACHING STAFF—1942
Left to right: Lt. Comdr. Woerner, U.S.N.R., Mr. Swartz, Lt. Comdr. Miller, U.S.N.R., Comdr. Whelchel, U.S.N., Mr. Molesworth, Lt. Comdr. Scaffe, U.S.N. (Ret.), Mr. Foster.

NAVY VARSITY FOOTBALL SQUAD—1942
1st Row (left to right): Comdr. Whelchel, U.S.N. (Head Coach); Berry, Siegfried, Wilcox, Hume, Schnurr, Cameron (Capt.), Nelson, Flanagan, Elliott, Beckett, Jr., McVey, Gillcrist, Dawson (Mgr.). 2nd Row: Barksdale, Laboon, Jr., Miller, VonFleet, Jr., Collins, Martin, Gilliland, Strong, Schwartz, Jr., Staubitz, Gillooly, Brown, Jr., Knox, Montgomery, Fedon. 3rd Row: Chase, Dwyer, Cramer, Jr., Fowler, Salsig, Davis, Johnston, Wendt, Jr., Cogswell, Goudie, Hamberg, Sullivan, Studer, Hansen, Channel. 4th Row: Crawley, Gay, Steves, Drumm, Smith, Martin, Crepeau, Tucek, Pettit, Jr., Stephenson.

		Navy	Opp.
Sept. 26	William and Mary	0	3
Oct. 3	Virginia	35	0
Oct. 10	Princeton	0	10
Oct. 17	Yale	13	6
Oct. 24	Georgia Tech	0	21
Oct. 31	Notre Dame	0	9
Nov. 7	Pennsylvania	7	0
Nov. 14	Columbia	13	9
Nov. 28	Army	14	0

Capt. J. E. Whelchel, Coach.

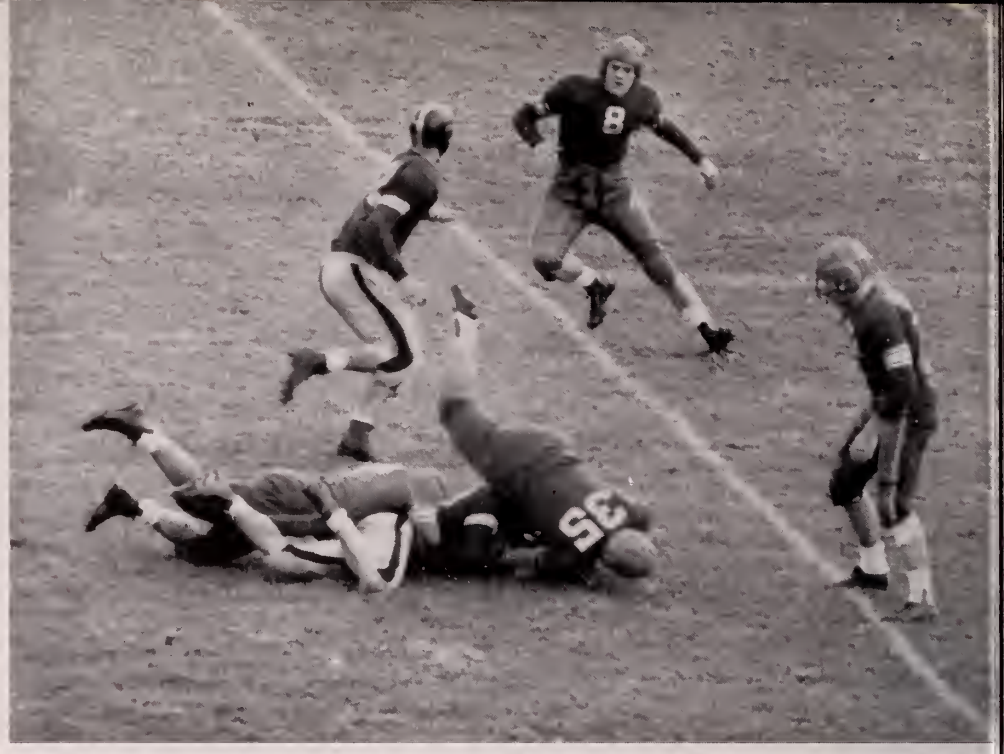
Mgr. Bill Dawson.

Lt. Comdr. Hull, Officer Representative.

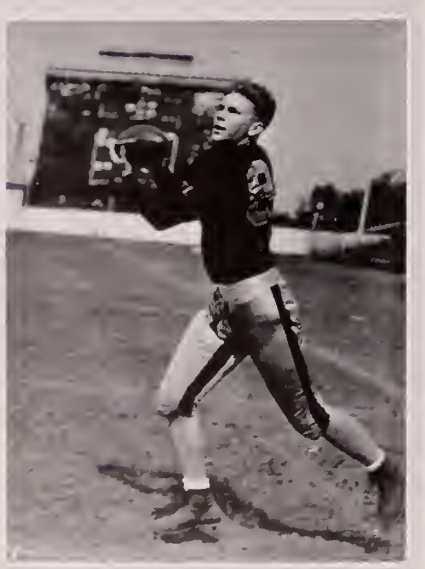
line and K. F. Molesworth in the backfield were indispensable. Al Cameron captained the 1942 team, and, despite a bum knee, performed a masterful job of leadership. He shared the tailback duties with Gordon Studer and Harold Hamberg. At the fullback post was hard driving, shifty Hillis Hume, a brilliant punter.

Plebe Dave Barksdale, receiving excellent help from Clyde Seigfried, tackled with a precision and regularity seldom seen in college football. Plebe Ben Martin, capably assisted by Ted Gilliland, held the wing back spot.

Channell, Laboon, Wilcox, and Goudie were our ends, and Schnurr, Schwartz, Chase, and Montgomery, tackles. Collins, Miller, Knox, and Brown were guards, Fedon and Berry were both outstanding centers—their aggressive play made this the strongest spot in the Navy line.



Wm. ond Mory gives 2 for 1.



Navy Loses by a Toe

Navy opened the 1942 campaign on Sept. 26 against William and Mary, and went down 3 to 0. The victory margin came in the first quarter when Harvey Johnson kicked a field goal from the 20-yard line. The midshipmen ran up 14 first downs, trying to come from behind but never succeeded in getting into pay dirt. Neither team could get anywhere in the air as Navy completed only 5 of 19 attempted passes and W & M only one of 8. It looked like Navy might salvage the game in the last quarter when Al Channel intercepted a pass on his own 40 and ran it back 44 yards. The Indians, however, turned "stonewall" on their 18 to end the last scoring threat of the game.

Navy Wallops Virginia

Navy broke into the win column the next week by trouncing Virginia 35 to 0. Studer passed for two touchdowns and Hume crossed the end zone twice. Hardy Fowler, substitute end, got the final Navy score in the fourth quarter when he intercepted a pass and ran it back 63 yards. The Cavaliers were staggered when their offensive ace, Bill Bryant, was hurt on the opening kickoff and forced to leave the game. The Cavaliers were unable to get near the Navy goal until Nunhall took a pass from Gillette and ran 51 yards to be pushed out of bounds on the Navy 3. There was but a minute left in the game, and the Navy line held for three downs. The gun sounded with the ball still 2 yards shy of Navy's goal. Orey Crepeau, Navy place kicking expert, started the season in high gear as he made five straight attempts pay off.

Al Comeron	Monty Montgomery
Dutch Collins	Art Knox
Fred Schnurr	Bob Wilcox

Navy 35—Vo. 0

An off tackle push against Princeton.

The Tigers Humble Navy

Navy met her second defeat of the season on October 10, when the Big Blue came out on the short end of a 10 to 0 score against a Princeton Tiger that couldn't be tamed. The game was played in Yankee Stadium at New York. Lack of wartime transportation facilities prevented the cheering section from accompanying the team, and they were sorely missed. Navy started well with three consecutive first downs after the kickoff, but Princeton held on their 48 and Hume kicked out on the 4. A few plays later, the Tiger took the ball on his 14-yard line and began an 80-yard march that resulted in the only touchdown of the game. The other 3 points came in the fourth when Sandback booted a field goal from the 15.

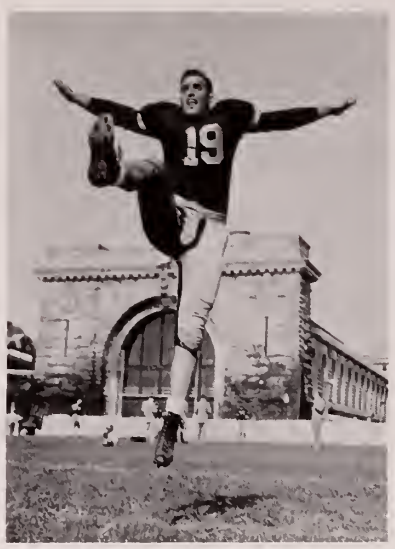
Goat Butts the Bulldog

In the next game, Oct. 17, Navy evened out to two wins against two losses by defeating Yale 13 to 6 in Baltimore Municipal Stadium. Half of the Regiment made the trip by boat and the sailors' team was determined not to let them down. We scored first after a 72-yard march in the second period. Ben Martin, plebe wingback, carried the ball over from the eight on a reverse. Yale came back fighting like bulldogs and scored just before the half when Hoopes made a freak catch on a pass from Knowlton. They missed the conversion, and Navy led 7 to 6 at the half. Capt. Cameron put the game on ice when he returned the second half kickoff 60 yards. The midshipmen pushed the final touchdown over four plays later.

Ted Gilliland
Jim Miller
Orey Crepeau
Clyde Siegfried
Joe Berry
Jeff McVey

Yale playing tag

Georgia Tech. bottles Navy on the 30



Ben Martin

George Brown

Hardy Fowler

We Felt the Jacket's Sting

Georgia Tech's highly touted "Yellowjackets" showed that they were one of the foremost teams in the nation when they rolled over our fighting middies by a 21-0 score in Thompson Stadium on October 24th. Flashy freshman Clint Castleberry's broken field running, along with the finest passing attack we witnessed all year, sank Navy. Commander Whelchel's recruits took an early offensive against Coach Bill Alexander's veterans, but Castleberry began the end when he intercepted a Navy pass on his own 5-yard line and zig-zagged 95 yards for a touchdown. Eddie Prokop passed the Technicians to their other two scores with perfectly executed 35-yard and 26-yard aerials.

Hal Hamberg

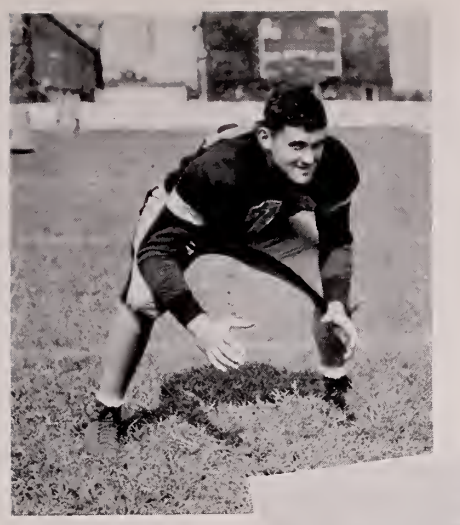
A Close One With the Irish

An inspired Navy eleven held powerful Notre Dame to a 9-0 score on a mud drenched field in Cleveland on October 31st. Dame Fortune and the elements were with the Irish, who were lucky to escape with a victory. All-American Angelo Bertelli, who was bottled up all afternoon, scored for Notre Dame on a plunge from the 1-yard line. Navy missed several scoring opportunities because of poor ball handling, but they gave Coach Frank Leahy a very anxious afternoon. The backfield of Clyde Siegfried, Ted Gilliland, Bill Crawley and Gordon Studer performed very well for Navy.

Notre Dame Passes Again.

Al Channel

Vince Anania



Bud Salsig

Dove Borksdole

Dick Fedon

Collins ond Montgomery throw Penn for o loss.

Comeron picks up 5 yds. in left-end thrust ogoinst Columbio.

Jack Laboon

Hilly Hume

Gordon Studer

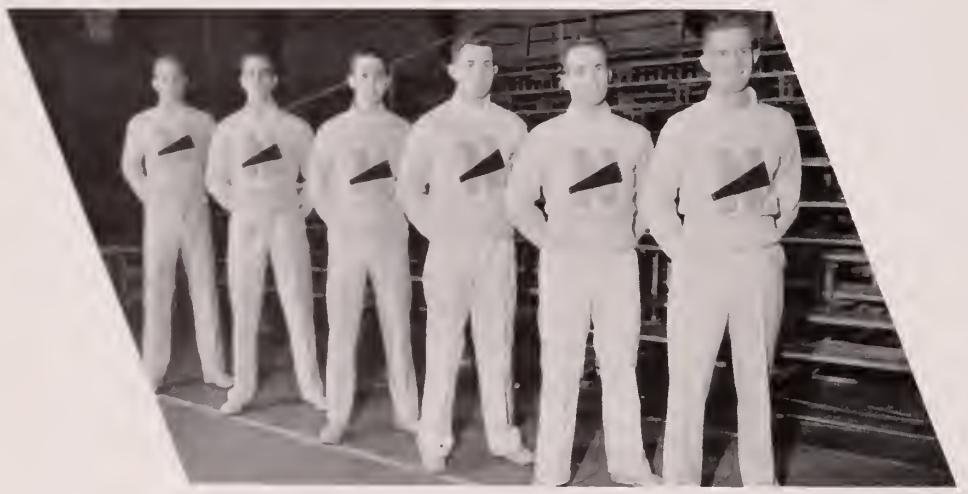
Navy Upsets Touted Penn

Navy whipped Pennsylvania, the undefeated, untied, number one team of the East, 7-0 at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on November 7th, amid the hilarious cheers of 74,000 fans. An 11 yard pass from Hamburg to Martin gave the Middies their second successive victory over Penn. Place kick artist Oreal Crepeau converted, and Navy went home jubilant.

Trick Pass Beats Columbia

In a dazzling Hollywood finish, Hillis Hume snatched a twice-tipped pass from Harold Hamburg and dodged his way 25 yards to a touchdown to give Navy a 13-9 victory over Columbia in the last minute of play in the Baltimore Stadium, November 14th. Gordon Studer scored the first touchdown on a lateral pass from Capt. Alan Cameron. The fast charging Navy line made Capt. Governalli's passing ineffective.

Navy Morches on Field.



Goat Keepers: Jim Allen and Bob Wooten.
Novy Cheerleaders: Stewort, G. M.; Porker, J. M.; Holder, C. F.; Herlong, D. W.; Foss, N. P.; White, W. E.

Tecumseh Puts on his War Paint

Death Knoll to Tokyo.

Friendly Rivalry.

Navy 14...

Transportation difficulties and war restrictions forced the site of the 1942 Army-Navy classic to be, not in Municipal Stadium with 100,000 enthusiastic spectators, but rather in Lilliputian Thompson Stadium with some 12,000 lucky spectators. The cheering section was quite unique. Half of the Regiment, the third and fourth battalions, with fingers crossed, yelled for Army; the first and second battalions were loyalists.

Entering the game 3-1 underdogs, the Big Blue pounced upon a fine Army eleven, unleashing a mighty show of power that kept the ball in Army territory for the first fifty-one minutes of play. Army had no off day; they were just unfortunate in challenging a Navy eleven reaching, after a series of ups and downs, the culmination of its power.

Captain Al Cameron, with a series of vicious off tackle sprints, sparked Navy's first drive. Army made several unsuccessful attempts to move the ball down the field, and then resorted to punting.

Only ongstroms short.

Recorded for those kept away by proclamation.

. . . Army 0

An intercepted pass thwarted the midshipmen. Army "quick kicked," turning the ball over to the midshipmen who retaliated by placing it on the 3. The Army line refused to budge, and only inches short of pay dirt the ball again went to Army. The game continued in the shadow of the goal post. Studer carried the ball to the one-yard mark. He was injured on the play, so capable Joe Sullivan shouldered the scoring ceremony, and bent the "Stalingradian" line to score.

In the third period Hilly Hume intercepted Mazur's pass and set up the second touchdown on the Army 21. Hamburg whipped one to Ben Martin, who scored standing up. Crepeau connected for the second time of the afternoon.

Army's only offensive came in the closing minutes of the game. Under the guidance of plebe Ed Kenna, the Kaydets passed the Navy 10 twice, while a Spartan Navy line halted Army's every attempt to score. With the defeat of Army, Navy's "November team" reached the heights of perfection.

The spirit that gave victory against high odds.

Army Mule and Riders.
3rd and 4th Batts. lead by Army Cheerleaders, yelled for the gray.

"On Navy Blue and Gold."

Captains Cameron and Mazur exchange greetings before the game.

The end of a Navy Day.

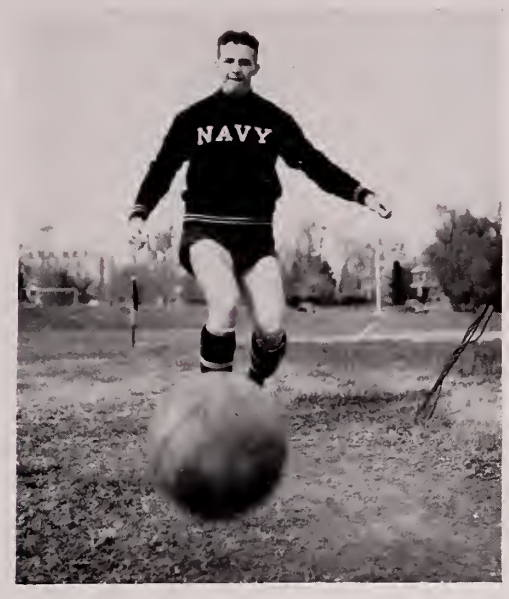
Hip, hip.

A Strong Soccer Team

When Navy's forward line got the range on October 14th, Gettysburg could do little to hold them. Next Saturday was cold and it seemed even colder down at Duke. Again, Navy won with Frenchy Suhre booting the final goal. Then came Western Maryland and Penn State who clipped our wings. Two minutes before the final whistle, Bill Wozniak of Penn State shot the winning goal through the uprights. Buchnell and Johns Hopkins fell, paving the way for Army. As luck would have it, every field at West Point was practically awash. Yet, in the first couple of minutes, Suhre slipped one through the Army goalie. The Kaydets countered with two goals. Cliff Lowe tied the score. With thirty seconds to go, Suhre squeezed a soggy ball into Army's goal. Navy 3, Army 2!

Coach Tommy Taylor.
Capt. H. W. Zirali, Officer Representative.
Frank Behounek
Rusty Adamson
Frank Clift

Behounek and Grosskopf eye one.



Bud Ochenrider

"Red" Adamson smacks one.

Ray Strassle Joe Talbott

Jack Keller

Mgr. Hank Cutler Lou Grasskopf

Won Six, Lost Two

		Navy	Opp.
Oct. 14	Gettysburg	4	0
Oct. 21	Delaware	5	1
Oct. 24	Duke	2	0
Nov. 4	Western Maryland	1	2
Nov. 7	Penn State	0	1
Nov. 14	Buchnell	2	1
Nov. 18	Johns Hopkins	2	0
Nov. 26	U.S. Military Acad.	3	2

First row: Chapman, Purkabeck, Clift, Laney, Barnes, Coach Tommy Taylor, Ireland, Hall, Miller, Bucknell, Eatan. 2nd raw: Capt. Ziroli, Strassle, Behounek, Wilky, Talbott, Grasskopf, Swank, Ochenrider, (Capt.); Suhre, Adamson, Lowe, Keller, McNamara, Cutler.

Cross Country Squad Left to right: Lt. Comdr. T. R. Vogeley, Lewellen, Glad, Windheim, Dempsey, Creamer (Capt.), Dana, Brown, Lissy, Barry, Coogan, Coach Thompson.

Cross Country

		Navy*	Opponent
Oct 16	Georgetown	23	32
Oct 24	North Carolina	17	38
Oct 30	Penn	15	40
Nov 6	Army	31	24

*Low score wins.

The Navy harriers had a nearly perfect season this year. Captain Creamer and Coach Thompson led the team over the first three opponents undefeated, and were overcome only by Army, while Lewellen with the towel and Lt. Comdr. Vogely with the "sack" looked on. Coogan, Windheim, Brown, and Glad of the upper classes were consistent winners, and Barry, Dempsey, Marble, and Dana of the plebes made the squad.

Georgetown's star, Williams, was the only man to defeat the Creamer-Barry duet on our home grounds. But our squad as a whole proved superior at that meet, and after North Carolina and Penn bowed, our prospects for the Army meet seemed perfect. But our boys came back from the Heptagonal at Van Courtland Park mighty blue.

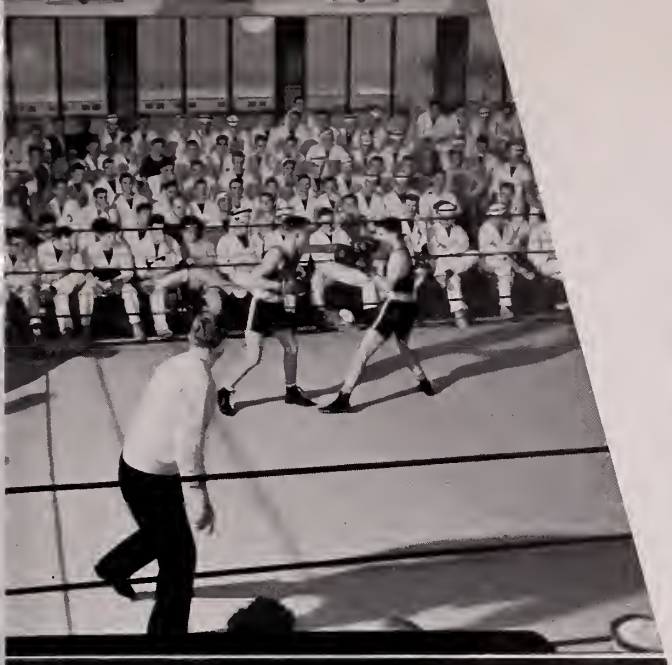
Officer Rep., T. R. Vogeley, chats with Copt. Creamer.

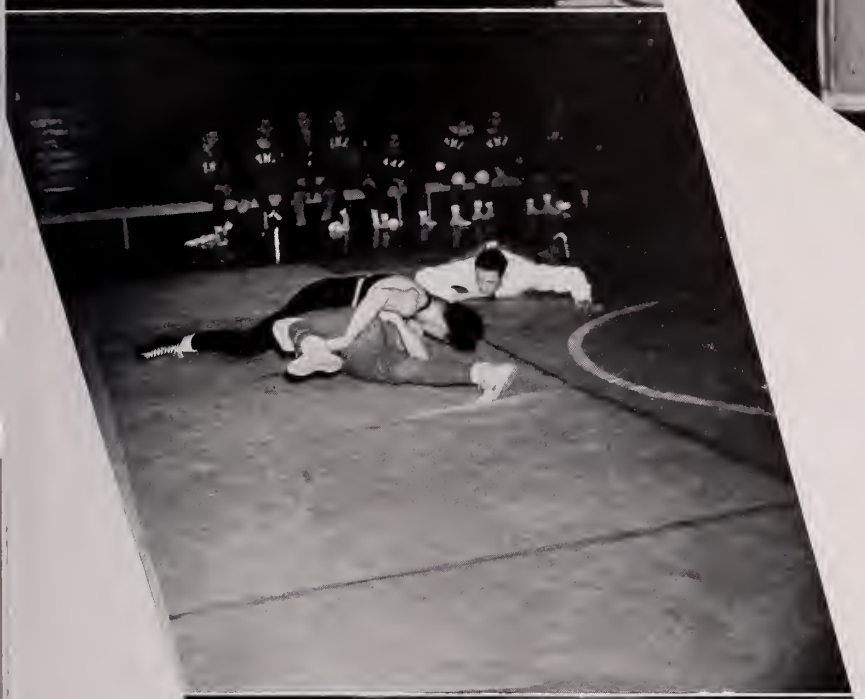
Mgr. Bob Lewellen and Capt. Jack Creamer.

Coach Earl Thompson.

Over hill, over vale.

On the mark, get set, Go.





Winter Sports

Coach Wilson demonstrates to his boys.
Capt. Urey Patrick
Capt. H. D. Clarke, USN, Officer Representative.

In the huddle.
Mgr. Dole Ness.

Basketball

			Navy	Opponents
January	9	Dickinson College	38	22
January	13	Gettysburg College	37	39
January	16	Columbia University	52	56
January	23	Rutgers	47	27
January	30	Maryland	54	63
February	3	Pennsylvania	47	48
February	6	Penn State	21	33
February	10	Temple	46	36
February	13	Virginia	50	41
February	17	West Virginia	33	43
February	20	Duke	48	58
February	24	William and Mary	57	30
February	27	V. M. I.	48	37
March	6	Army	45	56

At basketball practise in late November two lettermen Captain Urey Patrick and Alan Cameron, reported to Coach Wilson. However, there was a host of good youngster and plebe material, and two distinct teams shaped into form. The first outfit found either Bowler or Rahn at one forward with Longnecker at the other, Patrick at center, and Lynch and Cameron at guard. The second team was composed of McKay and Lindsley at forward, Mayer in the pivot spot, and Litty and Back at guard. The intense rivalry between these two teams made every practice session exciting as they fought for the right to start the next game.

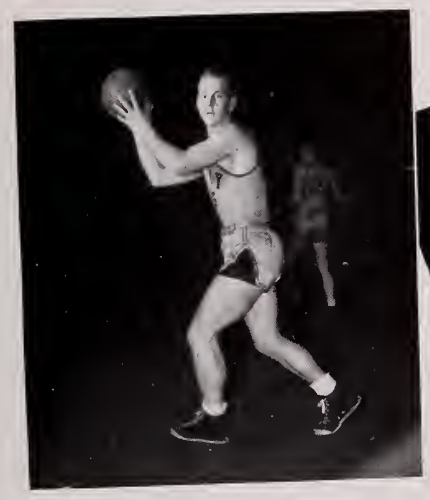
Navy easily won its opening game against Dickinson, with Patrick, Rahn, and Longnecker leading the offense. But the next Wednesday the Bullets tied the score, then won on a sleeper play.

Front row: Cameron, Bowler, Lindsley, Patrick, Lynch, Longnecker, Ellenbrond. Second row: Rohn, Mayer, McKoy, Bock, Zech, Litty.
Back row: Ness, Coach Johnny Wilson, Lt. (jg) Royalty (M.C.); Doc Snyder.

On January 16, Navy journeyed to New York where Columbia nosed them out by a 56 to 52 score in a fast, well-played game. Lynch and Longnecker kept Navy ahead of the Lions the first half by 28 to 25. As the game neared its close the Lions, led by Center Budko's 18 points, tied the game up. Two quick field goals in the last minute cost Navy a heart-breaker.

A return to Annapolis brought the two game losing streak to a close as Navy ran over Rutgers 47 to 27 the following Saturday. The second team started the game and took a commanding lead. Midway in the first

Cancentration under the basket.



Dick Lindsley

Ernie Litty

Luke Lynch

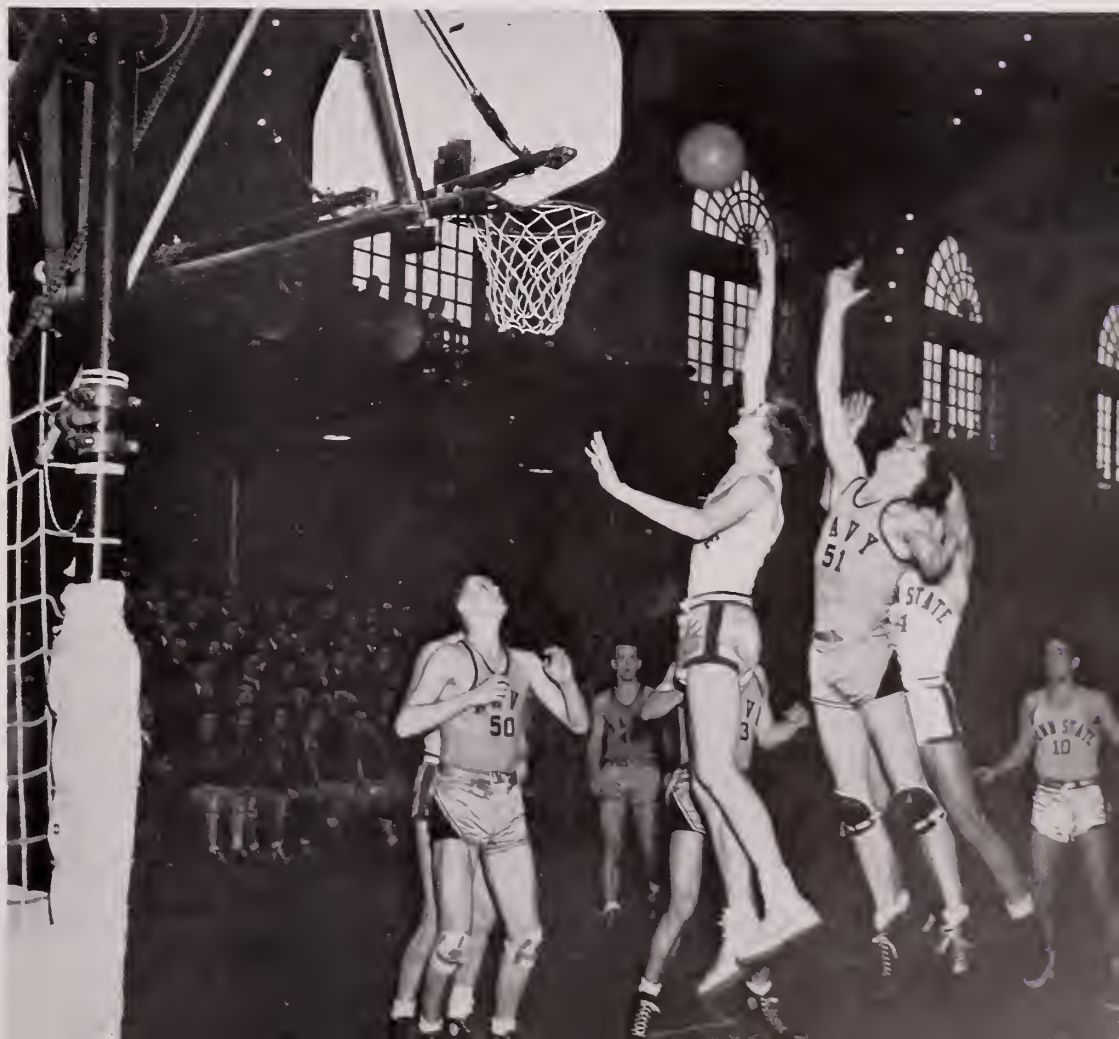
Ken Longnecker

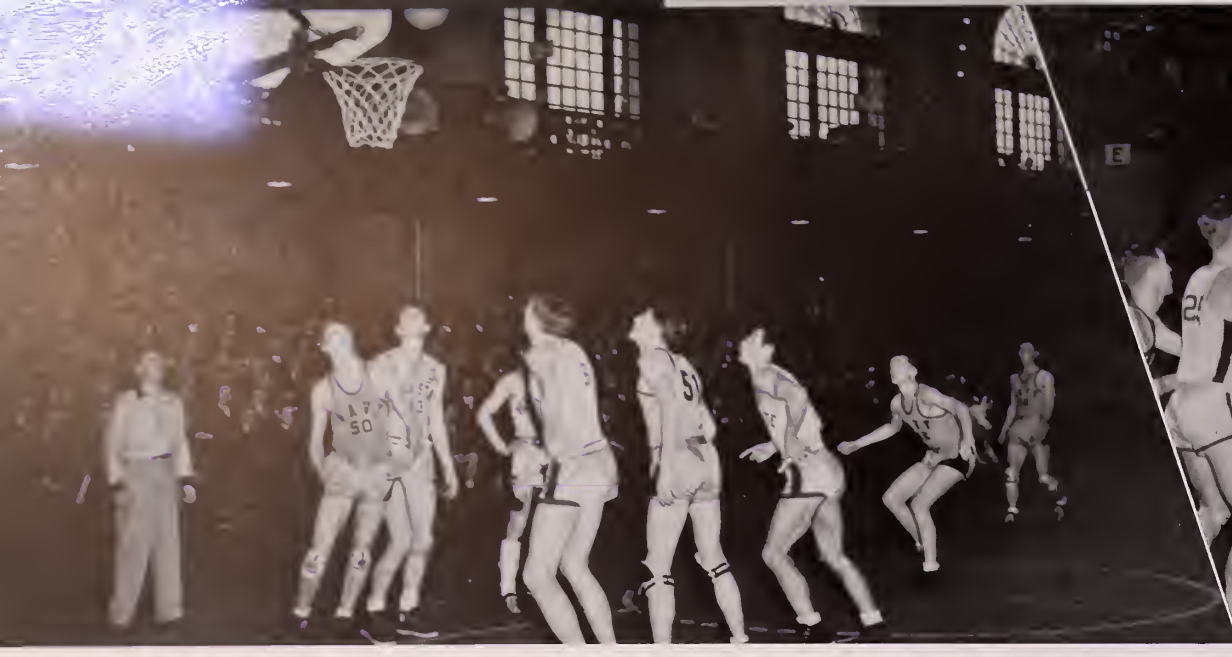
half, the first team took over and raised the count to 27 to 17 at the intermission. With Rahn, plebe forward, leading the offense Navy continued to dominate play during the closing half.

A week later Maryland won a tough game from Navy 63 to 54 in one of the fastest games seen here. After three minutes of play the second team left the floor at the short end of 8 to 0. From there the first team struggled gallantly but could never cut down the deficit. Travis and Mont counted 53 points between them in a wild scoring spree.

Pennsylvania found Navy a tough opponent, but scored a 48 to 47 victory. Navy worked smoothly to take a 22 to 16 lead at halftime and with eleven minutes to go they had a thirteen point advantage. Navy's attack bogged down and Penn rallied strongly finally to take the lead with a minute to go. Navy's dying struggle was desperate but they couldn't score.

This may have been the one—





Penn and Navy played a close one.

Navy gets the tip from Virginia.

Al Cameron

On February 6 a deliberate Penn State quintet handed Navy a 33 to 21 defeat, its fifth of the season. In a dismal first half for Navy the Nittany Lions completely dominated the play to leave the floor leading 24 to 6. The second half found Navy a new fighting team. They outscored their taller opponents 15 to 9, but could not approach a victory. So tight was Penn State's defense that no Navy man could score more than 4 points.

The following Wednesday Navy showed a decided reversal in form and beat a formidable Temple quintet 46 to 36. Navy led all the way. Rahn scored 13 points the first half to help Navy take a 27 to 15 halftime advantage. In the second half the Owls threatened vainly and cut the lead to eight points two minutes from the end, but the rally came too late to save the game for Temple.

Navy continued to play the brand of ball displayed against Temple, and took Virginia 50 to 41 in a well-played game on February 13. The score was tied at the half. From there to the end it was close—the score was knotted twelve times. With four minutes to play Navy ran up the winning margin. Longnecker and Rahn counted 30 points between them to lead the offense.

After leading most of the first half Navy lost to West Virginia 43 to 33 the following Wednesday. Navy took an early lead which they held until shortly before halftime. The Mountaineers went ahead at 16 to 14 and never relinquished the advantage. Navy played erratic ball and could not locate the basket during the closing half and West Virginia coasted to victory.

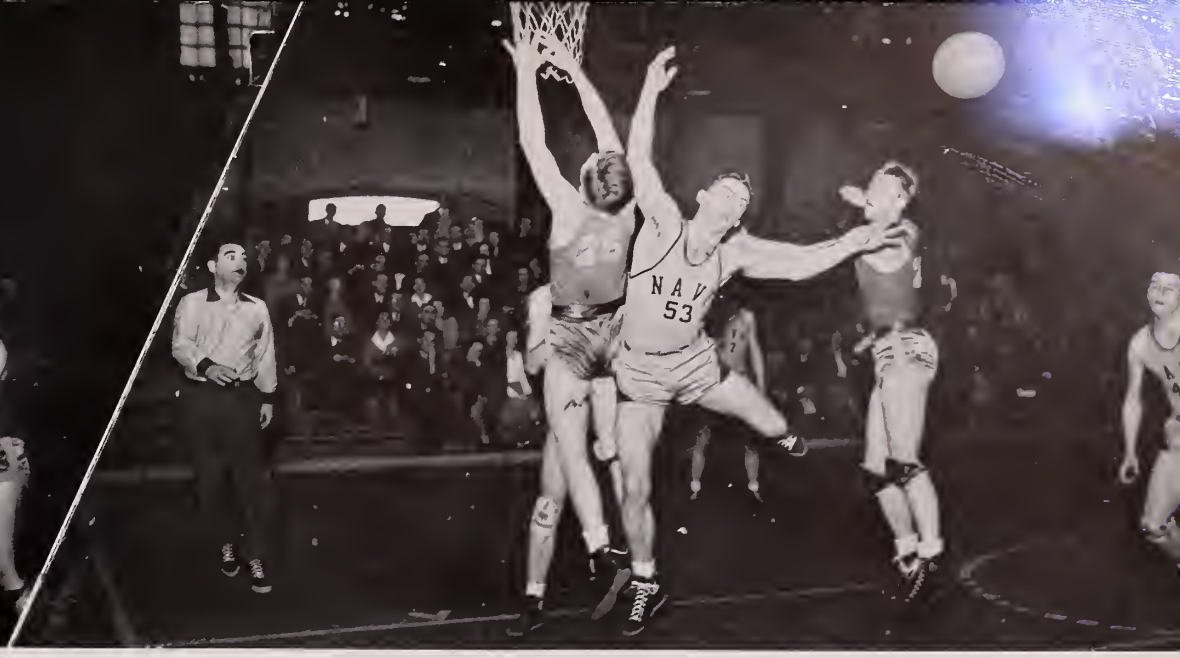
On February 20 Duke's fast travelling cagers defeated Navy 58 to 48 in a close, exciting game. The second team started the game and had a 20 to 16 lead before giving way to the first quint five minutes before halftime. Duke found the replacements easier and built up a 26 to 23 advantage at intermission. The second team struck back the second half and tied the score at 43 all with nine minutes to go. However, the veteran Blue Devils pulled away in the last five minutes of the game to win their fifteenth victory of the year.

Bud Bowler

Dick Rahn

Navy plays the defense.

Gaad strategy—twa far one.



Why Al, this is basketball, not ballet!

The following Wednesday Navy smothered William and Mary by a 57 to 30 score. Using three complete teams Navy took a 33 to 12 lead at the intermission. No more trouble was encountered the second half and Navy coasted to their fifth victory. The scoring was well distributed with Patrick, Longnecker, and Lindsley leading the squad.

With only a week until the Army game Navy took Virginia Military Institute by a decisive 48 to 37 score on February 27. The second team rolled up to a 20 to 13 lead in ten minutes and the first team increased the lead to 27-17 by halftime. Led by Mayer who counted 15 points the second team played good ball and scored all but 11 points of the total. All those eleven were tossed in by Longnecker.

On March 6 Army invaded Annapolis and won 56 to 45. The second team started the game and had the score tied 14 all with twelve minutes gone. At this point the first team entered the game and the lanky Army team forged ahead and were never again tied. At the intermission the score was 22 to 18 with ten of Navy's points coming from the foul line. Army stepped out fast as the second half opened to make an eight point lead which they kept throughout the game. Navy was off form in shooting, but Army displayed a fine eye for the basket. The tall cadets completely controlled the ball off the backboards and offered a tough defense which Navy could not penetrate. The game was marred by 46 personal fouls which slowed down play and cost Army four players and Navy two. Hall, Philpott, and Christe led the Army attack while Longnecker's scoring and Litty's floor play paced Navy. The victory gave Army a twelve to eight lead in the series begun in 1920.

The Army game brought Navy's mediocre season to a close. Graduation will cost Navy only three men—Patrick, Cameron, and Lindsley—so with seven returning lettermen the next season promises to be more successful. The fine spirit that prevailed over every practice scrimmage leaves a mark which will be hard to match.

Jahn McKay

Landa Zech

Adrian back,

Navy on the offense against Virginia.

Coach Stan Henson gives a few pointers to the plebes.

Coach Schwartz talks over the last meet with the "five striper."

Lt. Comdr. Campbell, Office Representative.

John Hale goes for a "cradle."

Captain Swift

Kitt gets ready for a workout.

A Champion Wrestling Team

			Navy	Opponent				Navy	Opponent
Jan.	16	V. P. I.	36	0	Feb.	13	Penn State	29	5
Jan.	23	Yale	25	3	Feb.	27	Penn	31	3
Jan.	30	V. M. I.	34	0	March	6	Columbia	29	3
Feb.	6	Ohio	34	0					

Eastern Intercollegiate Individual Champions: MacDonald, 121; Kitt, 136; Henson, 145; Creel, 165; Swift, heavy.

In 1943 Ray Schwartz coached one of his best teams. New plebe talent, strong youngster replacements, plus Joslin and captain Swift, from last year's squad, made this Navy team the strongest in the East. In speed, finesse, and aggressiveness it clearly outclassed every opponent. The excellently conditioned team fought through the schedule without defeat. Three of its seven victories were won by shutout scores.

MacDonald at 121 set the pace of every meet with a decisive victory. Next came Joslin or Heimark who fought each other as well as opposing 128 pounders. Pinky Joslin was the Navy man in five meets, and Jake had the rest. Bobby Kitt soundly beat every enemy 136 pounder. His instructive wrestling lessons cost opposing teams thirty-one points. He was followed by Henson who slowly and methodically whipped all opposition.

The man that wrestled fifth usually had the honor of securing the Navy victory. Whether Hale or Awtrey, the results were the same. Opposing 155 pound men never scored a point against Navy. It took Jonson, Creel, Perry, and Zwilling to fill the 165 pound class. Creel, however, did the most fighting—getting into four meets. Yates was the regular 175 pounder. His minor injuries gave Smith and Jonson a chance to show that Navy's secondary was filled with powerful men. Heavyweight Swift always finished with the flourish that MacDonald started. Four times he ended affairs with a first period pin.

Altogether the team achieved thirty-one falls and twenty-one decisions for a total score: Navy 218—Opponents 14. We hope Navy will always be as strong.

Chuck Joslin

Manager K. F. X. Smith

Perry comes out af a "grapevine."

Academy wrestling affords entertainment far all—fram Admiral ta midshipman.

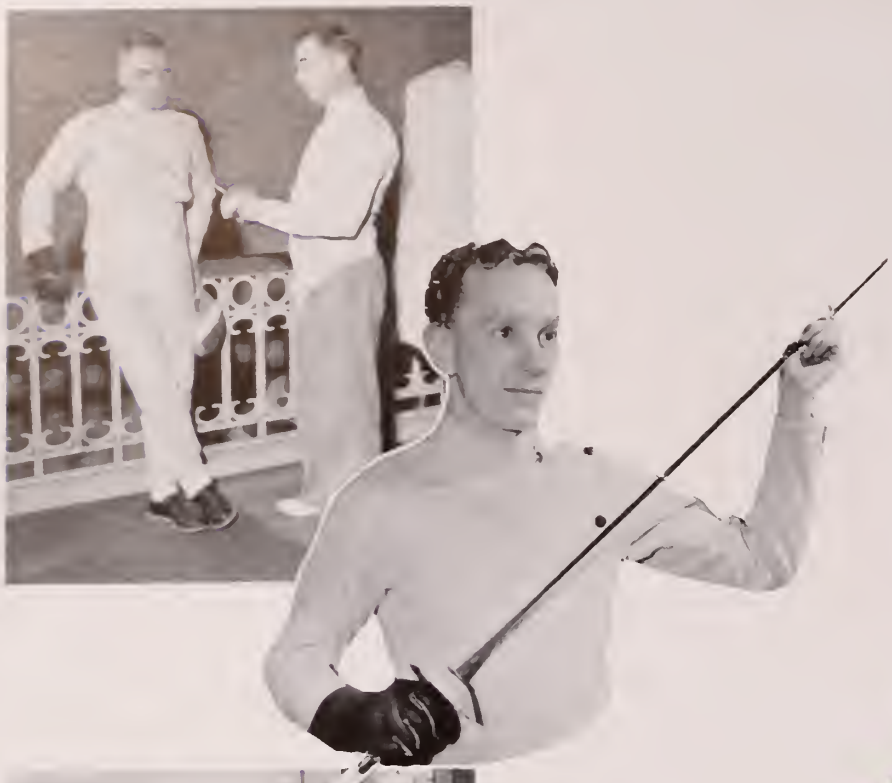
First row: Coach Swartz, Lt. Camdr. Campbell, Creel, Hale, Kitt, Henson, Captain Swift, Yates, Joslin, MacDanald, Heimark, Dr. Taylor. Second Row: Caach Henson, Awtrey, Esmial, Blum, Knox, Smith, Cockrill, Perry, Janson, Fontaine, McClintic, Price, Smith, K.F.X. Third Raw: Plass, Fartson, Cullen, Zwilling, Watson, Merrick, Steuteville Temple, Oliver, Berry.

Sabre, Epee and Foil

		Navy	Opp.
Jan. 30	Princeton	15	12
Feb. 6	Pennsylvania	15	12
Feb. 10	N. Y. U.	11	16
Feb. 13	Cornell	17	10
Feb. 20	U. of Virginia	20	7
Feb. 27	Pentagonal		
Mar. 3	William & Mary	19	8
Mar. 6	U.S.Mil.Acad.	17	10
Mar. 13	Columbia	20	7
Mar. 19-20	Intercollegiates		

It wasn't very long ago that we thought the age of personal combat had passed and given way to machines. But now men have grown more conscious of hand combat, and fighting with swords has again entered the modern picture. It is but a step from fencing to bayonet fighting, and Navy's fencing coaches taught us both.

The Navy fencers, under coaches Deladrier and Fiems, themselves renowned champions, have continued to roll up victories. Traditionally one of the best collegiate fencing teams in the nation, Navy was determined that it would not lose its reputa-



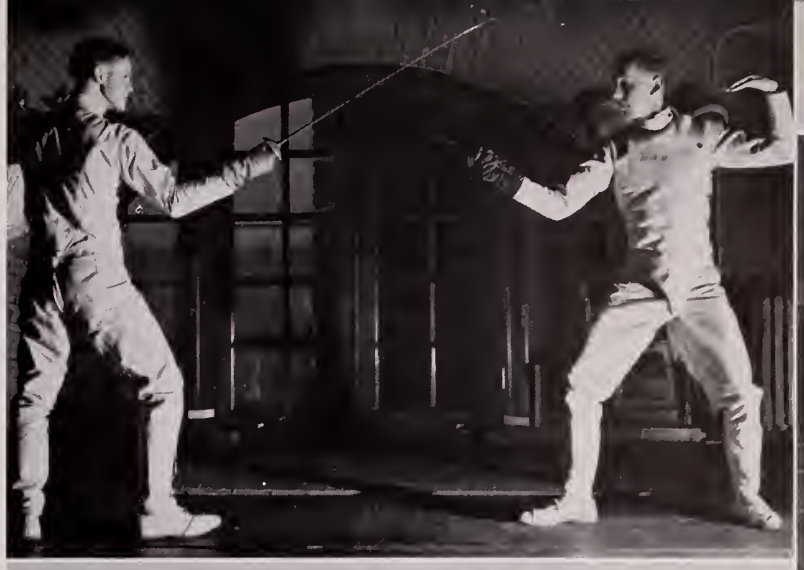
Coaches Deladrier and Fiems

Capt. Dick Seacard

Mgr. Gartner and Officer Rep. Fortune.

Action during o Saturday meet.

First Row: Lt. Camdr. Fortune, Coach Fiems, Blalack, Pattersan, Nelson, Seacard, Faubion, Papageorge, Wolker, Hayler, Coach Deladrier. Second Raw: Fitch, Gallemore, Swallow, Cox, Sheahen, Adams, Burkhart, Linnekin, Margan, Gartner. Third Row: Bussy, McCartan, McClane, McPherson, Waads, Glad, Swainson, Dame, Sappenfield, Kelton.



Vance Cox and Captain Dick Seacard "square off" far practice.

Russ Blalack disarms Joe Patterson.

Left to right
Andy Papageorge placed 3rd in Eastern Intercollegiates.
Bill Nelson, runner up an epee, Eastern Intercallegiates.
Russ Blalack, Eastern Intercollegiate Epee Chompian.

tion. Individual stars like Captain Dick Seacord in foil, Nelson in epee, and colorful Andy Papageorge in sabre were good for sure points against any kind of competition. The remainder of the team included Cox and Fitch in foil, Blalack and Patterson in epee, and Faubion and Walker in sabre. Of this group, all but Fitch were first class.

Some of the Navy men had garnered individual titles before the regular season began. At the Christmas invitation meet in New York, Dick Seacord won the gold medal with his foil, Dick Faubion was second in sabre, and Nelson and Patterson took second and third in epee.

The pin pushers opened their schedule with convincing wins over Princeton and Penn State. Then an unusual thing happened. The swordsmen lost a duel meet to their deadly rival, New York University. And that was enough to anger the middies. They firmly resolved that such would not happen again. Wins over Cornell, Virginia, and William and Mary followed. At the Pentagonals, held again this year at West Point, the Navy men were very successful. The epee team, led by Blalack's undefeated performance, brought home the big cup for the epee team championship. And the team record was good enough to give Navy a tie with Harvard and Princeton for the grand championship. On the next weekend, the cadets from the Point came to Crabtown for a dual meet. That day the foil team gave the best exhibition. Navy won, and that meant N-stars for the boys. The regular season ended with a smashing victory over Columbia in New York.

Bring your drag up to a fencing meet sometime and show her Navy's duellers at work. Whether it happens to be foil, epee, or sabre that you are watching, it is mighty interesting. Anyone who thrills to the slashing sword play of a swashbuckling movie pirate will see the same dash and fire in any Navy match. And the midshipmen are usually good enough to come out on top, for they love their sport. Something fascinating about fighting with swords takes them back to the days of the Spanish Main or the French Court—or to Guadalcanal or Tunisia.

A porry for a thrust in the fencing loft

The Tank Team

		Navy	Opponents
January 16	Dartmouth	35½	39½
January 23	Temple	54	21
January 30	Princeton	30	45
February 6	North Carolina	49	26
February 13	Havard	46	29
February 20	Yale	31	44
February 27	Pennsylvania	50	25
March 6	Army	49	26

For twenty-five years, Coach Henry Ortland has been producing top-ranking aquatic squads to represent the Naval Academy. Few are the times that the Navy teams have been in other than the ranks of the champions. This, Coach Ortland's twenty-fifth Academy squad, is no exception to the Navy's record of potent swimming teams.

Coach Ortland; Officer Representative G. H. Miller.

Backstraking The Start.

Captain Al Gross
Mgr. Roy Burk

Tolented diver Dick Krotkiewicz.

With eight returning lettermen to give the team strength, a large representation of underclassmen to give it flavor, mixed with some of that Navy "Don't give up the ship" fighting spirit to give it body, Coach Ortland moulded another squad of aquatic stars to be added to the quintessence of Navy Swimming teams.

Captained by the amiable Al Gross, the tank squad had a sparkling season. To the medley relay team, records meant nothing. Several individuals were extremely outstanding. Always on hand to add more points towards victory were the divers Krotkiewicz, Lemlein, and Mayo.

Versatile Al Lemlein.

. . . and then the splash.

Opening the season in foreign waters at Hanover, Dartmouth nosed out our tankmen 39 to 35½, even though our medley relay team posted a new Naval Academy record.

Back home and in friendly waters, the Navy lads acquired seven out of nine firsts to drown the contingent from Temple University with a score of 54 to 21. The following week proved disasterous to our tankmen when a potent representation from Princeton upset us 45 to 30.

Angered by their defeat at the hands of the Tigers in the preceding week, Navy's aqua-men came back in full stride to break the highly favored North Carolina's winning streak at twenty consecutive wins. The medley relay team knocked more time off their own record; Jack Manherz, a youngster, set a new Naval Academy mark in the 200 yard breast stroke, only to reduce it to a lower mark in the following week. When the meet ended, Navy had the top end of a 49 to 26 score.

With their confidence restored, the Navy men sailed over a strong Harvard team to the tune of 46 to 29. Our squad is especially proud that they are the first Navy team to defeat the powerful Harvard contingents in twenty-four years.

In spite of the power displayed in the last three meets, the tankmen succumbed to the ever-potent Yale squad 44 to 31. Making his best time of the year, Manherz rebroke his own Naval Academy record.

With their outstanding swimmers taken by the draft, it was no task at all for the aqua-men to chalk up a 50 to 25 score over the deleted Pennsylvania squad.

Then on the weekend of March the sixth, Navy bared its fangs and invaded West Point. Led by the sterling performances of the divers Dick Krotkiewicz and Al Lemlein, the swim squad brought home the bacon with a 49 to 26 score. This, the first victory over the Cadets in three years, placed Navy in third place of the Eastern Collegiate standings to complete a highly successful season.

Nip and tuck

Dave Warner

Nelson Droke

Bob Bailey

A dip in the drink

First Row: Lyon, Ostrom, Ortland, Thomsen, Tiemann, Mize, Manning, Berry, Blair, Manherz, Taylor. Second Row: Dobbs, Graning, Brown, Allen, Gross, Frank, Ogier, Ware, Krotkiewicz. Third Raw: Burk, Boyes, Wilson, Vandermade, Chadwick, Williams, Bailey, Wadsworth, Lemlein. Fourth Row: Coach Ortlond, Lomar, Green, Matt, Warner, Drake, Graham, Lt. Comdr. Miller.

First Row: Comdr. Connelly, Coach Phillips, Cryan, Brand, Searles, Parker, Vaughan, Kalstad, Herlang, Coach Mang, Lt. Candit. Secand Raw: Mgr. McGough, Watson, Biche, Dana, Trautman, Rafferty, Davis, Farris, Dressin, Close, Spangler, Sazama. Third Row: Julian, Butner, Sperry, Rankin, Dinwiddie, Hecker, Stickles, Dunning.

Rings and Bars

		Navy	Opponents
Feb. 13	Penn. State College	5	13
Feb. 22	Indiana University	15	3
Mar. 6	Temple University	11	7
Mar. 13	U. S. Military Academy	12	6
Mar. 20	Eastern Intercollegiates		

Coach "Chet" Phillips.

Camdr. Cannelly,
Officer Representative

Rugged Al Stickles climbs the rape.

Captain Jim Parker.

Tam Searles daes a giant swing.

The season opened, this year, with all Eastern teams competing under new rules. The change brought individual competition to the fore, and each event became a series of matches with the winner of each match being awarded one point. In rope climbing, additionally, two other major changes were made. The use of the gun for starts was discontinued, and each contestant started when he was ready to climb.

With prospects good for a better than average season, the Navy gymnasts opened with a meet against the experienced Pennsylvania State College team. To the disappointment of the Middies, Penn State made a clean sweep of the horizontal bar, took all places on the parallel bar and cleaned up on rope climbing and tumbling. The Navy flying ring men, led by Captain Jim Parker, had everything their way. Bob Brand and Alex Julian of Navy each won his match, making the final score 13 to 5 in favor of Penn State.

Gym floor ready for a meet.

Robust Bill Rafferty

Arky Vaughn does a flying dismount from the horizontal.

Parallel-barman Cryan

Agile Alex Julian

Danny Herlong over the horizontal.

Mgr. Neal McGough

Captain Parker does his specialty.

Monday, February 22, saw Navy outclassing a very game Indiana University team. Navy ruled supreme on the side horse, in rope climb, on the parallel bars and on the flying rings. Indiana scored two points in tumbling and one on the horizontal bar, to trail 3 to 15.

The Temple University meet, on the Saturday following, proved to be more than an even match. On this occasion our horizontal bar gymnasts came through with a complete sweep to put Navy in the lead 3 to 0. The side horse gave us two more points, and through default, on the rope, the midshipmen forged ahead 8 to 1. Temple took over the parallel bars with three wins; while Navy's Captain Jim Parker and ring men, scored three more tallies. The Temple gymnasts, led by George Szypula, 1942 National Intercollegiate Tumbling Champion, won all three matches in tumbling to give a final score of Temple 7 and Navy 11.

The Army meet, at West Point on March 6, confirmed Coach Phillips' forecast of a 12 to 6 victory. Navy got off to a bad start on the horizontal bar by losing two matches; Tom Searles was the only high bar performer to come through. Bob Brand, Ed Kolstad, and Alex Julian secured three points on the side horse, to be followed by three points in the rope climb event by Al Stickles, Frank Farris, and Bill Rafferty. Jack Cryan and Alex Julian won their matches on the parallels and brought the score to 9 to 3. With Army relatively strong in the last two events there was a chance for a tie but Captain Parker made one more point in the flying rings event to make it definitely a Navy day. In the last event, tumbling, two more tallies for Navy were forthcoming when Dick Dana won his match and Martin of Army defaulted to Dinwiddie. The victory of this meet put Navy second in the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastic League.

On March 13, at the Eastern Intercollegiate meet, Alex Julian took second on the side horse, to be followed by Parker with a second on the rings. In the rope climb, to Bill Rafferty went a third and to Al Stickles, a fourth. These four performances completed a good season.

First Row: Hightower, Levy, Cole, Page. Second Row: T. Hill, Gaibler, Slaymaker, McClenahan, Donovan, Dosien. Third Row: Lt. J. A. Quense, U.S.N.R. (coach), Herman, Kane, Barrett, Kiernan, Leavy, Major Moreau, U.S.M.C. (Off. Representative), Fourth Row: Sgt. Taylor, U.S.M.C. (Line Coach), Schulz, Martin, Polk, Hirsch, D. Hill, J. H. Branzell (Armorer).

Lt. Reeves of the Quantico Marines, for the last three years the nation's foremost pistol marksman, declared that the Naval Academy pistol shooters were the best collegiate team in the business. During the 1942 season, after only two years of organization, the pistol team made an enviable mark on the register of Navy athletics. Under the skillful tutelage of a crack coaching staff, the pistol team placed first in the Intercollegiates of 1942, and had, until March 6, an unblemished record in the 1943 competition. It was then again the underrated West Pointers that proved their nemesis. 23 Army points spelled downfall.

Rifle and Pistol

Small Bore

Navy		Opponent
1375	W. Virg. U.	1362
1375	W. Virg. U.	1362
1397	Yale	1348
1365	Lehigh	1349
1391	Carnegie	1348
1398	M. I. T.	1366
1381	Army	1389
1389	Georgetown	1326
1395	U. of Mary.	1344

Pistol

Navy		Opponent
1311	M. I. T.	1227
1351	Indiana	1369
1345	Quant. Mar.	1385
1354	Mich. St.	1330
1381	E. Ky. Teach.	1107
1364	Purdue	1323
1377	Ohio. St.	1291
1377	Cornell	1245
1363	Tex. A and M	1401
1325	Army	1348
1366	Harvard	1359

Hidden away beneath the terraces of the Third Battalion lies the small bore rifle gallery whence comes every week the unvarying reports of the successes of the Naval Academy rifle team. The obscurity of the riflemen arises from their monotonous procession of wins—it has become almost tradition that the rifle team will come through victorious. However, this year's successful season acquired a blight on its record when the men from the Hudson came down and beat us by eighteen points. Trained in the value of a good eye and a sound mind, the riflemen learn early two of the requisites of a skilled naval officer.

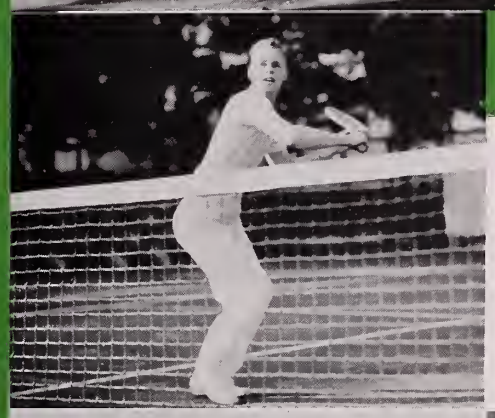
Captain Frank Barrett

Managers Dorr and Hill, of pistol and rifle squads, respectively.

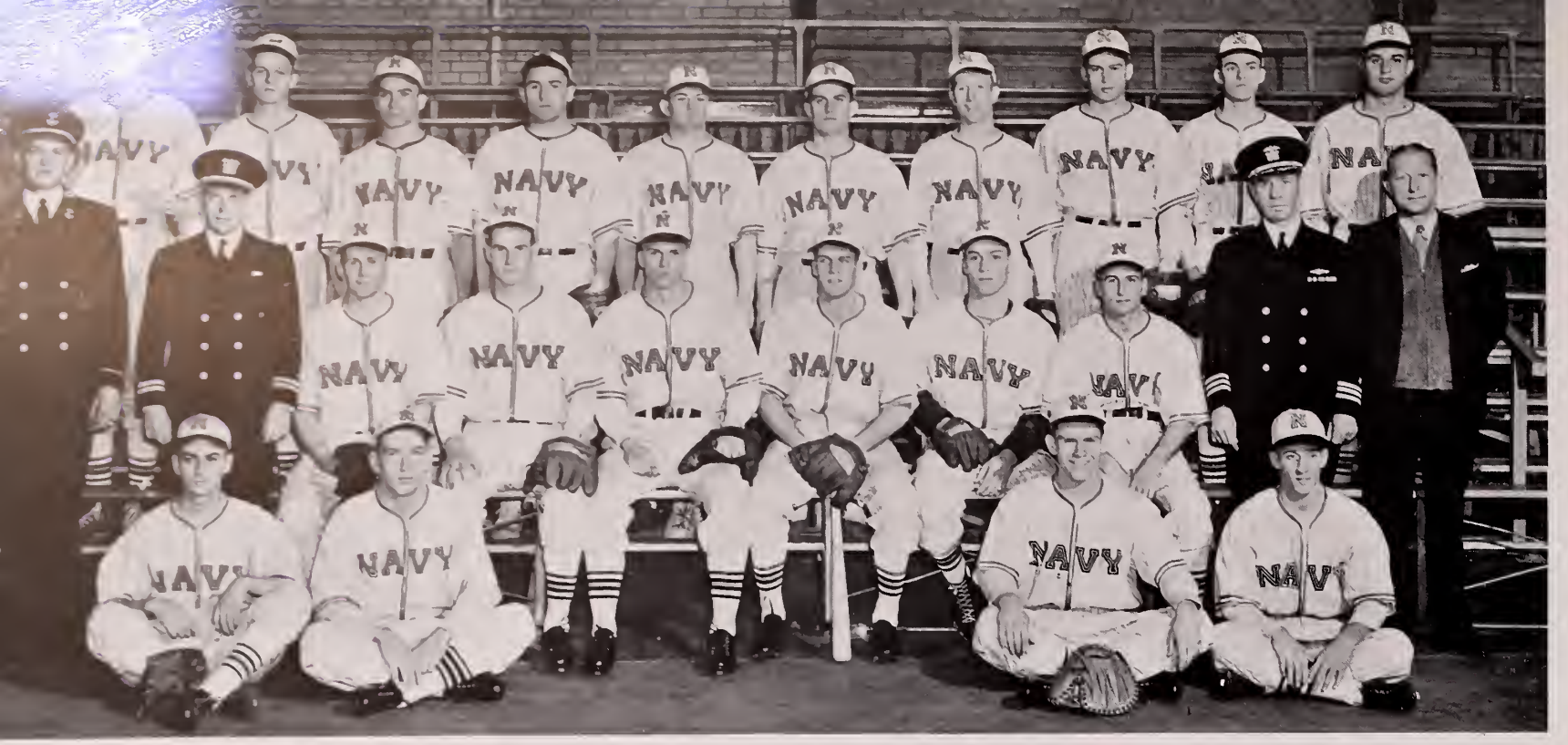
Lt. J. A. Quense, Rifle Coach.
Lt. M. J. Shively, Pistol Coach.

Lieutenant R. L. Sullivan, Officer Representative of pistol.

First Row: Carey, Hirsch, Crain, Martin (Capt.), Little, Kelley, Stockwell. Second Row: Lt. M. J. Shively, U.S.M.C. (coach), Schmidt, Beam, Barta, Douglas, Conover, Farley, Foster, Lt. P. L. Sullivan, U.S.M.C. (Off. Representative). Third Row: Fick, Bain, King, Larson, Kelly, Porter, Klein



Spring Sports



t Row: Bierman, Middleton, Coulter, Jacobus. Second Row: Barbour, Lt. Keene, Higgins, Burdett, McNamara, Watson, Davis, Snyder, Comdr. Vinson, Coach Bishop. Third Row: Bowler, Zech, Schettino, Finos, Mills, Leahy, Gillis, Metzger, Rienstra, Martin.

Baseball

Any afternoon in early March, one may stroll through the Armory and notice the basketball cages raised and scores of midshipmen throwing baseballs in every direction. He will hear the familiar voice of Coach Max Bishop shouting advice and encouragement to every one around him, and will be certain that spring and baseball have once more returned to Annapolis.

Coach Bishop came to the Naval Academy after playing with the Boston Redsocks and Philadelphia Athletics. He teaches the fast, precision teamplay that is characteristic of the major leagues and instills into the players a fighting spirit that can be found on few other college teams.

Coach Bishop Captain McNamara

Mgr. Barbour Comdr. Vinson, Officer Representative.

Behind the bat, behind the screen.

Admiral and Mrs. Admiral were regular fans.

Army gets a hit.

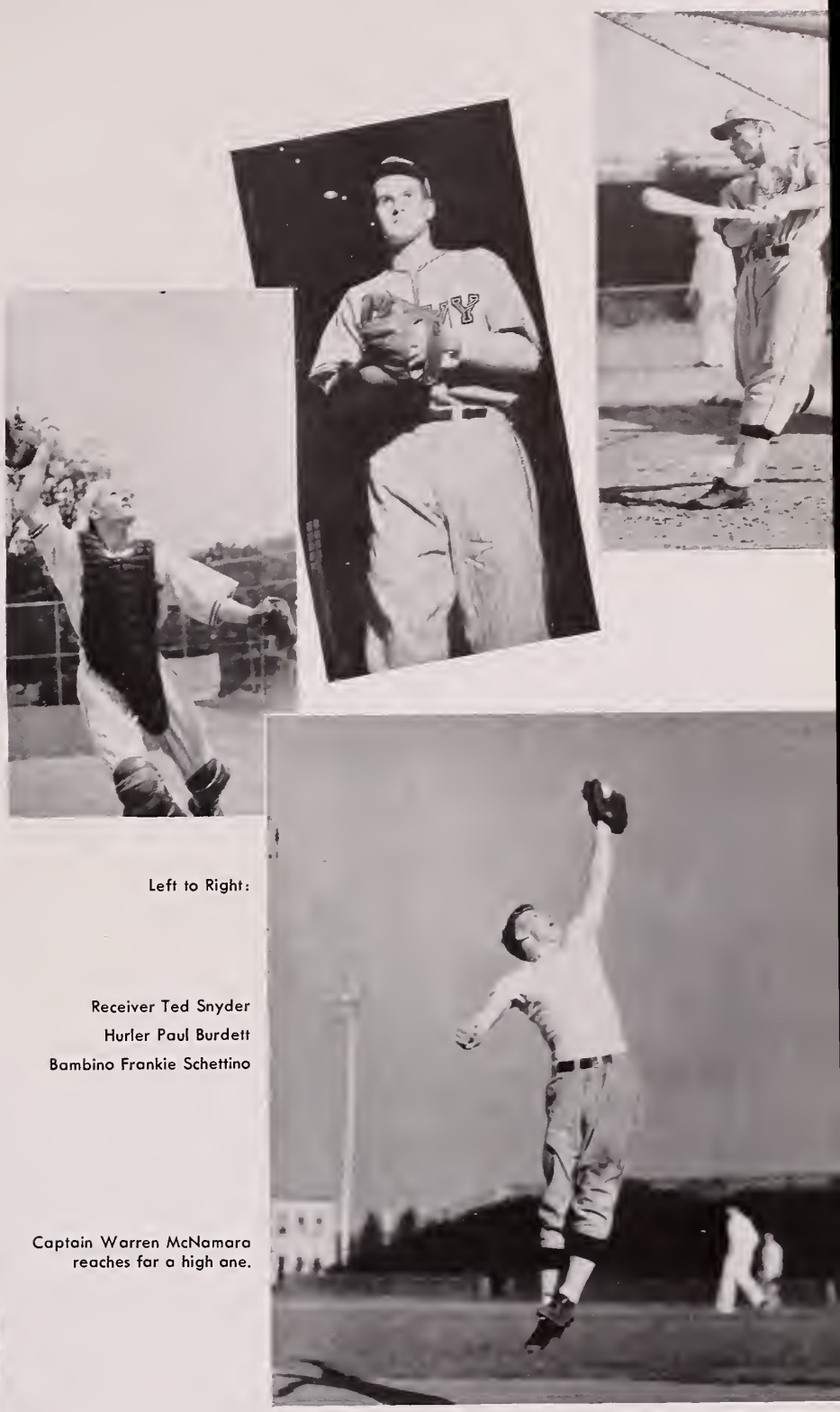
The 1942 Navy baseball team did not make a perfect record in the won and lost columns and were unable to defeat the strong team from West Point which came to the Academy in May. They did, however, fight as hard as any team that ever wore the gold and blue, and at times, played brilliantly for a comparatively inexperienced ball club.

In the first game of the 1942 schedule, Navy met Harvard and went down 15 to 4. Luberda pitching and Lavrakas catching formed the Navy battery. In the infield, Navy had Brennan on first, Captain Jack Stowe on second, McNamara at short, and Rupert at third, Gillis, Schettino, and Lacy patrolled the pasture.

Navy got eight hits, while Harvard collected sixteen. Phelan pitched for Harvard, but it was Fitzgibbons, the first baseman, who became the fly in Navy's ointment. He had a field day at the plate, getting a single, double, triple, and homerun in five trys with the hickory.

The next day, Navy took the field against Cornell. Jeff Davis, pitching his first varsity game for Navy gave up only four hits and one run, to bring Navy out on the long end of a 4 to 1 score. He also teamed with Captain Stowe to lead the Navy attack. Both men hit a single and double in three trips to the plate.

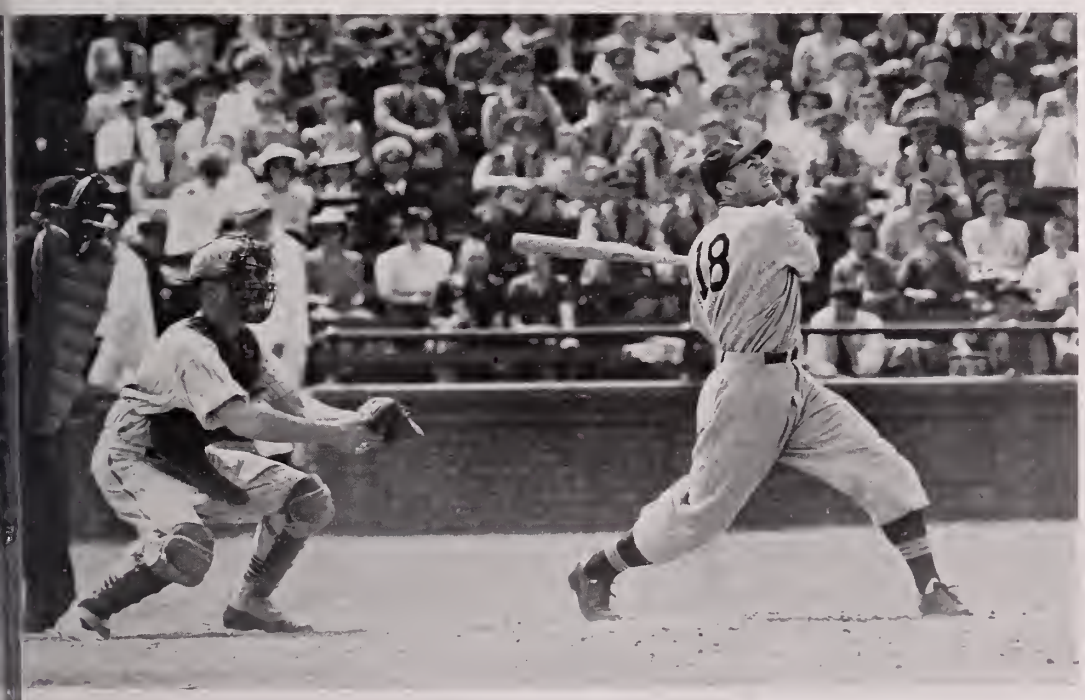
The University of Vermont came to Annapolis on Saturday and by the time the sun began to fade over Lawrence Field, the midshipmen had scored eleven runs and Vermont, not a one. This proved to be an important game for Navy, for it removed all doubts as to the condition of Phil Hurt's arm. Last year the Navy coaches were counting heavily on Hurt, but he injured his arm early in the season. However, Coach Bishop had him treated by a major league training specialist, and in this, his first start of the season, he allowed only two hits in eight innings. Gillis set the pace at the plate, hitting safely 3 times and driving in 4 of the Navy runs.



Left to Right:

Receiver Ted Snyder
Hurler Paul Burdett
Bambino Frankie Schettino

Captain Warren McNamara reaches far a high one.



Army hits o high one.

Navy's ace southpaw—Jeff Davis.

The crowd looks on.

Strike one

Lefty Rienstra, the pitcher.

George Watson, guardian of the hot corner.

In his second start of the season, Jeff Davis shut out Rutgers 6 to 0. In the 3rd inning, Paul Lacy hit Navy's first home run of the season, with Lavrakas and Stowe on base. Both teams played air tight ball in the field with Navy getting a beautiful double play, Rupert to Stowe to Brennan in the 7th. Davis allowed only 2 hits while Navy pounded Perkins and Jones for 11.

After a two day rest, Navy met its second defeat, 11 to 8, by the hand of Penn. Hurt, although turning in a superb exhibition, lost to Oliver of Penn. Both Brennan and McNamara came through with triples for Navy and McQuillen beamed a homer for Penn

On Wednesday, April 15, the midshipmen jumped back into the win column with a 7 to 5 decision over the University of Michigan This was the 3rd start and 3rd win of the season for southpaw Jeff Davis. Michigan got 12 hits to Navy's 11, but Navy's Captain Stowe clouted a homer, and Lavrakas pasted 2 hits over the fence

Navy's next start was against the University of West Virginia and was another win for the sailors. Phil Hurt really bore down as he struck out 12 men. McNamara hit 3 for 4 for Navy. Virginia made 3 errors and a wild pitch by Reader let in one of the Navy runs

Maryland came to Annapolis to play Navy on April 22. The Tarps had a well-balanced, experienced team and it took the middies 11 innings to eke out a 4 to 3 victory. Maryland was leading 3 to 2 going into the eighth, but Navy pushed across a run in the last half to knot the score. Neither team could score again until the 11th inning when McNamara hit for one base, was sacrificed to second, and stole third. On the steal, the Terp catcher pegged to the second baseman, Whorton, who tossed the ball over the third baseman's head. McNamara came home standing up to end the game.

On Saturday, April 25, Navy beat the undefeated Tar Heels from North Carolina, 6 to 2. Phil Hurt capably handled the mound duties for Navy, but it was Paul Lacy's powerful bat that proved to be the difference in the 2 teams. In the first frame, he knocked in Captain Stowe with a long fly to center field and in the next inning lashed out a round tripper with Lavrakas and Brennan on base. The middies also had the edge in the field with one error to the Tar Heel's four.

Four days after the North Carolina game, Navy met Penn State. Navy held when the chips were down to give Jeff Davis another victory, 9 to 3. Gillis boomed out his second home run of the season in the 3rd inning.

First Baseman Larry From.

"Slugger" Art Gillis.

Schettino tags From.

Gollaping Tom Higgins

April 2, 1942	Navy 4	Harvard	15
April 3, 1942	Navy 4	Cornell	1
April 4, 1942	Navy 11	University of Vermont	0
April 7, 1942	Navy 6	Delaware	4
April 8, 1942	Navy 6	Rutgers	0
April 11, 1942	Navy 8	University of Pennsylvania	11
April 15, 1942	Navy 7	University of Michigan	5
April 18, 1942	Navy 5	West Virginia	3
April 22, 1942	Navy 4	Maryland	3
April 25, 1942	Navy 6	North Carolina	2
April 29, 1942	Navy 9	Penn State	3
May 2, 1942	Navy 2	William and Mary	1
May 6, 1942	Navy 13	Gettysburg	5
May 10, 1942	Navy 15	Virginia	7
May 13, 1942	Navy 6	Temple	3
May 20, 1942	Navy 6	Columbia	1
May 23, 1942	Navy 2	Georgetown	10
May 27, 1942	Navy 3	Army	10

Navy safe on third.

Start of the seventh.

On May 2nd, Phil Hurt bested Merrit of William and Mary in a brilliant pitcher's duel. Captain Stowe, Gillis, and Hanson combined heavy hitting to down Gettysburg College on May 6. Then Navy capitalized on six Cavalier errors to beat Virginia 15 to 7. On May 13, Temple came to Annapolis, and was defeated 6 to 3 as Luberta allowed only 4 hits. Columbia was next, and Hurt allowed them 3 hits. Then, after ten straight victories, Navy lost to Georgetown 10 to 2, May 23—youngster Jeff Davis' first loss of the season.

The Cadets came on May 27 to face a team confident of victory after its most successful season in years. But the gods weren't with Navy that day. The score was tied up 1 to 1 during the first four frames, but four Navy pitchers could not throttle the deluge of Army hits and runs in the 5th and 6th. At the end of the 6th, Army was ahead 10 to 1. Although McNamara poled one out of the park in the 8th inning, Navy was never again within shouting distance of the soldiers.

West Point safe on third.

Pitcher Bill Leohy.

First Row: Newell, Bowes, Huckabee, Clarke, Jennings, Bush, Heinze, Kritzer, DuBois, Myra, Barber. Second row: Shepard, Jubb, Gibson, Salsig, Dankworth, Roberts, McKibben, Lax, Williams, Davidson. Third Row: Christman, Lane, Jenkins, Taylar, Reynalds, Perkins, Neuendorffer, Morgan, Stevenson, Berger, Doolin, Camdr. Talbot. Fourth Row: Poarman, Woaten, McKay, Puddicombe, Seelaus, Conlin, Ellenberger, Wrocklage, Hill.

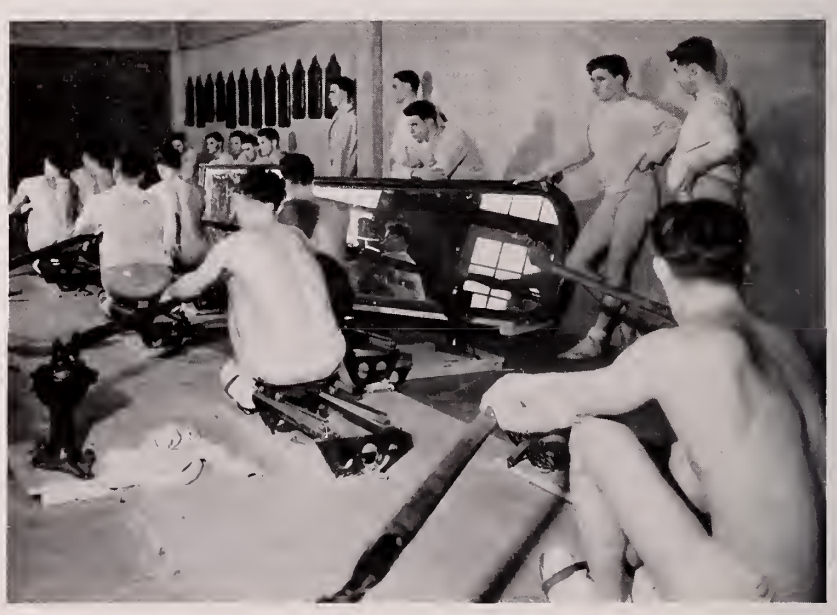
Lt. Comdr. Buck Walsh, Coach.

Camdr. F. R. Talbot,
Officer Representative.

Shell and Oars

Date	Opponent	Navy	Oppt.
April 1, 1942	Johns Hopkins University	9	0
April 8, 1942	University of Maryland	7	2
April 11, 1942	Temple University	9	0
April 15, 1942	American University	9	0
April 18, 1942	Cornell University	7	2
April 25, 1942	University of Pennsylvania	6	3
April 29, 1942	Duke University	7	2
May 2, 1942	University of Virginia	9	0
May 6, 1942	Carnegie Tech	9	0
May 13, 1942	Pennsylvania State	9	0
May 14 1942	Princeton University	2	9
May 16 1942	University of Pittsburgh		Rain
May 23, 1942	Georgetown University	7	2
May 26, 1942	Columbia University (at New York)	8	1
May 27, 1942	Army (at West Point, N. Y.)	4	5

Along Dorsey Creek and the Upper Severn every Spring afternoon, or even earlier, the Navy oarsmen trained under the guidance of Coach Buck Walsh. When it was too choppy to go outside the boys would put on muscle by using Hubbard Hall's rowing machines. It seems that weight isn't all-important in this aquatic sport because three of the varsity men were under one hundred and seventy pounds, and two of these were strokes, Phil Childs (stroke), and Goodwin Sandvig (off-stroke). The Varsity boat was evenly divided between first classmen and youngsters, with the former leading by one man, Joe Sestak, the coxswain. Forty-three was represented by Harry Smith and Captain Bill McCauley in addition to Childs and Sandvig, while forty-four found its glory in Ted Dankworth, Bill Gibson, George Jubb, and Abe Salsig.



Develaping form and precision.

When we were plebes.

Peep-hole view.

Crew callouses the hands.

The boys opened their season by traveling up to Princeton to meet the Tigers. The race looked at the start to be a close match, but soon the rhythm and power of the Middies left the Bengals far behind. The next race found the Lions of Columbia down on the Severn to challenge Navy's ambitious and hard-working crew. The boys from the Big City put up a better fight than the Tigers, but the Midshipmen still won by over a boat length. The real test for the Walshmen came at the next meet when the Big Red of Cornell came down from Ithaca. The race turned out to be one of the most thrilling ever seen by Annapolis crew fans. Navy took the lead at the start and increased it up to the mile mark. In the final quarter mile Cornell put on a big sprint, but the Navy lead was too much for the Big Red and we were able to win out by a few feet. With three victories under our belt Navy entered the Adams Cup Regatta undefeated, and it looked as if she might be able to overcome the Harvard team. However, luck was against us and we caught a crab at the beginning of the race. Navy fought hard to overcome this handicap, but they had to be content with third place behind Havard and Wisconsin.

Captain Abe Salsig
The Admiral's borge.

"Straker" Bob Wooten

First Row: Penny, Walker, Phelps, Herzag, Williams, McCall, Francy, Beasley, Cuccias, Cunat. Second Row: Maore, Nankervis, Fuller, R. E., Gwiazdowski, Radasch, Vanderwolk, Jackson, Quialey, Cole, Martin. Third Row: Petticrew, Lynch, Radgers, White, Blyth, Metzler, Borgerding, West, Cochran, Bayly, McHenry, Ferch, Hess, Goad, Hansmann, Trott, Galdstein, Stevenson, Eells, Caach J. J. Manning. Fourth Raw: Fuller, W. T., Bucalo, Treocy, Goloway, Gaehler, Heagy, Kilpatrick, Burton, Bryan, Donald, Halkovic. Fifth Row: Sprickman, Muschenheim, Eckhardt, Anderson, Beach, Aroyan, Craoks, Bretting, Kennedy, Millsops, Broddock.

The inside rowing where "you get nowhere fast."

Developing enduronce, brawn, and timing.

Cox'n Joe Jennings talks to his eight.
Getting reody for the shove off.

The season of forty-two saw Navy come to the front again as one of the leading college crews in the country, and prospects for forty-three are high. The returning lettermen led by Captain Abe Salsig will undoubtedly form the nucleus of the crew, but they will get keen competition for their positions. Dankworth, Gibson, Jubb, McKibben, and Roberts will all be back, but youngsters like Barber and Reynolds will be leading the underclass representatives. In addition there is no telling what material will be offered by the Plebe class now that they are eligible for Varsity competition. One thing appears certain—the scrappy southerner, Joe Jennings, will be the coxswain. Taking all in all, Navy should have the best crew in the East.

Mgr. Christman rations gear.

A victory ducking for Coxswain
Connon Jennings.

Front Row: Norris, Williamson, Zachry, Wyatt, Casey, Fawler, Cobb.
Second Row: Bain, Stell, Stockton, Ellsworth, Brantley, Ragers, Kmetz, Lt. James, Coach Hendrix, Captain Cope.
Third Raw: Crawford, Davis, Pennington, Daly, Derr, Braoks, Garsline.

Netmen

Tennis is one of the most welcome sports at the Academy. A glance at Navy's record shows that our racquet wielders were among the top in the Nation. Playing a strong schedule of many of the best teams in the East, Navy came through with a string of twelve victories against two losses, a record for any team to be proud of.

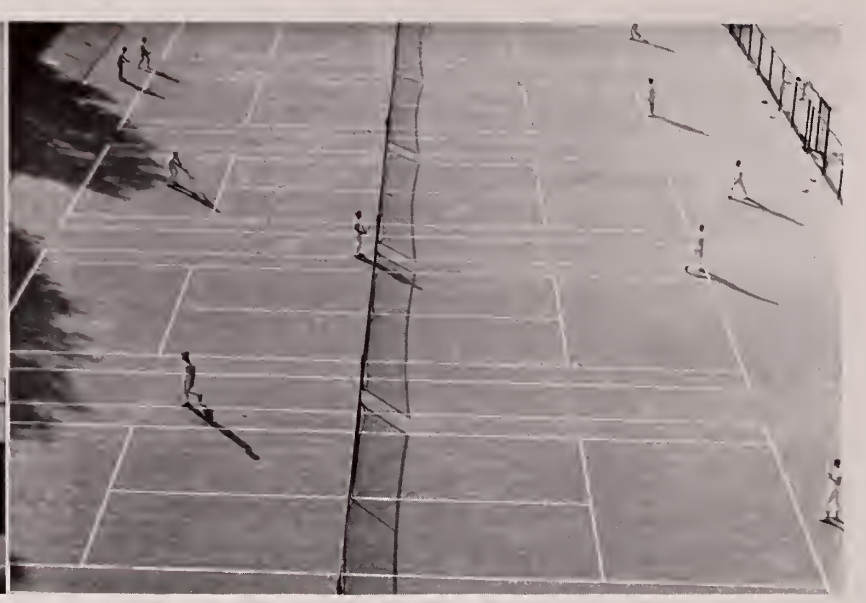
Led by Roger Spreen, captain last year, and Elston Wyatt, captain this year, Navy turned out the best season in the past ten years. Wyatt, playing number one for Navy, came through the season undefeated, thus matching the feat of Joe Hunt, number one the preceding year, and one of the Nation's ranking tennis stars.

Coach Hendrick and
Officer Representative Capt. Cope.

Captain Elstan Wyatt

Mgr. Alley Stockton

With Fowler and Wyatt the doubles were in good hands.



Courts of "busy bodies."

Hardy Fowler
Bill Cosey

Doug. Aldrich
Dove Zachory

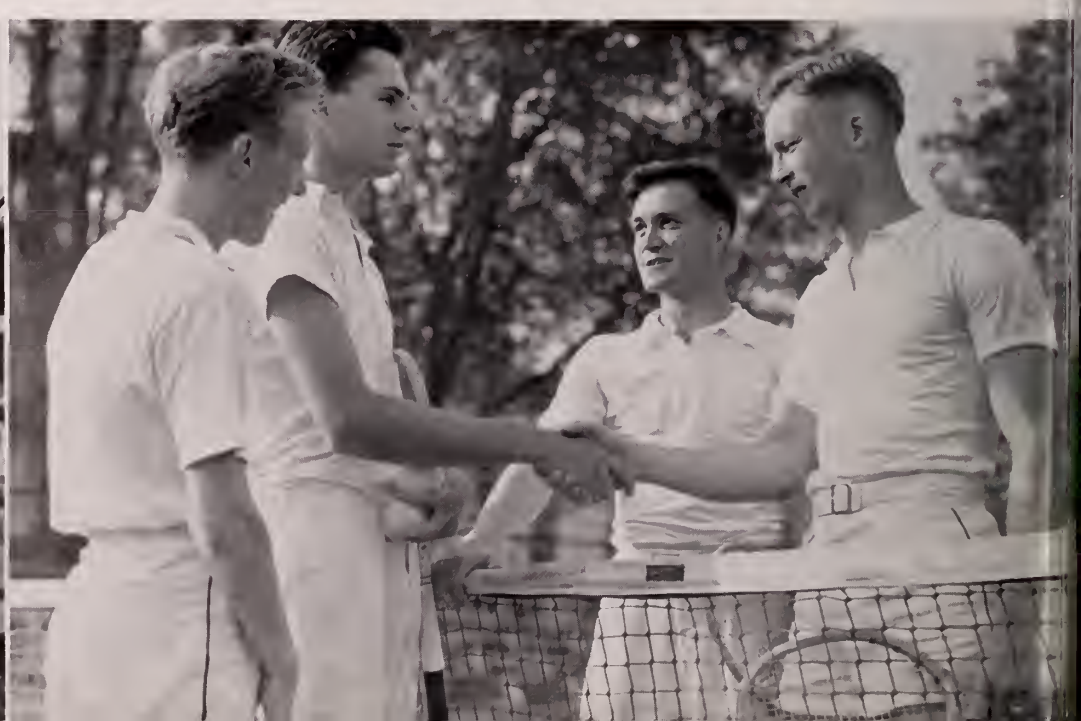
Navy defeated Penn, and produced one of the major upsets in our history. It was the first time on record that Navy has beaten the Pennsylvania tennis team. With our string of victories, however, we had our losses—to Princeton and a splendid Army team.

Along with Captain Spreen and Wyatt, there were several other splendid players—Scherer, Putnam, Fowler, Aldrich, Casey, and Percy, all consistent winners. There was a consistent battle among the players for places on the team.

Navy eagerly looks forward to the 1943 season with the hope and expectation of a stellar team and another victorious season. The Blue and Gold netmen have one of the roughest schedules in their history. Penn, North Carolina, and Princeton are scheduled in successive matches, and plenty of trouble is expected. Navy has beaten Penn only once, and North Carolina has lost one match in the past five years. However, Navy has a wealth of splendid material; four lettermen returning, and several youngsters who were on last year's plebe team. Since the new ruling allows plebes to participate in varsity athletics, Coach Art Hendrix finds an over-abundance of material and is confident of having another season that will match the splendid record of last year.

Mgr. Alley Stockton talks to the boys.

"Swell Motch."



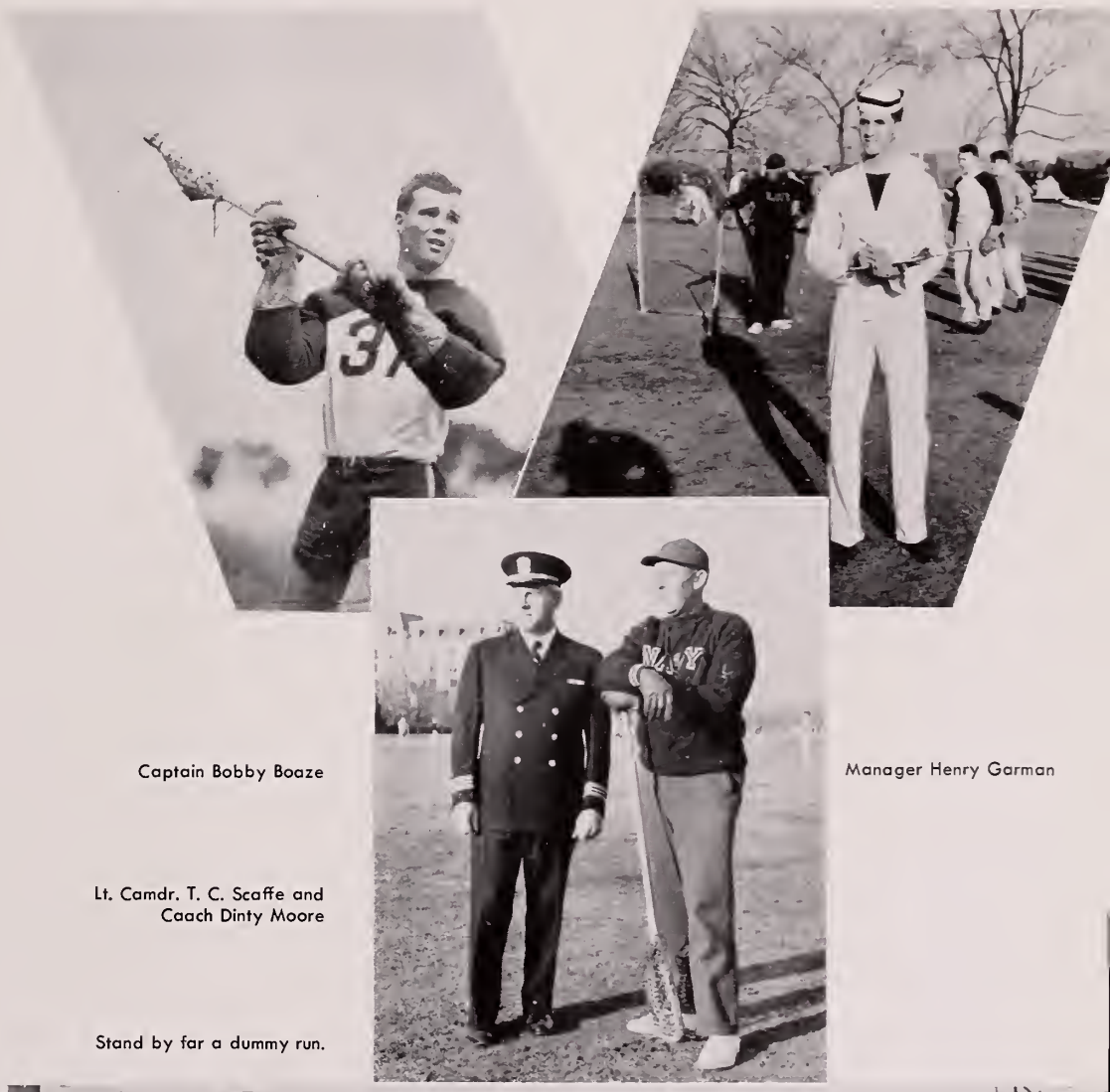
First Raw: Buchanan, Day, Bonwit, Grave, Lawry, Cunneen, Koch, Hayes, Williams, DeLaney, Cesari, Meints, Graham, Havenstein, Webster, Coach Moore. Secand Raw: Lt. Camdr. Scaffe, Coach Lamand, Campbell, Rawlings, Taylar, Strassle, Giorgis, Hastings, Bonwit, McLaughlin, Cook, Looney, Montgomery, G.P., Calmery, Althoff, Maul. Third Row: Gorman, Babgy, Montgamery, W.G., Seigfried, Anania, Chapman, Ochenrider, Clark, Cullman, Ryzow, Alexander, Miller.

Rugged Lacrosse

1942 SCHEDULE

		Navy	Opponents
April 2	Dartmouth	9	8
April 4	Harvard	17	4
April 11	Penn State	8	5
April 18	Loyola	12	8
April 25	Rutgers	10	6
May 2	University of Pennsylvania	18	0
May 9	Princeton	1	12
May 16	Cornell	7	2
May 27	Army	3	6

Lacrosse is rough. Football may be harder, basketball faster, and crew more gruelling, but for a combination of all three types of action, watch Dinty Moore's lads out on Farragut Field. The lacrosse squad are the Commandoes of all sports, hard hitting, fast moving, and tough as Cominch himself. That is a well considered judgment. We've watched Ochenrider spoil beautiful spring afternoons with manifest attempts at mayhem. We've seen whole midfields scampering ankle deep in Maryland mud and snow, carrying a small rubber ball as if it were the U. S. Mail.



Captain Bobby Boaze

Manager Henry Garman

Lt. Camdr. T. C. Scaffe and Caach Dinty Moore

Stand by far a dummy run.

Gaalie Ray Strassle

Lacrosse . . . an all round sport

EVERY member of the squad left his own shoulder prints kneaded indelibly into Farragut Field while Angie Lamond led them tortuously through "Legs, raise! One, two, three . . ." and so forth up to the astronomical figure of eight and then started all over again. Until we saw brutes like Siegfried and Laboon shillelaghing mere infants like Gummerson and "Porkchops" Booze we couldn't quite picture that quaint old Indian custom of running the gauntlet. But lacrosse players look forward to it. And Dinty Moore, president of a girls' school—the sissy!—has been coming down here every spring for some years now to instruct these bruisers in the art of complete mutual annihilation. He came early, and stayed late, extending summer practice well into August. The result of that summer practice will be very apparent after this spring's season. Dinty had worlds of material, experienced and powerful, and after this coming season, the Navy team will surely have proved the scourge of the East.

Pounding for practice.

Clyde Siegfried Bill Chapman

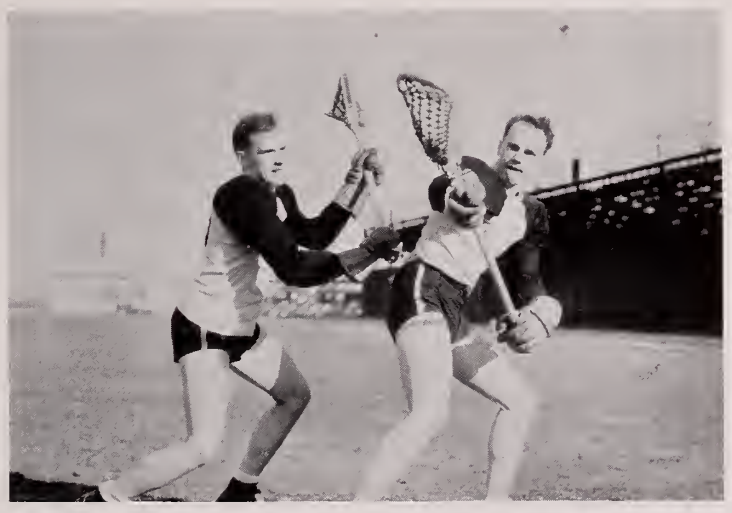
Stewart Alexander

Bud Ochenrider Dick Ryzow

Get out of there, ref!

Either a good goalie—or a good goal.

Gaal or hospital.



Puzzle—who's got the ball.

Navy scores

With behemoths like Sieggy, Big Montgomery, Laboon, and Anania guarding Strassle in the net, goals are going to be as scarce as Nazis in Libya. And with a world of midfielders, Bagby, Billy the Woot, Ochy, and a whole flock of youngsters and plebes, Dinty's opposition will have seen one of the runningest teams ever. Working in close for the kill Captain Bobby Booze, Ken Gummerson, Little Monty, or any of a number of attack men will, by the end of this season, have made the opponents' goalie envy Strass his relative sinecure. One does not have to go very far out onto a limb, even in March as this is written, to say that this was one of Navy's great teams.

And back of the varsity were the Jayvees whom it would not do to forget. Their efforts were no less real than the first string's and their bruises were just as painful. They played a schedule of their own and did very well at it, thank you. Everyone got a chance, a chance to club his neighbor, a chance to act as a clay pigeon for the big boys.

Bill Cook

Ken Gummerson

Bob Bagby

Elk Kelley

Ryzow and Clark battle one out

Action around Army's goal.

Break that tape.

Down the track go the young Towns and Wolcotts.

Coach Earl Thompson
Lt. Comdr. Hunt (Off. Rep.) and Lt. Clark (Asst. Coach).
Captain "Chuck" Hayen

Spikes, Cinders and Sand

NAVY			Opponents
93 1/2	Villanova	April 11, 1942	46 1/2
	Catholic University		13
43 2/3	Princeton	April 16, 1942	56 4/15
	Pennsylvania		51 2/15
	Columbia		13 14/15
74 1/3	North Carolina	May 2, 1942	51 2/3
85 1/2	Duke University	May 9, 1942	40 1/2
77 1/3	Georgetown	May 16, 1942	48 2/3
62 1/3	Army	May 27, 1942	63 2/3

1942 proved to be a good year for the Navy track team. We were undefeated in dual meets until Army, and were barely shaken from the Army-Navy throne by a score of 63 2/3 to 62 1/3. Captained by Bill Newlon, the team won four dual meets and placed a strong third in the Quadrangular meet in Philadelphia.

Navy's team has one of the best track coaches on the East coast, Earl J. Thompson, former Olympic champion and world's high hurdle record holder. Lt. E. H. Clark coached the distance and middle distance runners. Lt. Clark was formerly distance runner and

(left to right): Front Row: Gieger, Krecek, Curren, Caskey, Barry, Schoen, Dempsey, Stoutenburgh, Marble, Pettit, Trombla. Second Row: Le Bourgeious, Strachan, Turner, Sherman, H.O., Tingle, Creamer, Hayen, (Capt.), Miller, Boyer, Cutler, Stribling, Gilliland. Third Row: Lt. Comdr. Hunt, Park, Wilson, Richardson, Rhees, Atkinson, Sherman, J. O., Banks Brown, Sessians, Riehl, Boswell, Thompson, Lt. E. H. Clark.

walker for Boston College. During the 1942 season, the Air Corps' Lt. Comdr. M. B. Williams, '30, formerly a hurdler at the Academy, was officer representative.

After winning the team championship trophies in the Southern Indoor non-conference meet and the Catholic University indoor meet, the season opened on April 11 against Villanova and Catholic University. Navy buried the two teams with a score of 93 1/2 to Villanova's 46 1/2 and C. U.'s 13. Navy took 10 firsts, Villanova took 4. Jack Tingle shared high score honors with Villanova's Hooper, each winning two firsts.

On the 18th of April, Navy met Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Columbia on the Franklin field track in Philadelphia. Princeton won high honors with 56 4/15 points, Penn second with 51 2/15 points, Navy placed third with 43 2/3 points, and Columbia ended with 13 14/15 points. Tingle won the 220 with a fast 21.9 seconds, Chuck Hayen won a close 440 with a time of 49.4 seconds, and Tom Reynolds shared first place in the high jump with Myers of Princeton.

Coach Thompson took a small squad to the Penn Relays on April 25, 26. Bad luck in baton passing lost the Navy hopes in the 440 and 880 relays. The distance medley team of Maxson, Hayen, Goode, and Creamer, placed fourth in a fast field.

On May 2, the team went to Chapel Hill to meet North Carolina and defeated them 74 1/3 to 51 2/3.

Jumping John Sherman

Navy wins.

Lang winded Jack Creamer.

Tingle and Creamer exchange the baton.

Hayen and Cutler vied in quarter and half

Sprinter Jack Tingle.

Nimble-footed Chuck Hayen wins the 880 over Army to set N.A. record.

Bill Newlon was high point man with two firsts—the low hurdles and the broad jump. Jack Creamer defeated the favored and well-known Van Wagoner in the mile with the fast time of 4:23.4. Moran placed in all the weight events, first in the shot put, second in the javelin, and third in the discus. Navy took 6 other firsts to North Carolina's total of four.

Duke traveled north to the Navy track for a meet on May 9, and met defeat with a score of 77 1 3 to 48 2/3. Captain Bill again led in the scoring with first in the lows and the broad jump. Navy won 10 firsts to Duke's 4, the Blue team making a clean sweep in the pole vault, 100-yard dash, and the broad jump. Beside the men who led in the scoring in the North Carolina meet, Charlie Miller came to the front in the pole vault, Devlin won the high hurdles and placed second in lows. Bob McDonald placed second in the highs, and Hilly Sherman placed second in the high jump behind Tom Reynolds, who cleared the bar at six feet.

Navy's hurdlers starred on May 16 against Georgetown. Georgetown's famous Al Blozis was high point man with first in the shot put and discus and a third in the javelin, placing behind Navy's Hoke and Rhees.

Navy's team met Army on May 27, both teams undefeated in dual meets. Army won the close contest by a 1 1 3 point margin. Navy took 6 firsts, Army took 9, the high jump being a tie; Navy placed 8 seconds against Army's 6, and 10 thirds against Army's 4. Jack Tingle shared scoring honors with Army's Walling; Tingle won the 100 in 9.8 seconds, the 220 in 21.9 seconds; Walling won the high and low hurdles. Navy's George Moran won the shot put with a distance of 47′ 6″, Tom Reynolds tied with Camm at 6 feet in the high jump, Flathmann won the discus with 151′ 2″, and Chuck Hayen won the half mile in 1:54.2, setting a new Academy and meet record.

Javelin thrower Lem Hoke.

"High in the wild blue yonder."

Miler Creamer races Army.

Two days later, five men went to the IC4-A championships in New York. Gene Flathmann placed third in the discus with a heave of 162 feet, Tingle placed fifth in the 220 against a large field, Hayen took fifth in the 880, and Creamer placed sixth in a fast mile. This was the best showing Navy had made in the championships for several years.

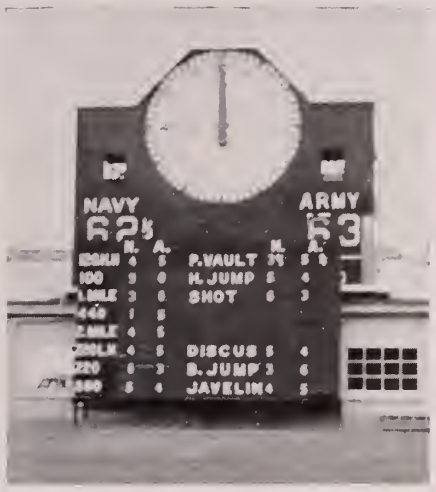
Navy looks forward to an outstanding track season during 1943. The 1942 high scorer Jack Tingle has still to reach his peak. He will be ably assisted in the dashes by Ted Gilliland, Hal Boswell, and plebes Pettit, Stoutenburgh and Martin. Tom Reynolds will still be out trying to top that 6-foot mark in the high jump with Hilly Sherman, Oscar Sherman, and Ken Longnecker giving competition.

Charlie Miller gets ready to soar skyward.

George Moran hurls the discus.

High jumping Hilly Sherman rolls over the bar at 6 feet.

Husky Bill Boyer throws the discus.



We lose to Army by a 1⅓ point margin.

Hilly Sherman broad jumps.

A broken tape, another win.

DISTANCE runner prospects are very good with harrier captain Jack Creamer, plebe Curran Dempsey in the mile. Academy plebe two mile record holder Walt Barry will lead the way in the two mile backed by Bob Coogan and Ed Wilson. Charlie Miller and Spike Turner of the first class, Hustad and Sessions from the third class, and plebes Curren and Riehl will fill out the pole vault roster, Curren also being an important man in the broad jump. The weight events will be manned by a team of which any college would be proud. George Moran in the discus, shot, and javelin, George Brown, Bill Boyer, Wes Bauman, and plebe Ben Chase in the shot, Hoke and Rhees still there in the javelin will all add up many points for the Blue and Gold. A strong hurdle team led by Bob McDonald and Stribling will vie with the best. Geiger and plebe Banks, with Reynolds and Longnecker doubling from the high jump to the lows will complete this hurdle team. Captain Chuck Hayen and Jack Creamer will run the half, Hayen doubling also to the 440. Hank Cutler, le Bourgeois, Royalty, and Lockwood will complete the middle distance team.

With a heavy schedule and, at the climax, the Army-Navy meet against an expected strong Army team, the track men are going to have a hard season. Prospects being what they are, however, these men should form one of the strongest track teams that Navy has ever had.

Gambolic Bob McDonald shows his perfect form.

Manager Ben Parks

Tom Rhees, the javelin thrower.

Shot putter George Moran

Front Row: Douglas, Cole, Paul. Second Row: Lt. Comdr. Santmyers, Cassidy, Johnson, Clark, Stevens, Peat, Lewis, London, Gunther, Grosskopf, Coach Williams.

From Tee to Green

Pre-season workouts were held daily in the third battalion basement.

Coach Bob Williams.

Officer Representative Lt. Comdr. E. S. Miller, U.S.N.

Manager Russ Croft

Left to Right: Grosskopf, Peat, Douglas, Croft, Coach Williams, Clark, Boyd.

Our Navy golf team, always dependable to show a good season, came out way on top last year by winning six out of seven matches. The last game of the season was an exciting victory over the Army strokers who have never over-run the Blue and Gold. Fine work by a fine team.

		Navy	Opp.			Navy	Opp.
April 4	Cornell	9	0	May 9	Univ. of Virginia	4	5
April 18	Penn State	6	3	May 16	Univ. of Penn.	7	2
April 25	Univ. of Pitt.	7½	1½	May 23	Georgetown	7½	1½
May 2	William and Mary	9	0	May 27	Army	5	4

Captain Jack Peat
Professional Gene Sarazen and Admiral Wilson play a friendly match.

Lou Grosskopf
Jim Stevens

Amateur Champ. Stevens fell one behind on the twentieth hole, giving Virginia their one point win. Peat and Barrow copped their matches with Peat taking the best ball. The Middies worked hard after this and gained a 7-2 victory over Penn. This was followed by a 7½-1½ win over the Georgetown boys. The whole Navy squad made a good showing in both these games and nearly all came close to par.

On May 27th our most important match rolled around—the one with Army. This also turned out to be our most exciting match. Things were running neck and neck until there were only two holes left. At this time Clark and Grosskopf were two down to the Army's best ball. They both took the seventeenth leaving them only one down. The eighteenth, which ended up hill after a four hundred and thirty-seven yard run, had to be won in order to keep from having to play off a tie. Clark was the first to get to the green. His second shot landed about forty feet from the cup. With the ease of an expert, Gib Clark sunk the ball and that, along with Grosskopf's par four, gave the Navy their one point margin to beat Army 5-4.

Jim Stevens and Jack Peat, the men who were always quiet during the match but managed to turn in the low scores, summed up the successful golf season by playing in the National Intercollegiate Matches at South Bend.

Bill Barraw
Gilbert Clark

Harry Gunther
Dave Paul

THE team started the season with a bang by giving Cornell a 9-0 shellacking. Grosskopf, Peat, and Clark gathered low scores of 78's out of the tough 72 par course at the Naval Academy. A shut-out like this boosted morale for the following encounter with Princeton at Princeton. The middies were playing on a new course at the Springdale Golf Club with a strong wind to add to their troubles. They showed the Princeton squad, however, that sailors could do more than sail a ship in strong breezes, and they returned to Annapolis with a 6-3 victory. Jim Stevens, playing the number one position, was the low scorer of the day with a 76.

The University of Pitt was the next team to fall before the Gold and Blue. Whitey Grosskopf burned up the course with a par 72, followed by Barrow with a 73. This all adds up to the fact that we defeated Pitt 7½ to 1½. Following this, the William and Mary group was blanked with a 9-0 score. It began to look as if nothing could stop the Navy.

But, alas, the Navy linksmen met their equals. University of Virginia came up to offer Navy their only defeat of the season. The 5-4 score showed a close game. Things were pretty well tied up near the end of the match, so Jim Stevens had to continue play with Virginia's Murray, former Panama

Batt fans give spirit to battalion football teams.

Regimental Sports

With the start of the 1942-43 academic year, the Executive Department introduced a completely new intramural sport program at the Academy. As it is of the utmost importance to send every graduate to the fleet in perfect physical condition, the new program was designed to include all of the 3,000 midshipmen but those actively engaged in a varsity or plebe intercollegiate sport.

The program functioned as follows: During each of the academic quarters a number of sports were selected for battalion and company competition. Each battalion and each company entered a team in the sports chosen and schedules were arranged between the various teams. At the end of the quarter the teams were ranked as to percentage of victories and awarded points counting toward the company color competition according to their relative standings. The competition for the highest rankings was intense, and the program as a whole proved most successful for all hands.

FOOTBALL . . . The battalion football season started about the middle of September and lasted until the end of the fall quarter, in December. Each team played a 9-game schedule among the other teams, and the team having the best record at the end of the season won the championship. The teams were coached by officers of the Batt. Executive Department who had had previous football experience. The squads were equipped with regulation heavy gear for practice, and there were different colored game jerseys for each batallion. Physical contact, stamina, the ability to think under pressure, and all the other characteristics which make football a vital Navy sport were present in abundance in Batt. football. The 1942 season saw the Fourth Batt. come out on top, the First Batt. second. The Third Batt., which had monopolized the sport for the past four seasons, tied with the Second Batt. for third place.

PUSHBALL . . . Our class saw a new sport introduced at the Academy. Pushball itself was very simple, the object being for a team to push a huge inflated rubber ball over their opponents' goal. It was, however, as rough a sport as we have seen. No equipment was worn, and one hard game usually finished off a suit of old white works. But the bloodthirsty element was enthusiastic about the game. In the pushball league the Second Batt. placed first and the Fourth took second. The First Batt. landed in third spot and the Third, last.

A push, a sqush, a scramble, and the ball rolls on.

BOWLING . . . Battalion bowling was run off during the winter quarter when the weather was not suitable for outdoor sports. The alleys in the basement of Bancroft Hall were in constant demand during recreation hours. Colored attendants set up the pins, and we knocked 'em down. This year the Fourth Batt. won the competition and the Third finished second. The Second and First came in third and fourth.

Mid-winter finds the Third Batt basement looming with activity.

WRESTLING . . . Always one of the favorite Academy sports, wrestling, with the decline of intercollegiate boxing, is fast becoming an important sport throughout the entire country. Officials of the Naval Pre-Flight schools have proven through scientific tests that for equivalent periods of workout, no other sport exercises as great a variety of muscles or contributes as much towards all-around coordination. The competition this year was exceptionally close. Although the eleventh company won an undisputed first, the twelfth and nineteenth tied for second, and only a few points behind them, the thirteenth and eighteenth companies tied for third.

Ta the beginner as well as the polished ployer, volley-ball offards thrills and enjoyment.

VOLLEY BALL... A sport new to organized Academy athletics, volleyball was played by companies eleven to twenty during the fall term, and companies one to ten during the spring term. The courts were in the humid Annapolis out-of-doors, and good fellowship was notable in the league. Each team played two matches a week until it had played all of their teams in the league. The 15th company won the fall series.

TENNIS... The fall sports were designed to make the most of our sunny season....The Battalion tennis tournament was run off then, but the fickle Annapolis weather made it impossible to finish the matches. The Fourth Battalion team was so strong that they won unquestionably, despite the curtailed schedule.

Rangy muscles and pawerful lungs from battalion crew.

CREW... Each Battalion organized a crew equal of twenty men—midshipmen given excellent condition, stamina, and endurance by the sport. Each Battalion had daily practice and two races a week. The Fourth Battalion led the field from the first of the season to the last, and gained 227 points in the sports competition program. First and Second Battalions finished second and third respectively.

SWIMMING... Throughout the fall term, the Battalions held daily practices and dual meets in the Academy Natatorium. The number of midshipmen participating in 1942 was second only to football. The Fourth Battalion won the greatest number of meets and the championship, but was closely followed by the Third Battalion.

GOLF... Many midshipmen who had opportunity to play golf before entering the Academy found it their favorite sport. It develops patience and co-ordination, and a brisk nine every afternoon went a long way to keep our minds and muscles rarin' to go....The Third Battalion won the competition, and the First and Second trailed.

GYM... The Regiment kept the gym equipment on MacDonough Hall in constant use. Gymnastics demands precision, and is a contest between men to determine their relative excellence in performing intricate exercises that are valuable to our training. During the fall of '42, the seventh company won the competition, and the first and third companies placed second and third.

Facilities for developing Budges, Perrys, and Hunts.

SOCCER... The Naval Academy more than any other school popularizes soccer, for it is an international sport, and Naval officers often find opportunity in foreign countries to engage in a friendly game. It is a fast and rugged game, full of body contacts hardening a military person. The twentieth company won the fall competition; the thirteenth and eighteenth followed.

BASKETBALL... Companies one through ten played basketball during the fall term. The teams were fairly evenly matched and the season saw many hard fought, close games. Forty-five games were played among the ten teams and the second company finished with the highest percentage of wins. The eighth company took second.

SOFTBALL... Introduced but a few years ago, softball has proved extremely popular with the midshipmen. Competition was keen and spirit high. Aside from participating in a comradely game, the ballplayers got a good coat of tan, nice for the beach during leave, and relieved their study-hardened minds of worry and tension. The results of the competition are not available.

Farragut and Warden Fields have other uses than that of infantry.

MILITARY TRACK . . . The most widely publicized innovation that the war has brought to the Naval Academy was the commando course. Developed in England to toughen and condition British Commandos, it has rapidly spread throughout the United States. The course at the Academy is about a half a mile long, and artificial barriers and hazards have been placed every 15 or 20 yards. The barriers include sand pits, fences to climb over and under, high walls that must be scaled by rope, water jumps, and other specially built traps and cages. It was located on Farragut Field, and close enough to Bancroft that tardy midshipmen often found themselves serving extra duty by running the commando course before reveille in the morning. Two or three trips around the course at a moderate speed was a complete work-out and became a popular form of competition and exercise at the Academy. The Fourteenth Company won the competition in the Third and Fourth Batts., while the First Company won in the First and Second Batts.

CROSS COUNTRY . . . Even in varsity competition glamorless cross country attracted few spectators, and most sports fans knew virtually nothing about it. It was, however, one of the most gruelling of all our athletic events. The competition consisted of a foot race of approximately 3 miles over open country. The course included many hazards such as hills, streams, fields, and fences, and to run the race in a creditable time, we had to be in perfect physical condition. Last fall the Third Batt. won an undisputed first place while the Fourth Batt. finished second. The First and Second fought neck and neck all season and ended in a tie for third place.

BOXING . . . The most important contribution of boxing to the Navy man is the development of an aggressive fighting spirit—one of the foremost requisites of an officer's character. The boxing season at the Academy began with the company team competition in the fall and reached its peak late in February during the tournament to determine the Regimental champions. The fifth and sixth companies tied for top in the company competition and the tenth and third companies followed. The tournament this year was one of the most successful in the history of the Academy and the competition was above par in every weight. The following men were winners and runners-up respectively:

120 lb. class	J. G. Devlin, 4/c; D. B. Miller, 1/c.
127 lb. class	D. A. Graybill, 3/c; F. M. Lavelle, 4/c.
135 lb. class	W. F. Gasner, 1/c; J. W. Kelley, 3/c.
145 lb. class	B. A. Husocker, 4/c; H. A. Taylor, 3/c.
155 lb. class	T. A. Murphy, 3/c; W. L. Cramey, 3/c.
165 lb. class	R. J. Sullivan, 4/c; J. M. Pressler, 3/c.
175 lb. class	A. T. Larkins, 3/c; G.F. Jubb, 1/c.
Heavy	B. S. Chase, 4/c; H. H. Searles, 3/c.

Sure faatedness, muscular coordinatian, and perseverance are required an the cammanda caurse.

Lasswell, Staubitz, Brawn, McPhillips, Danaghy, Ruhlin, Papa, Van Antwerp, Pressler, Donahoe, Pearce, Millar D., Falardeau, White, Cohen, Topp, Murphy, Lavelle, Ireland, Bucknell, Cranney, Muller, Randolph, Hemphill, Randolph, Bowling, Heesacker, Graybill, Miller, Stewart.

Coach Spike Webb gives his boys the "hot dope."

First Row: Lt. Comdr. B. Walsh, Comdr. M. D. Gilmore, Captain J. E. Whelchel, Lt. Comdr. P. L. Woerner, Dr. E. P. Taylor, Lt. Comdr. R. E. Miller. Second Row: Lt. G. R. Deininger, L. H. Mang, S. W. Henson, J. J. Manning, T. E. Taylor, C. W. Phillips, K. F. Molesworth, F. H. Warner, G. P. Rasmussen, Lt. Comdr. E. F. Evans. Third Row: W. Waamold, F. J. Sazama, Dr. A. K. Synder, C. Daladrier, H. W. Webb, J. Fiems, F. L. Foster, J. N. Wilson, E. J. Thompson, M. F. Bishop, J. Schutz, A. H. Hendrix, R. Swartz.

Body Builders

With the expansion of the war-time navy came the expansion of our war-time Physical Training Department. By the addition of another deck, squash and handball courts, and other changes, the gym department embarked upon a newly launched expansion effort. Material changes were not the only ones, however. The bare ground at Hospital Point changed into a steeplechase field and grotesque objects on Farragut Field soon loomed into a military track. We also began stumbling out of our rooms every morning after reveille to take setting up exercises.

We made our first acquaintance with MacDonough Hall during plebe summer. After a "gym drill" nearly every day, the old place soon became a familiar sight. Of course, we still had to comply with the ideas of "how to make a man of yourself" and stand up under strength, gym, and swimming tests. Failure to twist, turn, and pull the levers of the testing machine put a few of us on the "weak squad," and many of the big boys had trouble with the rope climb. Our swimming tests were climaxed by the 160-yard dash. Being put on the "sub and weak squads" was a fate surpassed only by getting bricked.

On the receiving end—when the plebes laughed back.

Director of Athletics: Captain J. E. Whelchel

Misery Hall, the first port of call for crippled athletes.

There are old faces in that department we will never forget. Mr. Sazama always reminded us that we were in a war college, and continually threatened to put us all on the "pap" or have us come to the gymnasium before reveille and perfect the exercises. Coach Ortland taught us swimming, but we never once saw him in the pool. Coach "Tommy" Taylor shouted commands in a memorable military manner. "Ha-tennchup."

Our unflattering posture pictures revealed our physical improvement, and a heck of a lot more. The Academic Department gave us the knowledge, but let us remember that the Department of Physical Training developed us into a physical condition enabling us to use that knowledge in a tough life.

Dress parade for presentation of prizes and awards.

Outstanding Men

Always one of the bright spots of every June week is the presentation of awards ceremony. The crown of joy and pride beams and glistens on the heads of all who during the last year have attained through strenuous efforts an outstanding achievement in athletics, or extra-curricular activities.

The athletes take the field donned in their blue sweaters with a large sparkling gold "N" on their chest. The prize-winners dressed in dazzling white service, form another double line in the Thomson Stadium arena. The Commandant takes the speakers' stand and delivers with his congratulations the certificates of merit.

The presentation of awards for athletics and extra-curricular activities is, by no means, the only acknowledgment of success and achievement accorded those worthy of awards. There are innumerable prizes awarded annually by many of the distinguished societies and personalities of the country for excellence in academics, aptitude and writing—prizes and letters of commendation to those midshipmen standing highest in any specific academic subject, to those who demonstrated extraordinary "officer-like" qualities, to those who have shown excellence in writing essays.

The "N" Dance.
Spectators under hot June sun witness presentation of awards.

June week is also the time for the presentation of the Thomson Trophy Cup to the winning sailboat coxswain.

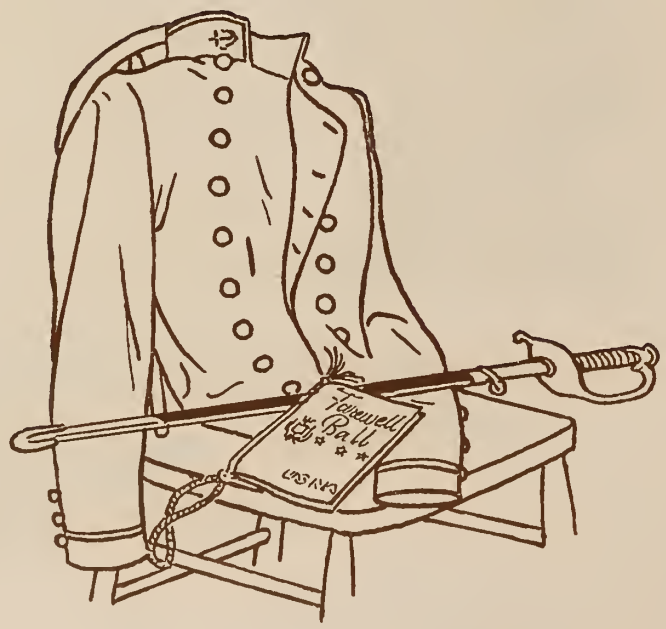
This June week with its many ceremonies and festivities bestows the culminating awards and congratulations to those men of the regiment who through long hours of earnest work and sportsmanship have not only improved their own character, but have left footprints in the concrete portals of old MacDonough that will ever maintain the esteem and admiration held of all who pass through its halls.

Presentation of athletic and extra-curricular awards.

JBS
42

DAHLGREN HALL

John Dahlgren, the pioneer of modern ordnance....the Hall, lined with menacing rifles and incongruously gay bunting....made more menacing still by infantry formations and fixed bayonets....where the stripers came into their own at parades and hops....where we saluted, shook a hand, and received that scrap of paper that widened the stripe on our sleeve and made of the student an officer....where mothers, sisters and sweethearts felt proud but perhaps shed a tear as each of us wedded himself to the fleet and swore to uphold its honor and carry on its glorious work....



There is always someone who doesn't get the word.

From First Day Instruction . . .

As a line of stiff new plebes, we stood for the first time in Dahlgren Hall, confronted by a glowering second classman. Since that day we have seen Dahlgren Hall in many moods. Ordnance drills, basketball games, hops, parades, and graduations—the name Dahlgren brings them all to memory. Vivid as were all our first impressions of the Academy, the remembrance of our first day of infantry instructions has stood out through subsequent hours of close order drill, infantry competition, and full dress parades.

That first day we braced rigidly, trying hard to "tuck it in." We faced four different directions on the second classman's command, "Left face!" We swallowed and tried again, impressed by our ignorance. Our instructor heaved a sigh when, at last we faced about in unison.

Around us we saw our more seasoned classmates struggling with the manual of arms, a bit bewildered by the balance of a rifle with fixed bayonet. Other groups were marching about the armory deck, in step and out, learning column and flank movements, rudiments of the complicated business of platoon drill. Through the arch of the south end of the armory came the brisk commands for a company of veteran plebes tramping in a cloud of dust on Farragut Field.

Day after day we marched, pivoted, and faced through the successive phases of infantry instructions. Through mud, dust, and the insect plague of Farragut Field we counted cadence,

. . . to Competition

counted half steps, and counted the days until we could fall in with the regiment as regulars.

In the Autumn of 1940 we took our places in ranks to march, pivot, and face again and again until infantry lost its fascination.

"There's always someone," the saying goes, "who doesn't get the word." Usually he's a plebe. We came up on our butts, down on our butts, right and left on our butts under a volley of commands, comments, and reprimands from first classmen in the rear ranks. We strove to "get the word." To complete a parade without "busting" brought new confidence.

We broke the monotony of close order routine with occasional extended order drill. "Stagger your lines" and "hit the dirt" replaced "dress it up" and "cover down." We feigned a cautious approach under fire, culminating in a bayonet rush at the objective. Then we fell in and marched home.

We lost count of the drills, close and extended order, which led up to our annual test in infantry competition. The presence of field judges in Marine uniforms, marking sheets in hand, threw a brace into the ratiest of infantry haters.

Some of us said that we loved a parade, and most of us did get satisfaction out of a well-done review. For there was an impressiveness in the show and color of the June Week and Wednesday afternoon parades that secretly fascinated even the grouchiest of us. There were the drums and the band and the brilliant colors in the crowd and the flag and the Star Spangled Banner and the thrill of just being a midshipman on review.

Brace up, look smart, Gyrenes are tough judges.

Twa bells, one leggin, four decks to go and I haven't shined my shoes!

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

rhythm of the "Hell Cats," the Regiment's own drum and bugle corps. We changed step again to march to the more sedate, precise beat of the Academy Band.

Week after week we tramped and tramped. "Hup, two, hup, four! Right shoulder arms! Left shoulder arms!" Dahlgren Hall wore blue and gold for June Week. We marched. Dahlgren Hall resounded to the leathery smacks of basketball practise. We marched. Worden Field lay muddy and soft from spring rains. We marched. Worden Field grew brown with autumn frost. Still we marched. Rear rank, second rank, front rank—we moved up as we tramped through two years. We moved ahead to take charge, lay aside our rifles and bayonets, and wield our swords. The thrill of our first command gave way to disturbing worries. "They'll *have* to get the word. *Forward* on the left foot, *right turn* on the right. It's easy, once you know how."

We grabbed our rifles . . .

Celebrities waited . . .

as we marched aff.

"Formation for drill!" wreaked a mild form of havoc as we took frantic tugs at our leggin laces, tucked in our "Irish pennants," and shoved off for Dahlgren Hall. We struggled through the narrow colonnade entrance, squeezed into our bayonet belts, grabbed our rifles, worked the bolts as a formal gesture, and fell in. We stood in company masses, facing another line of companies across the hall. Our stripers commanded "At close interval, dress right, dress!" "Ready front!" "Parade rest!" When the battalion commander ordered "Battalion, attention!" "Right shoulder arms!" we all stopped praying for rain. We marched off, up the ladder and through Dahlgren's main entrance, between the trophies and souvenirs of old campaigns which have gone to war again. Once a week, except in rain, sleet, and winter, we had marched over the same route. During plebe year we changed step to pick up the erratic

We hoped it looked good from the bleachers. It had to look goad far the Admiral, but 'twas alwoys the same from the rear ronk.

We had had enough practise. Wednesday Parades were, after all, only P-works following hours of drill on Lawrence and Farragut fields. Every drill period found some of us marching as usual. And a few of our infantry experts took enforced extra instruction during the daily extra duty drills—after 1630!

We found it hard at times to put our hearts into the work. The band helped, but after two hours of informal drill and a parade we could hear the thrrum, bum—bum, bum of those cursed drums in our sleep.

We stowed the blomed things and went home.

Baats, boots, boots . . . the end of a dusty road.

Precision, timing, discipline, and co-ordination, infantry's gifts to our Naval training, will remain with us long after the drums die away and the sea becomes our music. Right, face! Left, face! By the *right* flank, march! For the first two years we answered those commands, until obedience became automatic. Then, at one time or another, all of us received our turn at giving those commands. The training instilled instant, unthinking obedience, precision of execution, and confident, strong leadership in us all.

Oh bay! A 1 P.O. the arder said.

Summer Stripers

Posted at the Battalion Office was the Regimental Organization. Some of us began to read from the top, optimistically. The cynics looked over our shoulders and began to read upward from the bottom. We read

"REGIMENTAL COMMANDER . . . . .
REGIMENTAL SUBCOMMANDER . . . . .
REGIMENTAL ADJUTANT . . . . . "

The cynics read

"PLATOON PETTY OFFICER . . . . .
PLATOON PETTY OFFICER . . . . .
PLATOON PETTY OFFICER . . . OZMANSKI, T. T."

One of the cynics turned away, muttering "Well, at least I'm not anchor man." We ran down the list, through the upper crust of four and three stripers, through the two stripers before we realized that the bottom-up approach gave quicker results. From behind us came the groan, "Migod, I'm Batt Adjutant!"

We were all there, listed with our regimental rank. The Executive Department had made its selections according to the dictates of aptitude cards, logic, and departmental occultism. The choice made, the order published, we faced the problems of our new duties. Drills, parades, watch bills—we could feel our necks going out—usher details, company competition, and room inspections made up but part of the repertoire of responsibility.

First among us to take over the duties of midshipmen officers were the summer stripers. They led our first class battalion from the pleasant memories of leave back into academy routine. From their example we obtained a better understanding of our new responsibilities as first classmen. After overcoming our summer inertia we approached academic year with growing concealed ambition to lead as they had.

The gleam of a hot August sun reflected from white uniforms.

Swift and Cameron led our first class Battalion. Newell, Gummerson, Perry, Ames and Adamson aided.

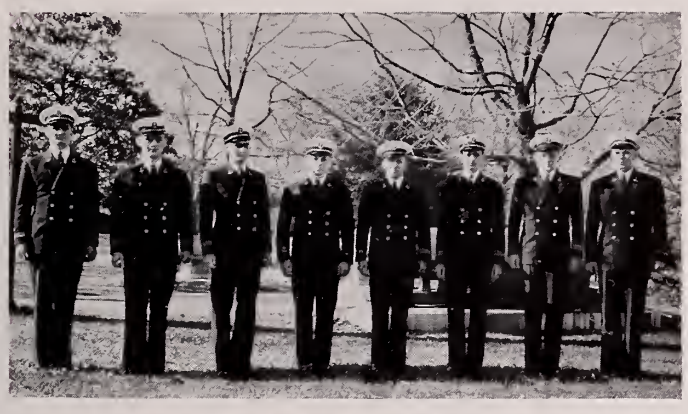
First Set Leaders

Another Regimental Organization Bill reorganized the regiment for the first term of academic year. We returned to the four-battalion, three-class system, "absorbing" the new plebes. Executive strategy separated us from the battalions we had known for two years. The full weight of academic year responsibility fell on our first set stripers.

The "Regulatian First" Battalion fallawed these men.

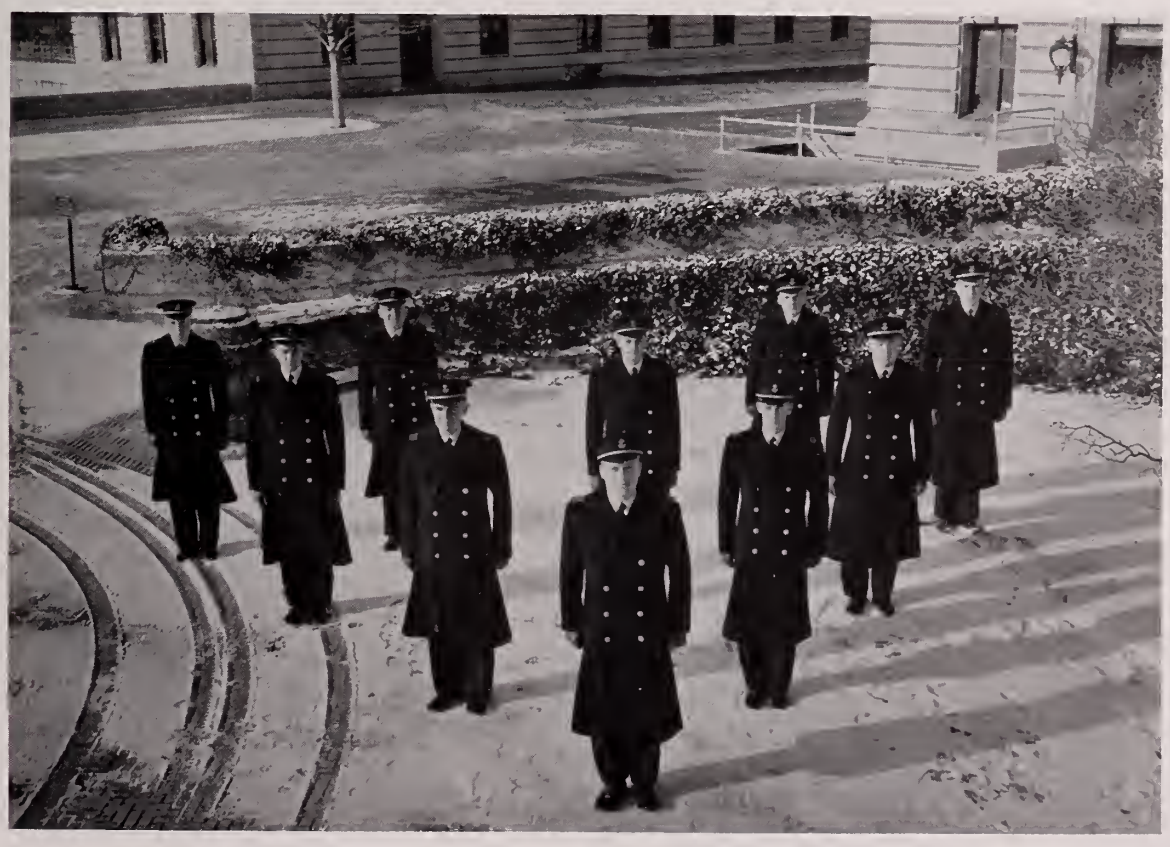
Krotkiewicz and Greer with Campany Commanders handled the Second Battalian.

Wilky, Newell and Andersan shared Fourth Battalian responsibilities.



We suffered through a wild week of shaking down as our stripers reported to officers in the Executive Department for particular instructions. While First P.O.'s smiled, relaxed, and slashed academically, the staff men tore their thinning hair over lists and new routine. The inception of a new executive pastime, the combat problem, brought further responsibility to stripers and petty officers alike.

Burk and Prestwich led the Goatherders through trying days.



We watched Adamsan and Richardsan perfarm with the Regimental Staff at Pee-rades.

"Rojo" Adamson, five-striper.

Second Set Stripers

Winter come and Chapman took over the First Bottolion.

ALTHOUGH our commando maneuvers continued over the frozen terrain of rifle range country, we moved indoors for single battalion parades in Dahlgren Hall. Another Regimental Organization took charge of our modified Winter operations. Tight as Dahlgren seemed with five companies in mass formation sandwiched between basketball bleachers and the secondary battery in its southwest corner, there was enough room to march past an improvised reviewing stand, but no room to maneuver.

The precise demands of one and two battalion parades kept us at sword drill during happy hours. Free time became a forgotten term as second set stripers organized drill teams for fire control competition and invited us to attend voluntary drills in Dahlgren Hall. We inspected rooms occasionally, but more often we sat in at "word getting" sessions with officers of the Executive, Supply, and Ordnance Departments.

The next step down from our company officers, our stripers carried the policy of the Executive Department to the regiment. At noontime on any weekday they gathered with the officers to get the latest instructions and criticism of their commands. They took our problems to the officers in return. Their jobs were practical works in judgment and tact.

The Second Battalion's second set functioned well under Webster.

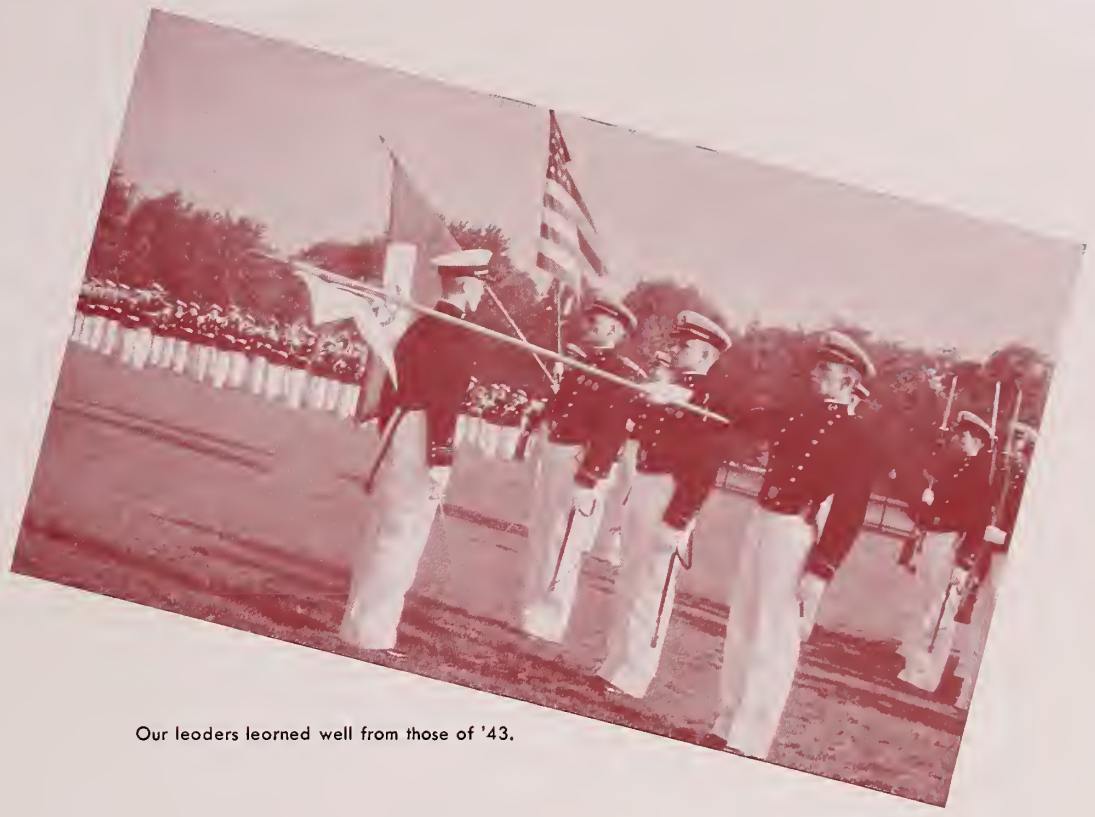
Siegfried quarterbocked the Third Battalion . . .

. . . While Cameron carried the boll for the Fourth.

Free-striper "Shuford" Swift.

The inevitoble Swift conned the Regiment through the winter storms.

Stripers at Work



Our leoders leorned well from those of '43.

"Send for the man in Charge," the dogma of the Executive Department, usually brought a striper to the Battalion office to explain anything from a disorganized formation to a missing bayonet. From reveille until taps these chosen few remained on everlasting call. Some worried, some laughed, some acted swiftly and went back to their books.

By virtue of high aptitude, extra-curricular activities, athletic prowess, personality and some incomprehensible insight of the Executive Department's selection board, these, our classmates, carried the burden of leadership within the Regiment. As the reader may have guessed, theirs was not the easy lot that the privileges they gained seemed to indicate. True, the joy of being able to walk, or even stroll, to class was great after two long years of section musters and that endless hike down Stribling Walk. The golden stripes on each sleeve did a bit to bolster failing ego, and certainly pleased the folks back home. But behind the scenes the work required of these men took a heavy toll in lost hours of relaxation and the loss of class numbers assumed almost astronomical proportions. For there were always the inevitable LISTS to be turned in before taps, the reams of watch bills to be turned out, to say nothing of Air Raid Bills and Sports Program Data Sheets.

But all in all, habitues of the noon conferences felt amply recompensed for the tribulations of striperhood, for they gained, through their responsibilities, some invaluable experience which will undoubtedly stand them in good stead when they trade the thin silk braid for the broad gold.

A "Bott Adjutont" choined to his desk.

Retribution for o watch on "Hop Night."

Belles and Buttons . . .

"We wanna be there when the band starts playin'."

One year to go . . .

THE Regimental Hops in Dahlgren were the standard social events of the academic year. They glittered, with their rainbow of gowns swirling against the neutral background of dark-blue uniforms, and with their soft lights and music—an impressive sight to the plebes watching from the balcony, even as we once did. We found one hop the image and likeness of another, for each followed the traditional pattern. Hop night meant signing out, a dash into town for the little woman, a hasty meal, and then over to Dahlgren to the inevitable blue-and-gold bunting, the receiving line, and the music of Lieutenant Sima's orchestra.

Routine, perhaps, but we found it a refreshing change after a week of classes and drills. A few drawbacks marred our enjoyment, for there was always the full-dress blouse to be squeezed into, and we arrived on time, or else. But with the O.A.O. in our arms and the soft music playing, troubles were forgotten, and life was sweet.

Eanie, meanie—chaice at the stag line.

Music and lovely girls, hours to enjoy them, and late reveille in the morning. Small wonder our hops were crowded, and small wonder we looked forward to a hop weekend with enthusiasm. We found our hops the best examples of the glamour side of midshipman life, surpassed in color only by the splendor of June Week.

Lieutenant Sima's Pied Pipers of Dahlgren.

PUNCH

. . . Meant Hop Night

Uusually we dragged, but sometimes we just wandered over to Dahlgren and took our places in the stag line to watch the passing parade. And parade it was, for the girls were lovely, and we were at our best. Waltz or conga, Lt. Sima had the music for any dancing except downright jitter-bugging. We stoutly maintained that our orchestra equalled any dance band in the country, and most of our drags agreed. When a brief phrase of "Anchors Aweigh" announced an intermission, we strolled to the seaward end of the hall and lighted cigarettes. A round of small talk with our crowd,

Their inspirations brought finer haps.

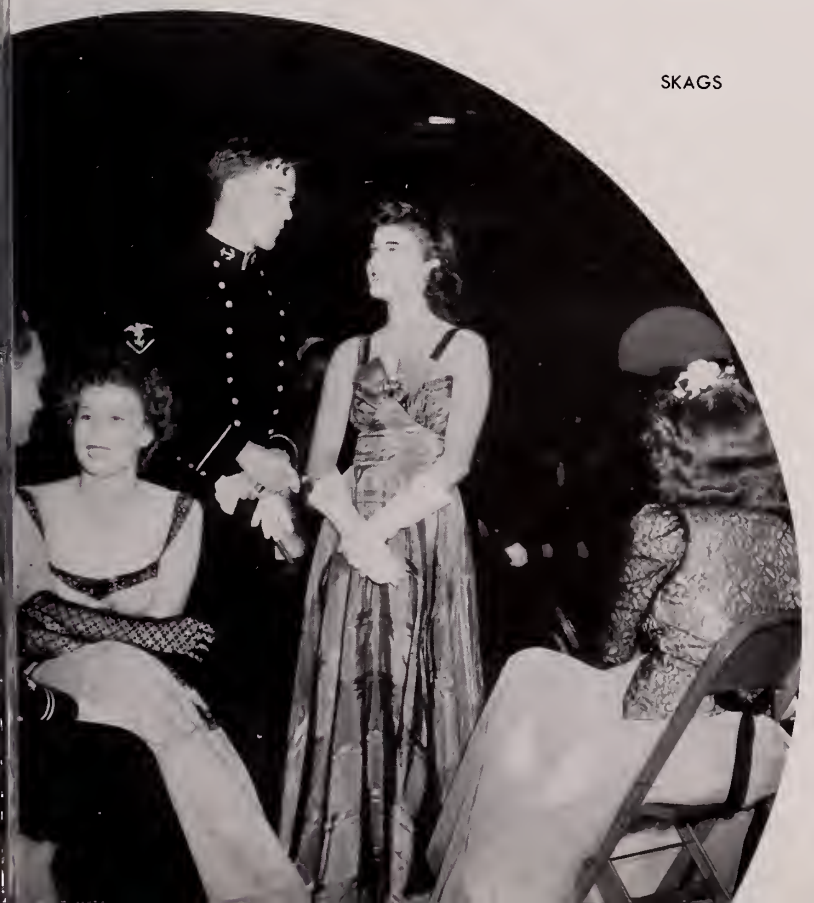
or a tete-a-tete with the O.A.O. . . .and then back to the dance. The music grew slower and sweeter as the end of the hop approached, and a hush fell over the hall. Already the first class were leaving, struggling into overcoats as they climbed the steps to the door. And then, as 11:30 struck, and the notes of the last dance died away. . .the national anthem burst forth. We wheeled and stood at attention. The hop was over. But there remained a few precious minutes in which to take our drags home and bid them

"Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light?"

Fifty minutes to go . . .

goodnight properly. Some few of us hurried, and walked back to Bancroft. Most of us prolonged our sweet sorrow and ran. Another hop was memory.

SKAGS



Where, oh where can she be?

June Week

June Week—the climax of the year, and our happiest days as midshipmen. We played as hard as we had worked, for June Week was dedicated to pleasure. Exam week lay behind, and a bright new year ahead. Crabtown overflowed with visitors from all over the nation. Our parents and sweethearts comprised most of the crowd, and we had a struggle to find lodgings for them. Most of us solved the problem by renting a house in town for the week.

We had time to burn. In the mornings we loafed around the Hall discussing summer plans. Noon meal formation came, and we dashed off into town for our drags. We spent the afternoons lazily, sailing or lying in the sun.

But then, as the afternoon waned, we straggled back to Bancroft and donned that uniform reserved for June Week P-rades: full dress "C," with white trousers.

The calm before the storm.

Afternoon informal, for enthusiosts only.

Youngster Hop, first and last.

We formed and marched off to Worden Field, where we stood for an eternity while the cameras clicked and buzzed. The late afternoon sun beat down, and we sweated in torrents. Occasionally we heard a crash near us, and we knew that someone had found the ordeal too much. At last we heard "Pass in Review!" and we swung around the field, past the reviewing stand, and back to Dahlgren. A shower, a shave, fresh clothes, and we were set for a perfect evening with the O.A.O.

We went to some sort of hop every night, whether regimental hop, class hop, Farewell Ball, or N-Dance. We ran the gamut of uniforms for our June Week hops: white service, mess-jackets, full dress, yachting dress. Life was pleasant, gay, colorful—an extreme change from the dull greyness of our usual routine. To add to our enjoyment, the future seemed as bright as the present, for graduation at the end of June Week took us another step up the ladder, and summer leave approached. Thoughts of leave colored our June Weeks with a rosy glow, for we longed for a vacation from routine with a fervor that no outsider could ever appreciate—"leave is Heaven."

The girl, the music—June Week Magic

Chow a la Carvel.

June Week might have meant a series of hops to our drags, but to the average visitor it meant only parades. We weren't very enthusiastic about those exhibitions of precision ourselves, but there was one that gave even our hardened hearts a slight thrill. That was the last and most important parade of the year, for the Presentation of Colors to the Color Company. We saw Worden Field bordered by thousands of spectators, cluttered with newsreel trucks and cameramen, while half the gold braid in the Navy sat under the canopy and watched. A little thrill of pride came over us then, for we realized that midshipmen were not forgotten men, and that there were many in that audience who envied us. We rather envied our audience, for most of us had never seen a full-dress parade without being in it at the same time. We presented arms while the Color Girl, on the Admiral's arm, went through the ceremony of presentation. Then, three cheers for the Color Company, and we gave them with a will. Those exalted gentlemen responded with a similar ovation for their Color Girl.

So passed our June Weeks, gone forever, but these memories will never die.

Seething humanity filled the yard after a June Week Chapel service.

The days flew by, as they always do when life is pleasant. Days filled with sunshine and pretty girls, days of infinite leisure, days of planning the future and forgetting the past. Except for formations and parades, we did pretty much as we pleased, and revelled in our freedom. We had found an oasis in the desert of routine. Romance had its only field-day of the year, and even the most confirmed red mikes dragged. We always invited the very best girl, if not the O.A.O., and many previously casual friendships blossomed into the real thing before the week had ended. June Week has always offered unlimited opportunities for Dan Cupid and his darts, and our class offered no exception to the rule. The Ring Dance of our Youngster June Week climaxed many of these romances, when we put the miniature on her finger. All this was as it should be, for in the spring a young man's fancy did the same old thing it has been doing for ages past. Midshipmen are only human, other opinions to the contrary.

The "Return af the Native"—on time!

Tired (!) drags draap and relax.

Ladies night in the Mess Hall.

We danced—far a while.

Ring christening.

Ring Dance Incomparable

The Ring Dance climaxed our Youngster June Week. Most of us felt that, next to graduation, it was the most important event of our Academy life. That ring on our finger made us first-classmen, an Olympian position after the years of struggle.

We wore mess-jackets that night, an unusual uniform that gave extra novelty to the evening. The unique feature of the occasion, however, was bringing our drags to dinner in the mess hall. This privilege is reserved for the Ring Dance alone, and we stared in amazement to see how different the mess hall could be when occupied by eight hundred beautiful girls and an orchestra. We had placed an orchid on every girl's plate, and blue and gold curtains decorated the ends of the hall. The total effect was strikingly different from the mess hall's usual appearance, and we objected not in the least.

After dinner we strolled over the terrace to Macdonough Hall. This too had been transformed into a fairyland; the atmosphere was Polynesian, with palms and coconut trees scattered everywhere.

The Latin Lurch—sometimes known as the Conga.

We sat some out.

Cracious Mrs. Beardall receives.

Mrs. Beardall received, and Lieutenant Sima provided the music for this greatest of all hops. Besides his orchestra, a string ensemble on the lower deck played waltzes for those desiring more sentimental music.

At the seaward end of the hall stood the Ring, huge and glowing. Near it was a binnacle containing water, not from the seven seas as dictated by tradition, but from American waters as necessitated by wartime. Into this we dipped our rings, which our drags were wearing on ribbons about their necks. Then, through the Ring. Few of us could pause there for the traditional ceremony, however, for we were many, and time was limited.

Sometime towards the end of the Dance, the lights dimmed, and that signalled the great moment. The music played softly, heads came close together in the shadows, and she slipped the ring on our finger. A few sentimental moments in the darkness, and then the lights went up. There we stood, wearing our rings at last. Many miniatures had also come forth from nowhere during the blackout, and now sparkled on the hands of girls present.

We went home happy that night, for with the Ring Dance, first class year had really arrived.

Climax: Wed to the Sea.

Beat me, Daddy—
Eight to the bar!

Full dress parades have gone, but their memory lingers on.

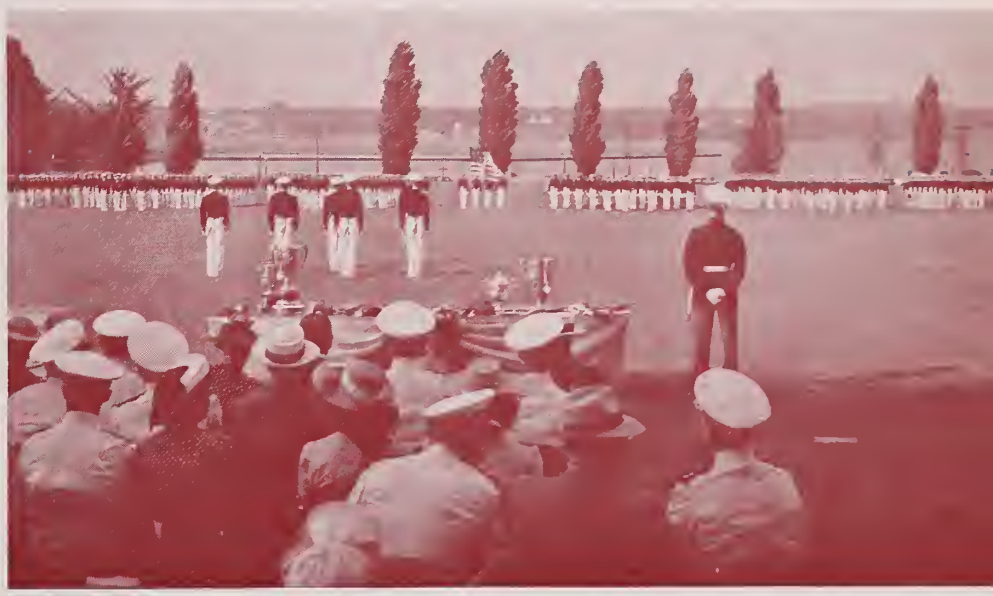
Last Days in the Yard

Our last days of June Week faded quickly into memories, favored memories of our last parades, our last hop, and our last hours of routine. We still felt the lingering impression of full dress parades we had broiled through as underclassmen, as we stood in non-conventional uniforms and watched the great men of '44 receive their prizes.

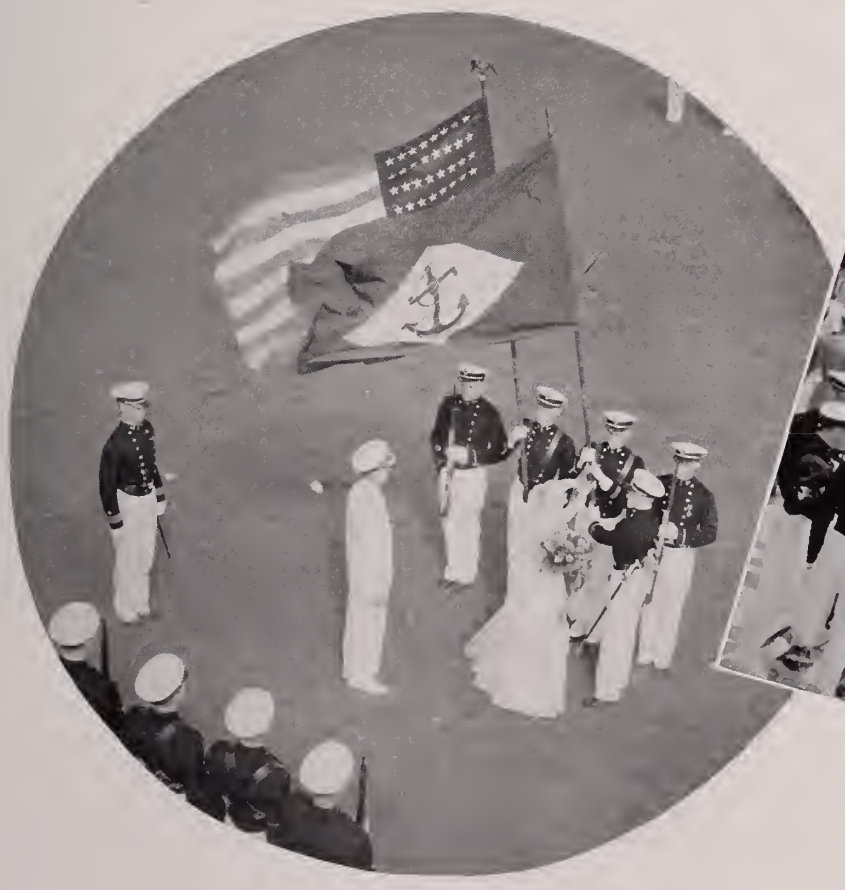
As close as we were to the new life we still marched, beat the bell to formation, saluted our drags in greeting, and stood clear of the D. O. We remained midshipmen in heart and mind until we could fling away our caps.

With disheartening speed, the final hours sped away. The intangible luxury of midshipman life became apparent to our most cynical classmates. We spooned on plebes, a matter of hours before they snake-danced wildly into youngsterhood. In as much time we could reminisce, "Now when I was a midshipman . . ." For a brief moment our minds which had been fixed on living a career and fighting a war yielded to nostalgia. We had come of age, at long last.

Behind us lay three years of happy days and Navy days, three years of the joy of living and the sorrows of the system. Before us lay graduation, for a few a necessary formality, for others a symbol of transfiguration from boy to man, from midshipman to naval officer.



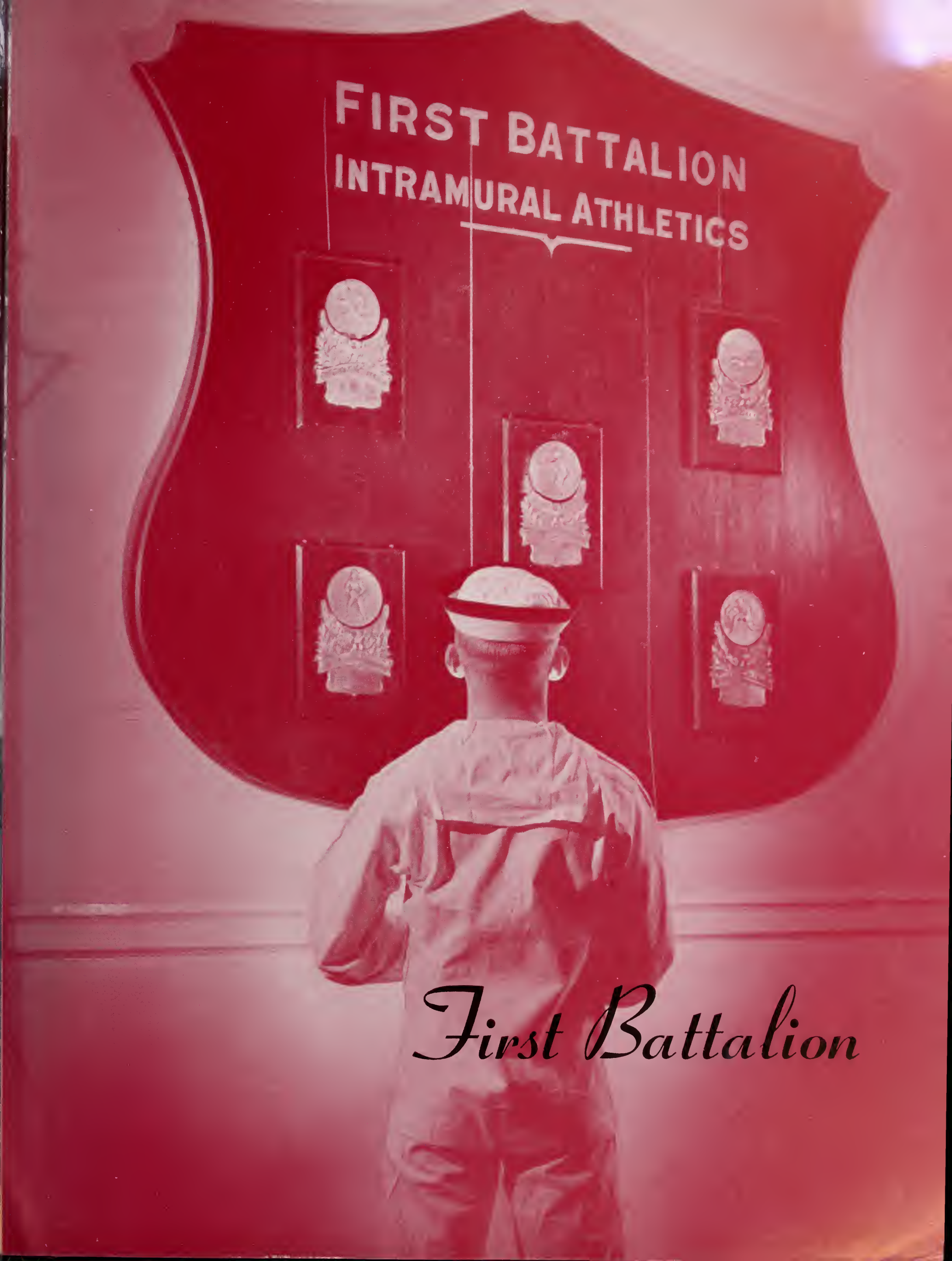
The savoir's rewards stood before us.



We had this in mind when we fought far the calars.

We met aur drags and families after the last Chapel service.

We Pass in Review



First Battalion

Alfred Herman Ahrens

Cincinnati, Ohio

When Al came to the Naval Academy, he brought with him a weird collection of pipes, choice albums of waltzes, and a well-filled address book that made finding enough weekends a difficult problem. Correspondence kept him busy, but the task was simplified by the use of carbon copies. In athletics he liked ice skating, swimming, softball, and betting on the Cincinnati Reds. Afternoon recreation hours usually found him in Smoke Hall sharking at billiards, or in the Steerage. Inclined to be serious in academics, Al scratched through as a plebe, but showed great improvement each of the following years. His ability and earnest application will carry him far.

Douglas Robert Aldrich

Riverside, Illinois

If a tennis game, a football bet, or advice on an O.A.O. was desired, Doug was a good prospect. He started his intercollegiate tennis at Northwestern University and continued the game at the Academy winning his "N". He either played, watched, or lived all the other sports. The two things that worried Doug most were the possible cancellation of Christmas leave, and the probable success of his Big Ten teams. He liked his drags and music sweet and sentimental. Never troubled by the books, Doug found plenty of time to enjoy Annapolis liberty. Meeting with Doug in the fleet or elsewhere will always be a pleasure.

Stewart Parks Alexander, Jr.

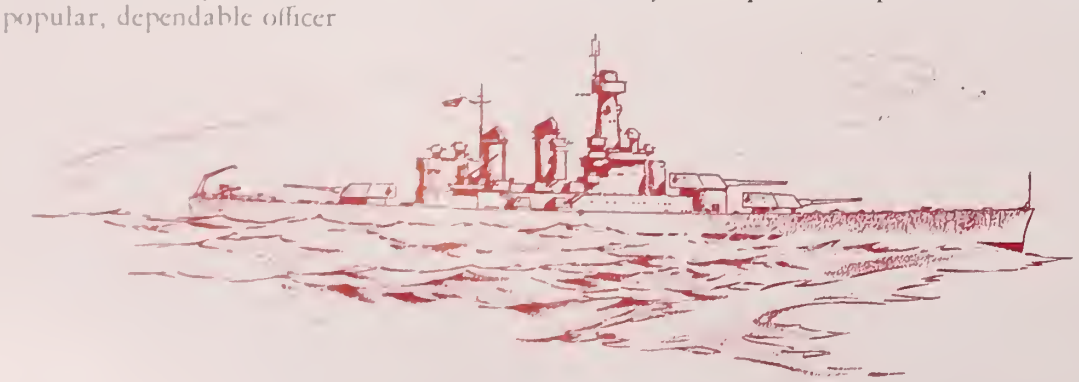
Durham, North Carolina

"Where are you from, Mister?" "Durham, North Carolina, Sir." These were probably Stewart Alexander's first words as a midshipman. Stew, better known as "the Chief," was not the talkative kind, but when he spoke, his words were full of wisdom and wit. A quiet, hard worker, Stew has always held his own with the Academic Board, and had plenty of fire left for the athletic field, where his energies were alternately diverted to lacrosse, battalion football and wrestling. Chief's other accomplishments were so numerous, that it is best only to say that he was a loyal, true friend, and a good man to have on your side.

Robert Ernest Apple

Cheyenne, Wyoming

Tall and blond, a first platooner with a yen for crew, Bob could pull his weight in any boat from a battalion shell to a classroom. A member of the boat and radio clubs, he was also on the battalion gym team. Though conscientious about his studies, Bob waited for the weekends to star his drags always commanding envious glances. Bob came to the Academy from the cow country of Wyoming. Substituting a pair of anchors for spurs fulfilled a boyhood dream. His earnest application and tenacious ways made naval indoctrination easy In the Fleet Bob will undoubtedly live up to his reputation of being a popular, dependable officer



Julian Arnold, Jr.

DOUGLASVILLE, GEORGIA

"Bud," a "Rambling 'Reck" from Georgia Tech, brought a carefree smile to these gray walls. Although he never allowed his studies to interfere with his social life, he stood high in his class. "Bud" possessed a keen sense of humor; he always loved a good joke, provided it was not on him. He never forgave his brother for photographing his mad dash in reporting to the Naval Academy and entering the State Capitol by mistake. He had many interests, engaging actively in football, softball, and track. His loves were also widely varied. While some fellows always worried about getting a drag, "Bud's" only worry was in having too many.

David Harrington Bagley

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

"Let no one take the Navy's name in vain," was Dave's first commandment. Around this he wove the other nine to make a code inherently Navy, which the academy played no small part in developing.

Dave was never one of the top-notch men in either sports or academics, but for the effort expended the results he obtained were always better than just enough. He played a smashing squash game, golfed in the low 80's, held his own at tennis, and won his "N" in social activities. The key to Dave's success lay in his code and his unswerving loyalty to the Navy. He will not miss.

Charles Ernest Bagwell

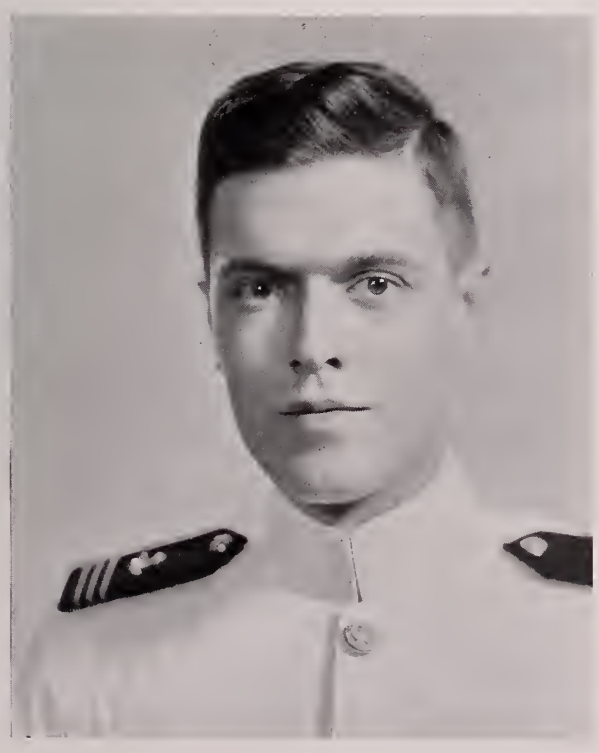
TOCCOA, GEORGIA

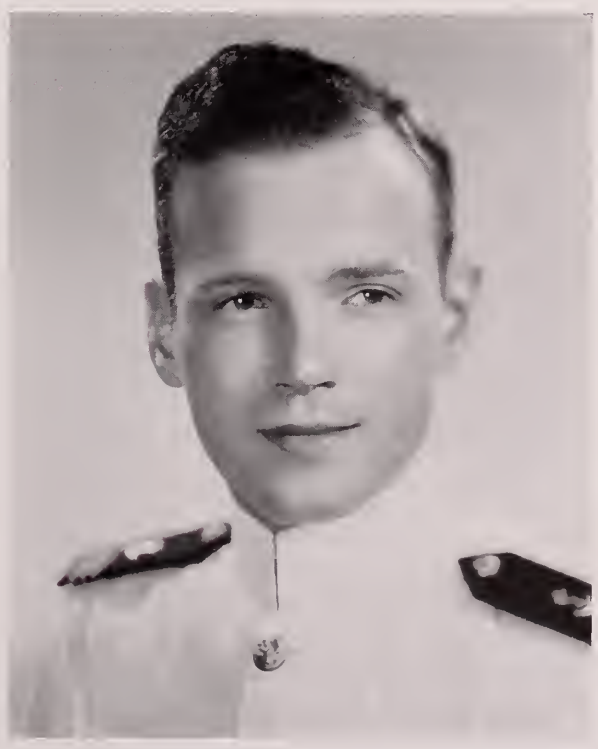
Chuck was well prepared for the Naval Academy when he arrived in Annapolis with Georgia Tech stickers on his suitcases and that collegiate look about him. His year's experience as a Yellow Jacket was quite apparent as Chuck breezed through term after term of academics, never creating much fuss but always having the situation under control. When one heard the throbbing strains of the "Lower Basin Street Blues" emanating from the music room and carrying half way across the yard, one could be sure that "Bags" was there enjoying his favorite pastime leading a solid jam session from behind the worries. Here's wishing a fine fellow the best of everything.

Henry Saunders Barbour

HOLLY BLUFF, MISS.

If Hank never does anything else in his life, he will make a host of friends. For he was just what his soft Mississippi drawl indicated . . . calm, easy going, and friendly. Hank, however was not indolent; in his own casual manner he got things done. He was a true son of the South, one of those many rebels of which the Navy is so full, and of which the Navy is so justly proud. But Hank was not narrow minded; he would readily admit that the South did win the War Between the States. Life will never get the best of Hank, neither will women . . . so he said.





William Ballard Barrow, Jr.

Louisburg, North Carolina

Bill will always be remembered for that dark and dreary day when he really came through for the Navy. After Army had taken decisions in track, tennis, and baseball, Bill fired a par round in the Army golf match to take low score in the meet and give Navy the only victory of the day. In the events with the Academic and Executive Departments Bill managed a draw, with one fall to each. At any hop, when his standing date with the "L. and P." men spared him, one could always pick him out demonstrating how to really dance North Carolina style. Here's the nod to Will, a perfect friend.

James Saylor Bartman

At Large

The son of a Naval officer, Jim came to the Academy with a knowledge and love of the Service and the sea. He undertook every problem in his preparation for officership with quiet sincerity and thoroughness. Living by Nelson's doctrine "Time is everything," he was always on the spot for a job to be done or fun to be had. His leisure hours, found him on the Severn satisfying his yen for "a wet sheet and a flowing sea." Taking keen interest in his profession, Bart's ambition was to feel his feet firmly planted on his own quarterdeck. He will merit that quarterdeck and will acquit himself well on it.

Paul Murray Beard

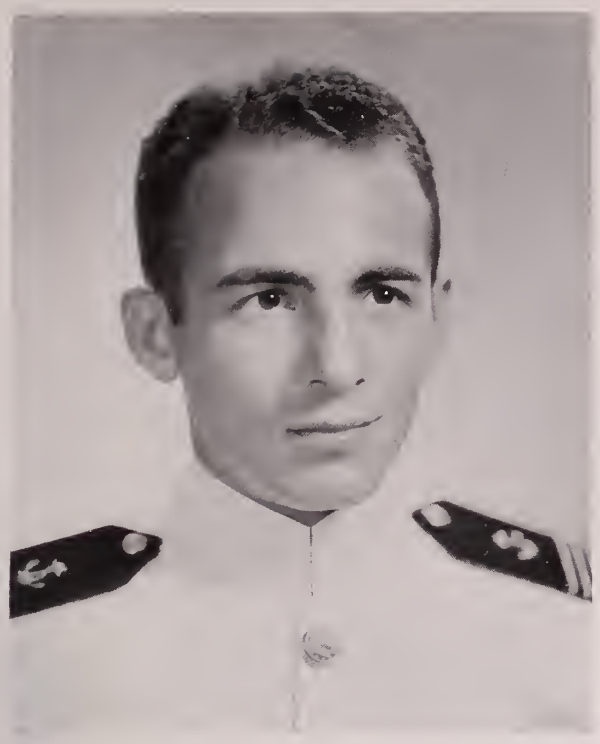
St. Louis, Mo.

Coming to Annapolis from the Fleet, Murray was able to take the new life at the Academy without having to worry about many things which bothered his classmates. An ardent tennis fan, he spent his afternoons on the courts. Besides tennis, the Glee Club, choir, and bridge were among his other activities, which included, of course, extra duty and weekend restrictions. "Pablo," as his best friends called him, will always be remembered for his love of good music, fun, his carefree life, and his ability "to take it." No matter what branch of the service he enters, he will succeed because of his fine background and self-confidence.

Edward Biddle

Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

Even four weeks on the *Jamestown* could not make Ed bitter. His friendly personality coupled with natural diligence carried him over all obstacles. To Ed studies were a job to be done, he did it well, as he will do all jobs that confront him in the future. Not one to be continually spouting at both mess and track, Ed said little but accomplished much. The toughest race of all, the quarter, was his distance. A sincere, quiet, and good-natured fellow, Ed won many friends at the Academy. The Fleet will appreciate Ed. He can always be relied on to do his work well.



Joseph Elio Bissanti

Franklin, Massachusetts

They never would let Joe stop when he played the piano down in Smoke Hall. He was the best pianist in the Academy. Though he had a musician's hands and heart, when there was work to be done he put away the music and became an officer. He neglected his Bach and Brahms only to concentrate on the more important "Juice" and "Nav," and his marks showed it. Joe gave the plebes a thorough "running," but they liked him almost as much as his classmates did. He was always smiling, always cheerful, always full of fun. He worked hard, played hard and was conscientiously devoted to the Service.

Ralph Richard Blaine

Manchester, New Hampshire

While "Beanie's" unpretentious nature will prevent him from admitting it, the Navy was indeed fortunate the day it swore him in. A keen sailor, Ralph usually spent his weekends soaked in spindrift, hauling on sheets or keeping the *Light* steady on her course. When not actually holding a line he would skinny up a mast or drape himself over the bow to get some candid shots for his darkroom work during the week. Much to his roommate's vexation, Beanie was a vigorous vocalist who could very readily make the vicinity vibrate. Genial, savvy, Ralph could always be depended upon for a clear and correct solution of any baffling academic problem.

William Foster Bond

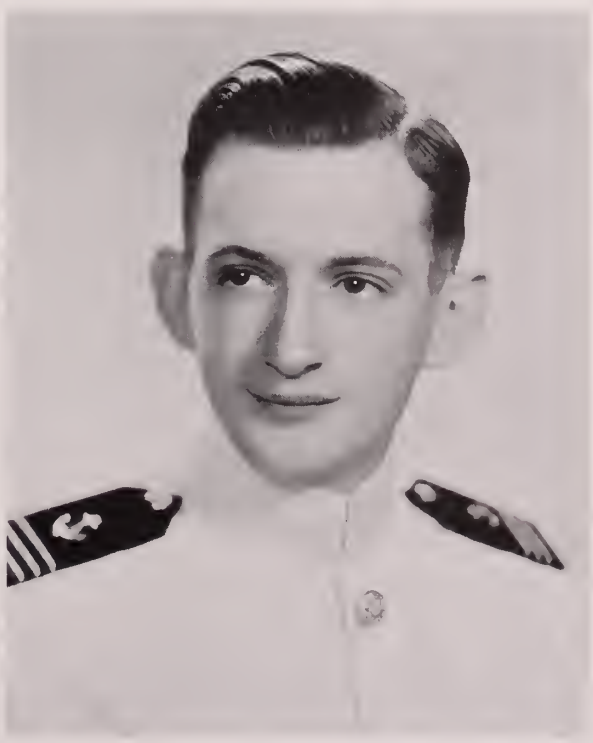
Montgomery, West Virginia

When you first met Bill, you recognized him as a fellow with a ready smile and a genuine friendliness. When you worked with him, you realized that he was the possessor of a quiet efficiency which made the most difficult problems seem simple. Academics were "fruit" for Bill, so he had plenty of time to indulge in the latest offerings of the Book-of-the-Month Club. He enjoyed a good workout in the gym, on the track, or in the canteen; was not averse to an occasional siesta on his bunk. This was Bill, ever a gentleman and a fine shipmate. He will do well.

Donald Henry Bourque

Madison, Wisconsin

After two years spent in Uncle Sam's Navy, Don landed in the Academy with a thick coat of salt and his favorite expression—in true navy style—"Let's go ashore." Able to concentrate easily on anything, he had no trouble with academics—his only worry being the facilities at hand for a good game of bridge. Swimming, basketball, and tennis were his chief athletic interests. Mention a good, fast game and one would have a hard playing participant. His willingness to attempt anything, coupled with his generosity made him a good shipmate. Don will be a welcome addition to the Service, be it the "gyrenes" or the fleet.



Richard Eugene Bowe

South Woodslee, Ontario, Canada

Life with Dick was anything but tranquil. To him studying was secondary; he much preferred spending a study hour in good-natured banter with his harassed roommates, picking up pennies at bridge or cribbage, or cultivating a warmer friendship with Morpheus. Dick had to be put to bed at night by brute force, for he coasted on a reserve of sleep built up during classes. Behind his carefree, personable exterior however, lay a keen agile mind which enabled him to breeze through academics. Few midshipmen could boast such a broad general knowledge as "Quiz Kid." Suave, likable, and confident, Dick was the prototype of the successful seaman.

Rodney Herbert Bowman

Dayton, Ohio

Rod left the fast moving D. C. life to come into the Navy. His pace never let up. Although he was seldom bothered by the Academic Departments, they were annoyed plenty by him. Rod's weekends were the envy of many a Navy lad whose eyes were magnetized by the O.A.O. of Washington's number one Casanova. Each and every spring found Rod desperately swinging a squash racket, trying vainly to get rid of the fever that always predominates that season. Rod's character was molded from experience that will make him a strong leader of men and a level-headed fighter when the "blue chips are down."

Gordon Robin Boyes

Piedmont, California

"Where's my bunk?" With these words California's one man Junior Chamber of Commerce greeted the Naval Academy. He made good use of this piece of midshipman furniture, but not enough to qualify him for the Radiator Squad. Small but rugged, he won all his matches in battalion boxing and wrestling, and still had enough ergs kicking around to elude gracefully the clutches of the Academic Departments. His background as a Navy junior and as a Private, U. S. A. supplied him with wondrous stories about China, Luzon, Panama, and of course, California. A ready wit, a love of laughter, and a dash of seriousness made him a cherished friend.

Stanley Hart Brittingham

Fairfield, Connecticut

After the smoke of the Academic battle had cleared each term, Britt was always well up the list of those who survived. This was no accident, for Britt was a hard and conscientious worker, one who always reached his goal. All who knew him admired his determination. Stan devoted his extra hours to gymnastics, wrestling, sailing and the providing of those popular musicals in Memorial Hall. Like all true sailors, Britt enjoyed his annual leaves on a farm. If he fulfills his ambition, he will stay in the Navy until he is sixty-four, and then spend the rest of his days on a patch of land in Connecticut.

David Moorman Brooks

Long Beach, California

Dave loved the sea—when it was nice and smooth. Although a Navy junior, he was forced to take refuge in the bunk during youngster cruise. Perhaps that was where he acquired his love for sack drill. But the "Prof" could afford bunk duty; he starred every year even though he came directly from high school. The mail situation never troubled him because he received the ONE letter every day. In the world of sports, "Parson" was especially adept at cross country and track. Hops and any other dragging occasions usually found him present, but the two things he looked forward to most were Christmas leave and September leave, respectively.

Albert Martin Brouner

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Al's home port was Milwaukee, Wisconsin, before he headed seaward, hence his name "Badger." Much of his spare time during plebe year was spent in the gym, where he earned his numerals on the plebe gym team. A rifleman of no mean ability, Al received his expert ribbon early plebe summer. Youngster year, sailing became his hobby. He spent many an afternoon and weekend on the trim N. A. Yacht *Freedom*. First class year saw him still a sailing addict and early in the year he became midshipman skipper of the good ship *Freedom*. (There is good sailing ahead for Al and smooth sailing for his shipmates.)

Thomas William Budd, Jr.

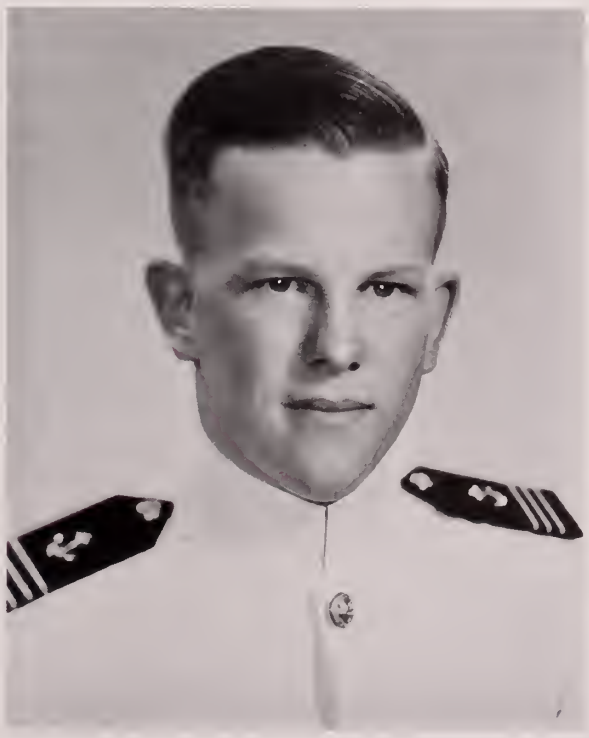
Woodbury, New Jersey

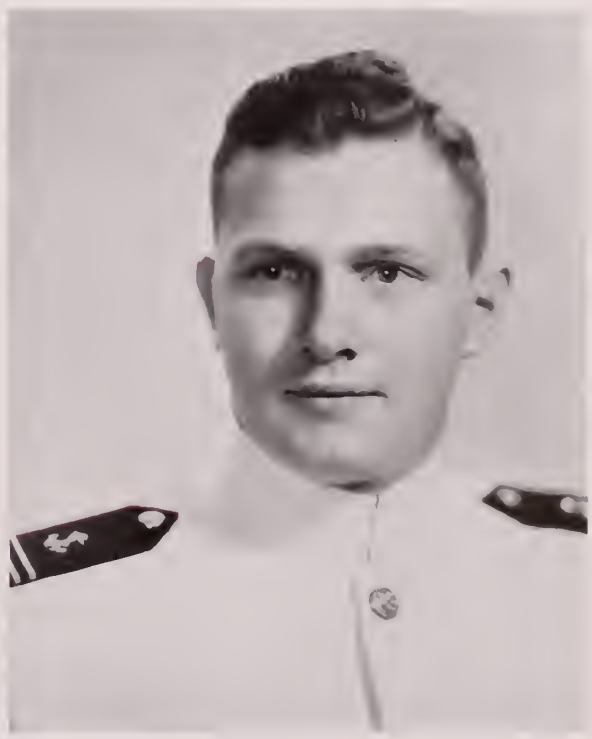
Our hero answered to anything from "*Bundle of Muscles Budd*" to "Willie." He handled his women with varying degrees of success, if it could be called a degree of success. Not only did Bill manage to pull himself up the Academic ladder but on the way he gave a little aid to a few of his mentally fatigued classmates. The height of "Willie's" career was the time he brought a slide rule to a language class to figure out a verb conjugation. Willie's slide rule turned out answers on a production-line basis. Sailing was really Bill's vocation and studies his avocation—a killer with the tiller was Budd.

Joseph Henry Buescher

Meridian, Mississippi

Joe was a ratey plebe, a non-reg youngster, a serious first classman, and one of the best-liked of his class. He was friendly toward his superiors, equals, and subordinates. All who met him desired his fellowship. Joe, whose favorite saying was, "Learn the principle of the thing—the rest is pure 'fruit', " had only one complaint, "I never learned the principle." He was just "one of the boys." Joe's big interest in life was a certain "Little Audrey." In fact she was quite an interest. His interest and his broad sense of humor, keen wit, bulldog tenacity, and typical Mississippi calm will always put him in the win.





John Lonergan Burke, Jr.

Portland, Oregon

Here was an officer and gentleman. Quiet, reserved, and conscientious, John was a one hundred and ten percenter in everything. In addition to having a high academic average, John was a fair athlete. He played on the junior varsity basketball team, held down first base for his company softball team, and tried his hand at lifting weights. During the remainder of his free time, he relaxed by playing chess, running an occasional string of billiards, or listening to recordings of his favorite musical compositions. None may know what the future holds, but one thing is sure: John will always be a credit to the Naval Academy.

Charles William Burlin, Jr.

Wilmington, Delaware

A man of rare ability, a man who has tasted every phase of life with the zest of an epicure, Butch is the best proof, since Napoleon, that a good little man is superior to a good big man. Always happy, always effervescent, but always sincere, his amazing combination of efficiency, thoroughness, and humor netted him everything from the post of company commander to scores of charming women. Of all his capabilities, he is most proud of his ability to sail like a true "down easter." Some day he hopes to return to the sparkling waters of Cape Cod and live like his forefathers in "God's Country."

Fletcher Harris Burnham

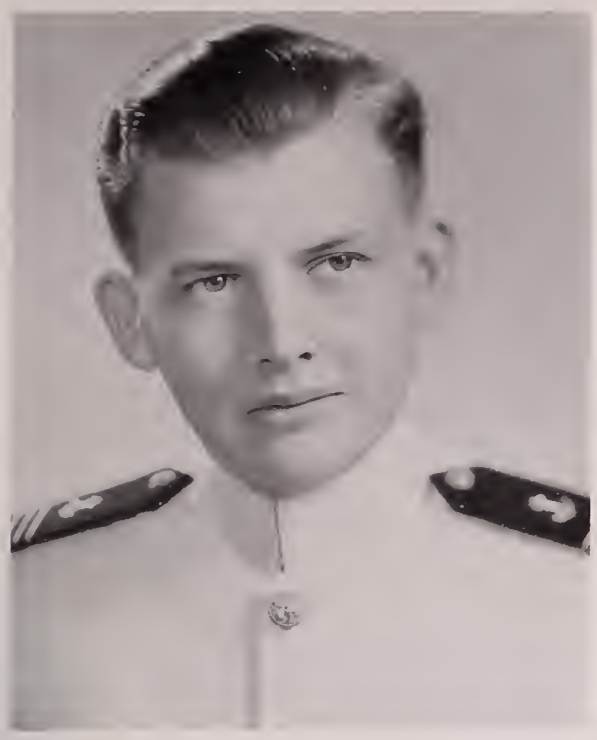
Nashua, New Hampshire

A staid old New Englander in both mannerisms and speech, "Bat" came into the realms of the Executive and Academic Departments without a care in the world. Slow, easy-going, positive in manner, "Fletch" did not have much use for the famous midnight oil. In the evening a good book or magazine was likely of more interest than a textbook, while any morning he could be seen pondering over the daily crossword puzzle. An athlete of repute, especially on the lacrosse and soccer fields, he made many an afternoon unpleasant for his opponents. With a modest nature and outstanding practical ability, Fletch will be a success in any outfit.

Carl William Burrows, Jr.

Glendale, California

Life was full of problems and Carl's "G" factor usually gave him trouble solving them. Gyroscopes, youngster Steam, and women all added their share of gray hairs to the wavy black ones that were the envy of his less fortunate classmates. In the last category his solutions were least accurate, but his final multiple was more than respectable. Ketch trips and his camera were secondary diversions, and had he combined the two, his locker would have made an imposing trophy case. Fifty years at sea will not destroy his love for the "Golden West," and about four decades should see him back in the "Land of Eternal Sunshine."



Cyrus Hugh Butt

Vaiden, Mississippi

Of all things in life, "Siesta" seemed to like this one best—his bunk; nevertheless he found time to participate in swimming and tennis and to beat everyone in his company at bridge. He was a true, easy-going, considerate Southern gentleman. How he dragged constantly and yet always had enough cash to help a broke classmate will forever remain a mystery. Cy was a strong supporter of Academy hops and the femmes in attendance. His complete sincerity, fine sense of humor and lack of affectation will continue to bring him new friends to add to the many he made here. He was a dependable shipmate and a steadfast friend.

Harold Mayer Cahn

Richmond, Virginia

Although never quite a star man, "Kubla," like his nickname-sake, was a savoir. An ideal student, he studied hard, always thinking of the future application of the knowledge he gained. Often during study hour, Cahn was interrupted by a classmate saying, "How do you work this problem?" Always the question was answered. Quiet and reserved, he was also witty and always good company. He was very tenacious, and could be depended upon to stick with his job until it was properly done. The fact that "Kubla" spent three years in the fleet working for his appointment was demonstrative of his devotion to the Navy.

Charles Browning Campbell, Jr.

Haddonfield, New Jersey

Because Reckem's stay at Rutgers "by the gentle Raritan" provided him with a head start in engineering subjects, academics never worried him unduly. Basketball, tennis, and softball occupied his afternoons, but during those long weekends his predominant amusement was dragging—not a special femme, but millions of them. Living in nearby New Jersey, he was one of the lucky few who could always drag from home. In spite of his Scotch ancestry, generosity was one of his outstanding characteristics and one could always count on him for some home-cooked chow. Don't be surprised to find Reckem in Bali sometime. Those girls, you know!

Richard Wesley Carkeek

Bellevue, Washington

When Dick arrived here just before Academic Year began, he was already complaining about the lack of mountains. He was always talking about his climbing experiences and his communions with Mother Nature. His years here were mostly devoted to swimming, tennis, and dragging. His wives never had to worry about room inspectors, for his locker door array of femmes' photos usually kept the inspector busy. He never worried about his academics and gave his spare time not spent on athletics to working on the *Lucky Bag*. If he follows through in the fleet with the same drive and enthusiasm that marked his Academy days, he cannot help but succeed.

Martin Michael Casey, Jr.

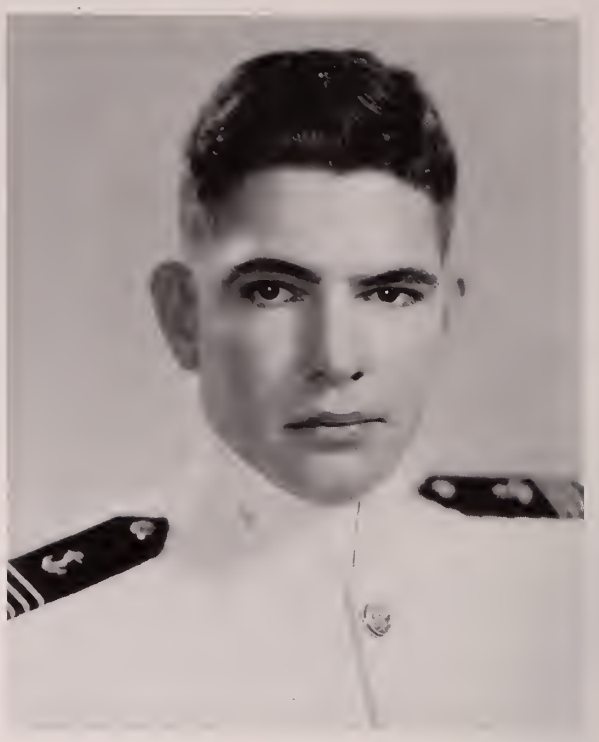
Balboa, Canal Zone

June, 1940, saw "Big Case," the Canal Zone Jungle Boy, come steaming into the Naval Academy for a carefree three-year stop. While marking time for a commission, he got in his share of company representative, battalion boxing, battalion football, and finally "B" squad football. Although hardly a snake, he did have remarkable success with the fair sex and knew his way around at the Regimental Hops. Case's preference, groovy music, constantly emanated from the big record-playing radio on his desk. Aviation was the big thing first class year, when Case ambitiously trained his sights toward a naval career full of fighters and bombers.

Pierre Rene Cassidy

Warrensburg, New York

"There comes a time in every great man's life when he says to himself, 'Flake out'." This is a memorable quotation by the "Great Brain," and he practised what he preached. Reared on a golf course, Pete developed a splendid game. Thus when he was not dragging one of numerous girl friends, golf occupied most of his weekends. It was "anything for a laugh" with his friends. They will remember him for the spontaneous humor and friendliness, always with him except on Monday mornings. He was, however, naturally quiet and reserved, a side of his nature oft-times concealed. His determination to succeed will make his a good career.



William Herman Catha

Birmingham, Alabama

Perhaps it will be forgotten that "Mudball" was an old battalion boxer, or that he played battalion lacrosse and battalion football, but it shall never be forgotten that this easy-going Southern boy came to us from the steel mills of Birmingham, Alabama. If anyone wished to learn something about steel, "Mudball" was the boy to ask. With three years of chemical engineering under his belt, he found academics a minor source of worry. Being a little on the conservative side, he indulged in Academy social life moderately. With his clear analyses and his accurate solutions, truly the submarine service will get a great officer.

William Chamberlain Chapman

Cadillac, Michigan

When Cadillac's beacon arrived in Annapolis, he proceeded immediately to make himself at home, even though Michigan State College life was not that of the Naval Academy. Chat experienced less and less trouble combing his hair as time went on. Everyone worried about his retreating hair line except Chat himself. One theory was that soccer balls wore it off. Another was that such delicate hair could not stand the confines of a lacrosse helmet. Chappie made a good job of everything that he did: sports, academics, '44's Vice-President, and member of the Class Crest Committee. Bill had his eyes on the air corps; here's hoping he gets those wings.

Dan George Christiansen

Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

Coming to Bancroft from the University of Wisconsin, Dan soon made the Badger his second love for the Blue and Gold of Navy. He was an easy-going lad, but not too much so to give the football team a big solid varsity lineman. When not busy with football, Dan spent his time at the gym keeping fit on the bags or in the handball courts. Far from a "Red Mike," Chris managed to elude the charms of the feminine contingent, and played the field. However, a blonde from home has kept the number one spot. Danny will get along, and we're with him all the way.

Peter Angelillo Cipriano

West Orange, New Jersey

Cip wanted to be a West Point Kaydet, but wound up at Annapolis. Fresh from Stevens Tech, Cip took academics in stride—even occasional onslaughts from the "Bull" Department. Youngster year brought forth his versatility, and widened his large circle of friends at the Academy. "P.A." took life the easy way, except when hitting eighty in his big Buick. Athletics never worried him. He had plenty of time for "sack drill." Combining a winning personality with a ready smile, even the plebes from the "Siberian Salt Mines" table liked him. Whether it be as a General U.S.M.C. or perhaps an Admiral, there is a star-studded future for Cip.

Gilbert Lionel Clark

Wilmington, California

"No, I don't want to bilge. Why if I bilged, I'd have to go to work," said the Gibber as he finished twenty-nine pages of Steam. Plebe year was not "fruit" for Gib, but conscientious effort kept him in the middle of the class. Studies were not his only concern. A forty foot putt that "beat Army" stands as a symbol of his golfing ability. Though naturally modest and quiet, he could find humor even in the serious. These characteristics won him many friends. His resourcefulness and ability will doubtless lead him, in the footsteps of his father and brother to a credit to the service.

William Barrow Collett, III

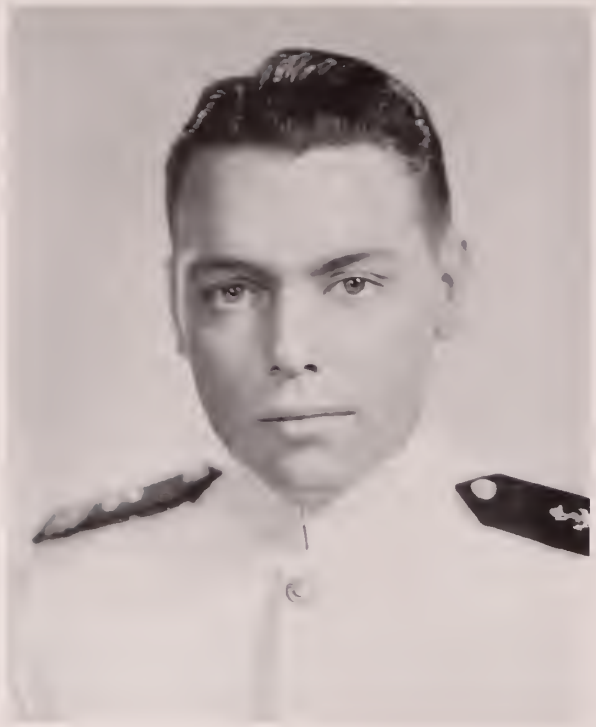
St. Joseph, Missouri

Women, politics or the Navy, it made little difference to "Wild Bill." As long as he was talking, he was happy. After a year at Westminster College, Bill turned to the Academy for additional knowledge and for a career. An ardent believer and participant in athletics, Bill's choices were soccer and football. Although he could not be classified as a "Red Mike," Bill frequently vowed that marriage did not interest him. Instead, his one ambition is to some day serve on the China Station. His enthusiasm about anything, especially a good time, made him an easy fellow to get along with and won him many lifelong friends at the Academy.

David Harrison Collins

Newport News, Virginia

Having spent most of his life around ships and on the water, Dutch could afford to neglect some of the technical subjects to give his time to his two loves—football and dragging. Week days he spent sweating and groaning on Farragut Field. Weekends he spent dragging, except when the Executive Department often had other plans: not that Dutch behaved worse than the rest of us, but when he was good, he was very, very good, and when he was bad he was caught. Instead of letting misfortune throw him, Dutch would always blow off a little steam and be up for another round.



Benjamin Herring Colmery, Jr.

Vicksburg, Mississippi

He came to us with a plan of the defense of Vicksburg, a storehouse of academic knowledge, a toy flute, and a pack of athletic gear. Many were the plebes who underwent Ben's systematic indoctrination, who found that "The Mississippi at Vicksburg is two miles wide, suh!" He made varsity lacrosse, and when the lacrosse sticks were in the mothballs, he played football and boxed for the Fourth Battalion and "Ole Bea-nee." Academics never bothered him; symbols of his achievement: two gold stars. Tasks were done and problems solved when Ben worked on them. Wherever the Navy sends Ben, he will be there doing his share.

Robert Paul Coogan

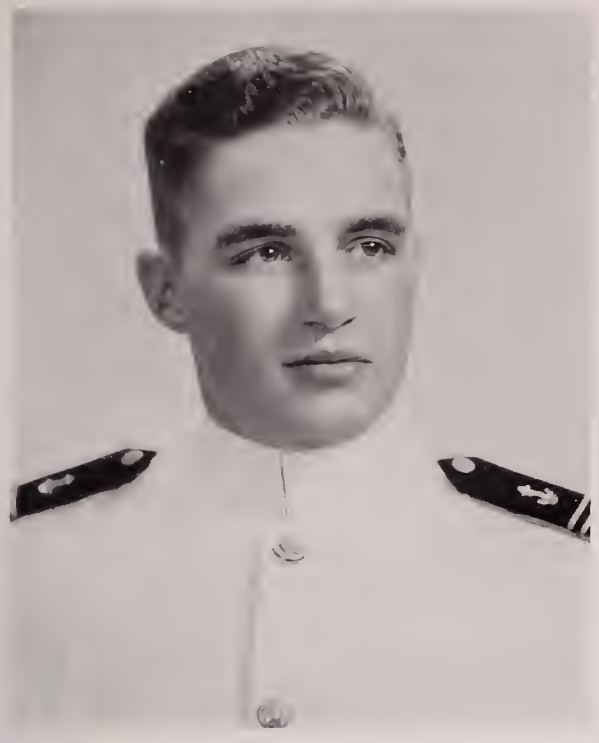
Newport, Rhode Island

Just yell, "Last call for the mile," and chills will run up and down Bob's back. Training throughout the winter, spring, and summer, with cross country in the fall, kept Bob in condition. His competitive spirit carried over from athletics to a pastime in which he excelled—Argumentation. Few can boast of downing him in an argument no matter what the subject. His keen mind was quick to discover errors, and it was also gifted with an inexhaustible good humor. His stories taken from his adventures in the "Garden City of the Universe" are masterpieces. Whenever you land in Newport, be sure to see if Bob's around.

Nicholas Alexander Courtessis

New York, New York

Cosmopolite, connoisseur, entrepreneur, philanthropist of vast knowledge—the quintessence of the regulation book, known more for his deeds of adventure than for his deeds of sobriety, Nick was a man's man, and indeed a friend. His liquor strong and his women—yes, he liked them, too. Academics—not his pianissimo, in fact, quite a forte. Extracurricular, a mezzo-forte. Caesar, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, George Washington—they too were great in some manner or other. Add them up and—. Sensational at times, Nick was foremost a man of principle. When this one-man army and navy joins the Fleet, there should be little left of our adversaries.



Charles Newton Crandall, Jr.

Westfield, New Jersey

Joining our ranks in September after spending plebe summer in the North Woods, Chuck came through the academic terrors of plebe year with ease and found a place on the gym and track team. With time for "bull sessions" and an agreeable disposition, he made a host of friends. His military bearing was the envy of his classmates and a model to the plebes. Youngster summer found him with girls in every port on the Chesapeake. Our radios brought out his true character, of a jive fiend with a lean to the Harlem side. Unless the Skinny Department puts to sea, Chuck is sure to find smooth sailing ahead.

Matthew Arthur Cullen

Buffalo, New York

Matt's keen perception and ready laughter hid his inherent shyness; his constant worry over academics belied his success in them. But in the realm of the heart, Lady Fortune ceased to smile, and Matt periodically swore eternal misogyny. His recreational hours were spent in vigorous conditioning as a varsity wrestler. From these workouts he would enthusiastically bounce back to demonstrate each new hold to a much-bruised wife. Matt reveled in the constant kidding his pals gave him, answering with his soft, "Aw shucks, you know what I mean"—inwardly tickled pink. Wherever he goes, friends will be his for the asking, for Matt is too likable ever to be lonely.

John Iseman Cumberland, Jr.

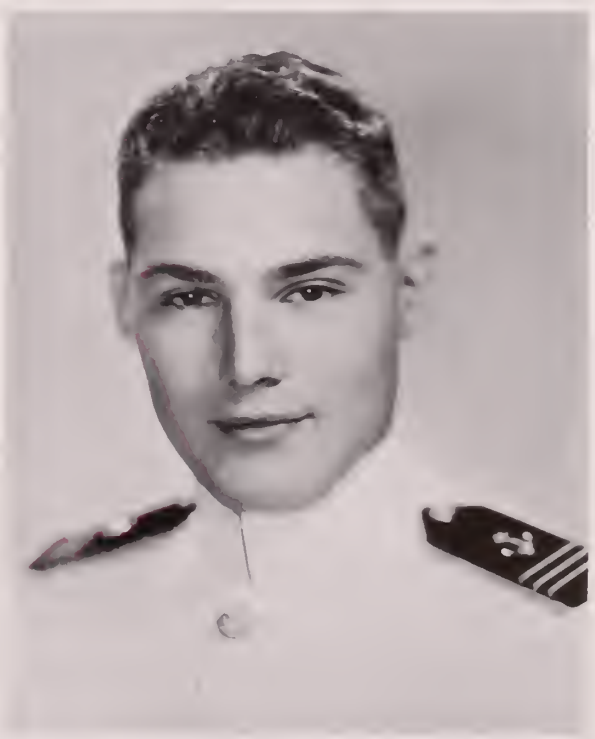
Washington, D. C.

"No subject is so hard that diligent study will not enable one to master it," was Jack's philosophy while tussling with the Academy "Bull" course. Plebe year was "fruit," but after the first youngster Skinny exam—how well most of '44 remember it!—he realized that he was in for a fight. He therefore took up his belt a notch and dug in. Jack brought with him from Maryland University the sincerest of determinations to earn his commission. This goal, plus an earnest desire for self-improvement, formed the sound foundation of his naval career. Jack's characteristic sincerity and consideration will continue to serve him well in his profession.

Theodore Piper Dankworth

Los Angeles, California

The "Big Kid", weighing some fifteen stone, was one of the larger rays of sunshine from the "Golden State." After a year at U.C.L.A., Teddy never tired of extolling the superiority of western womanhood; that is, until a young lady from Ohio met the "Golden Boy." Dank took to academics easily. Crew absorbed most of his leisure moments. Rowing in the first shell, he earned his "N" during his first year of varsity competition. Since aviation was the "Big Kid's" first love, he will likely be heading for Pensacola. The best luck one can wish Dank is that he makes as good a flyer as he has officer and gentleman.



Donald Cooke Davis

Brockfield, Missouri

"Red Dog" unfortunately was "nothing but a nothing"; that is he was neither yankee nor rebel, however loudly he might protest to the contrary. For "Red" hailed from the plains of old "Mizzou." Abounding with energy and always wide-awake, Red lived life with a keen zest, highly appreciative of every moment. Of course, he had his blue moments but never for long, and his friendly, freckled face was always lighted with a smile. "D. C." fancied himself a Casanova. However, the truth was that girls frightened him. He seemed forever worried over various new flames. Actually, he was rather devoted to the "queen" whose picture adorned his desk.

Stephen T. De La Mater

Washington, D. C.

"Spot one's" philosophy has always been, "take it easy; life is too short and its pleasures too great to ponder the whiles of misfortune." Although a crewman, he sacrificed his crew cut for the Beau Brummel touch. His confident manner and stature always have said, "I know what I'm doing," and in the fleet it will be the same. He played hard and worked hard; but no one saw him work, hence the misnomer "Lochinvar." Quick to help a friend, one saw beneath his lackadaisical veneer a quiet and pensive man. His brains, brawn, and determination overcame all obstacles. The fleet will find him a fine officer.

John Martin DeLargy

Cleveland, Ohio

"Dodo" stoutly maintained that the nickname by which we knew him was forced upon him by jealous seniors, and that it was antonymous rather that synonymous. He would always maintain that the transition from college campus to naval career was unpleasantly severe and, at times, painful. When not at odds with either the Academic or Executive Departments, he pleasantly whiled away his time with weekend sailing, writing letters to the O.A.O., and dragging. He had a ready Irish temper, the fighting kind, just offset by an equally ready Irish wit, his salvation from many a scrape. Here was not only a Navy man, but a man for the Navy.

Lowell Foltz Dennis

Toledo, Ohio

Stand aside for the "Short Stroke"! One of the real salts of '44, Denny dropped anchor in Annapolis after two years on the *Philly*. Iconoclast and rebel, he vainly set out to shatter the system. Denny would have been shattered himself, but for his bull-dog tenacity. He was a rugged customer on the wrestling mat, and in his glory at the wheel of a yawl. Above all, this likable chap had real brain power which he used with a will of his own. The men under him will know they have the privilege of serving under a true Christian gentleman, a hard fighter, and a man.

John Samson Donaldson

Mount Clemens, Michigan

Even after three years with Don, no one knew where next his capricious mind would turn. One thing was certain; a laugh would be there. John's accomplishments took him far afield. One could be sure that the young damsel with whom he was picnicking packed an excellent lunch. There were afternoons spent with his ship modeling; evenings pumping his trombone with the orchestra; and almost anytime conducting a sweet potato symphony from the recesses of his comfortable bunk. "Hose-Nose" was a great help amusing all hands in the Mess Hall. In the future, it will be a fortunate wardroom which rings to his merriment.

Hayes Ashton Dorr

Ardmore, Pennsylvania

If he had his hat cocked at an unbelievable angle on one side of his blond head, and was warbling some plaintive ballad, then one could be sure it was Barney "Watertight" Dorr. Although his favorite occupation, Glee Club and shower singing and his unquenchable curiosity about the Navy, kept him busy, he still managed to find time for the *Log*. Wednesday afternoon usually found him working furiously to meet a deadline. Possessing a quick sense of humor, Barney could always laugh at himself when things went wrong. With that valuable ability and his enthusiastic interest in everything, he will do well in the cosmopolitan career of a naval officer.

Herschel Moody Downs

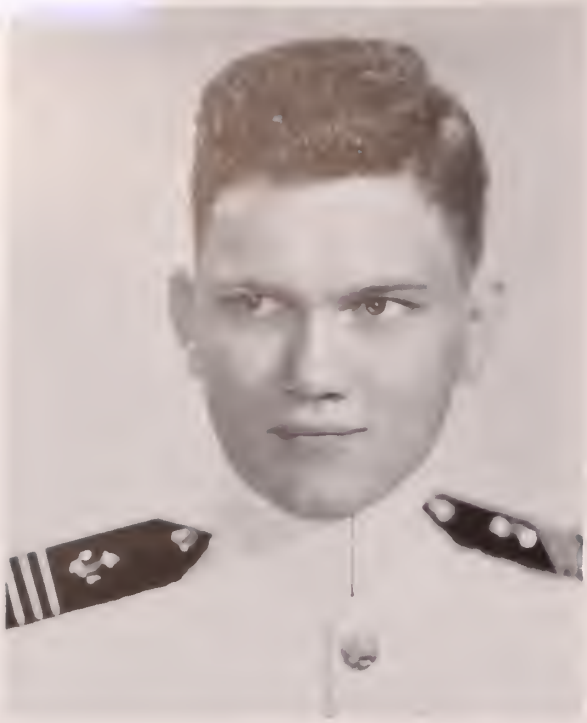
Shreveport, Louisiana

Jocky Downs came north with an ample background of military and academic training. An R. O. T. C. colonel in high school and an honor man at Louisiana State University, Jock entered the Academy a well-qualified plebe. The biggest middle-sized man in the Academy, his hearty, deep-voiced greeting soon became classic. His study hours were usually spent in friendly rough-and-tumble bouts or more peaceful discussions about the great city of Shreveport. Jock could be found in the gym any afternoon, conscientiously working out with the weights or on the parallel bars. Desiring only to serve where needed most, his many capabilities will insure his success.

Glenn Irven Dumas

Phoenix, Arizona

Glenn was a consistent failure—in avoiding the weekend watch squad. In everything else he was successful. His gold-starred academic career bore witness to that, and his quiet, good-humored personality insured him a welcome in any gathering. Many a drag favored his tall frame and wavy hair with a predatory eye, but to no avail. Before the Academy doors closed behind him, he had found a genuine one-and-only, and his allegiance never swerved. The abolishment of intercollegiate boxing nipped a promising heavyweight boxing career in the bud, but when Glenn is fighting in the fleet, that fighting heart and able brain will ensure his final success.



Harry Douglas Eagar

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

After spending two years at Georgia Tech, Doug finally succumbed to the lure of the sea. The transformation from a "rambling wreck" to a "savoir" he took in his stride. Though he preferred sleeping or reading a magazine to studying, he was still always ready to offer a helping hand to the troubled. Though he was a good lacrosse and soccer player, his greatest enjoyment always came from sailing. During youngster year he seldom dragged; however first class year found him an ardent admirer of the fairer sex. That same personality that served Doug so well with the women will assure him many friends in the years to come.

Joseph Hammond Earnest, Jr.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

From the land of strictly beautiful women, "Ham," a smiling happy-go-lucky Southerner, came to Annapolis from Georgia. Preparation at the Georgia Military Academy and Georgia Tech enabled him to stand well in his class. Although never a "snake," "Ham's" display of Southern beauty will long be remembered by his classmates. It has been said of him that his black curly hair had a magnetic attraction for women. "Ham" did well in battalion football. But his main love was sailing. He could not legally be called a "chow-hound," though his ability to locate food on the decks was unsurpassable. His natural capability will always speak for itself.

Edgar Ashton Eldridge

BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS

Ed was modest about his bridge; he was modest about his tennis; he was modest about his golf. He was, though, declamatious on the subject of Beverly, the birthplace of the Navy, the home of the world's best people, and the hub of the Universe (it and Boston). Although this tall, sharp lad was usually cheerful, his face clouded up like a Cape Ann Nor'easter when the mate failed to bring him the important letter from the important one. His only athletic interest was track. His social interests were concentrated on the girl back home. We all hope we will be shipmates with him again.

William Paul Etter

LEBANON, INDIANA

Bill came here after majoring for two years in "Juice" at Purdue. His trouble in academics was limited to "Dago" which could not be mastered with a slipstick. He found his diversion in bridge, and rare was the time "Etiquette" wasn't sitting in with the boys. His love for weird books and even weirder music managed to keep both his roommates and neighbors diverted. For those not quite so adept in mathematics, "Skinny," and "Juice" he was always ready to lend a helping hand. His invaluable companionship and his ingenuity in all fields will serve him well in the fleet, as they have served him well here.

Nicholas Andrew Evans

Newark, Ohio

It was Nick's love of flying that led him to exchange the campus of Ohio State University for the grounds of the Naval Academy. He came equipped with a quick sense of humor, a broad grin and a desire to lead the easy-going life that he enjoyed at college. Academics were "fruit," so Nick spent most of his study hours on his bunk and his afternoons in town. He did take time, however, to make the plebe crew. After plebe year his chief extra-curricular activity was the opposite sex. If his dreams of entering the Naval Air Force materialize, the Fleet's air arm will acquire a most competent officer.

John Carrigan Feltus

Natchez, Mississippi

Coming from the deep South with a pleasant, cheerful personality and a good background for Naval Academy academics, Johnny speedily adapted himself to life on the Severn. Studies were just a necessary evil, and he always had a knack for getting along with the Executive Department. Those who read the *Log* faithfully were well acquainted with his interest in aviation from his series of articles "What's In The Air?" Almost any afternoon one could see him headed for a starboat, yawl, or ketch to indulge in his favorite pastime. With his interests and qualifications he will be well-equipped to meet life in the fleet.

Joseph Alonzo Fernald

Boston, Massachusetts

Joe arrived at the Academy from the Hub City, leaving-behind a good engineering job, his beloved skiis, and women too numerous to mention. He fought academics from plebe year on through to graduation, but always came out on top when the chips were down. When not studying, Okolee found time for tennis as well as softball, playing outfield on a championship team. Joe was also extremely fond of his chow and really appreciated the canteen. Weekends found him dragging from Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington. His wavy hair must have been the attraction. Academics, sports, and drags may be forgotten in time, but never a friendship with Oke.

Louis Bryan Fields

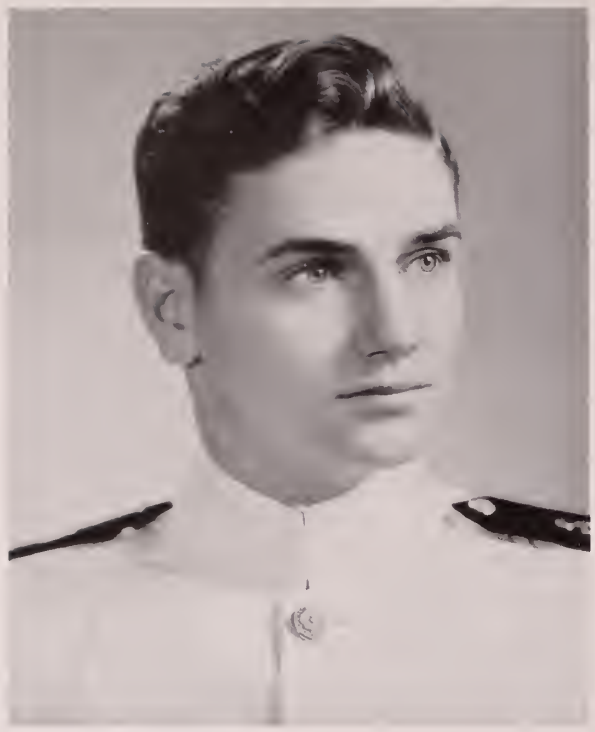
East Hartford, Connecticut

Louis was the pride and joy of the Fifth Company, for he had a godsent sense of humor. Throughout his career at the Academy he fought fierce delaying actions with the Academic Board and the Executive Department. Many were the weekends that Louis was almost lost among the tall trees, but these shortcomings never sufficed to wipe the smile from his lips. Lou's particular peculiar recreation was fascinating his classmates by strolling nonchalantly down the corridor on his hands. That may be useful in the fleet. If he can't find his sea legs he can always try his hands. Anyway, the best of luck to a fine shipmate.

Charles Conway Howerree

Baltimore, Maryland

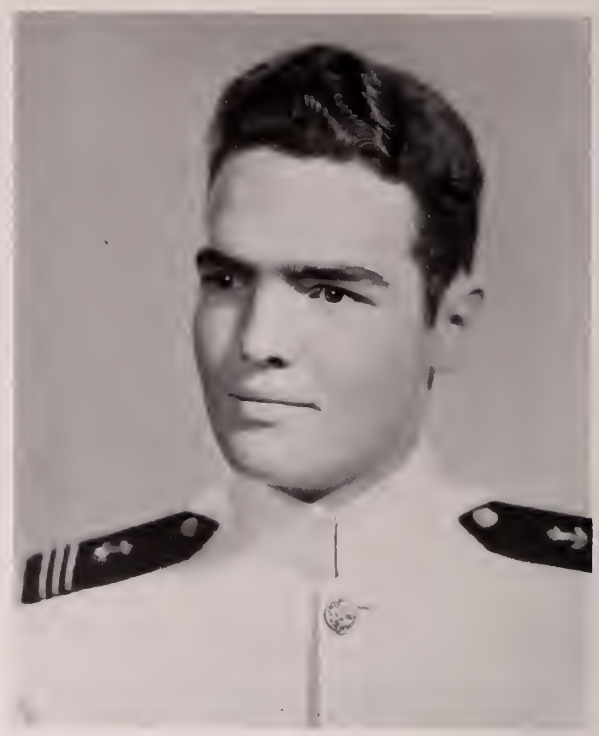
Some were natural optimists, but not Con. The greatest of vicissitudes rated a mere "That's life" from him. To work and live with Con was a pleasure. He made troubles seem light by comparison. It was also a pleasure to make liberties with him. His old southern heritage, his *savoir faire*, and his ability to see the humorous turn in events made him an ideal "lead man" in precarious positions. Con was one of the inherently savvy lads, having time even for that elusive "culture." If you see an angular bachelor admiral, surveying life with a twinkle in his eye—that's Con.



Roger Edward Fontaine

New Bedford, Massachusetts

Although "Frenchy" may have had his difficulties with the Academic Departments, he never worried. Recreation periods he spent at the dinghy float as captain of the sailing team, or in the winter working out in the wrestling loft. A true New Englander, "Frenchy's" first love was the sea. Women, however, were not just a snare and a delusion. His broad shoulders and curly hair charmed them invariably. On weekends when he was not in a yawl race or on a ketch trip, he usually was present at the hops. Frenchy's classmates will be more than glad to have him as a shipmate anywhere at any time.



Raymond Everett Ford

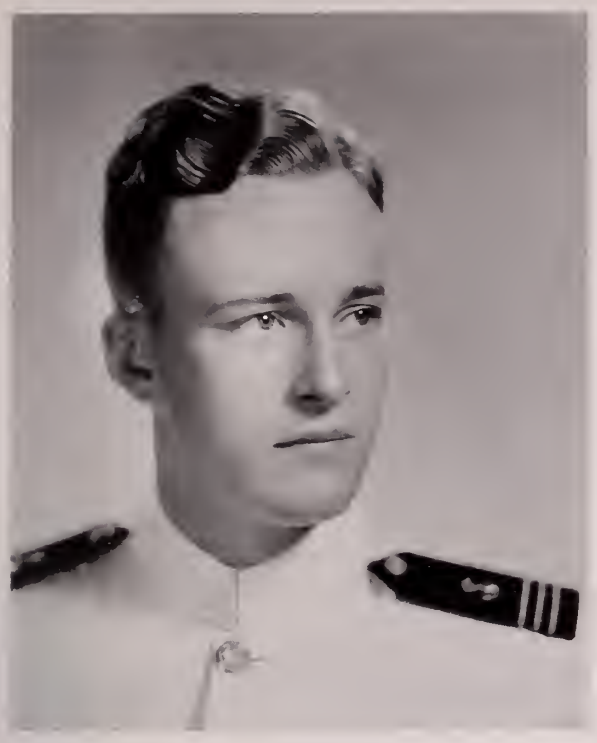
Fort Collins, Colorado

Ray was one of the original rugged-individualists. Well above average academically, he avoided any specific rut and put his talents into several activities. Ray stood number one on the Chess Team, holding the record for being the first midshipman to defeat a West Pointer in a match. He was runner-up in the Regimental billiards tournament and was a veteran member of the choir and glee club. A three year member of his company pistol team, Ray also helped manage the Varsity Gymnastic teams, and spent his spare hours in workouts in the Gymnasium. With his likable personality and cheerful disposition, Ray was always a good man to have nearby.

Newton Perry Foss

Rye, New Hampshire

Three cheers for Newt! He has helped lead Navy's cheering section and did a fine job in promoting spirit at the Academy. He deserves three cheers. After drill you could often find Newt going into contortions in the gym; tumbling was his weakness, and his forte. He had another weakness which was a joy to all. He was always the easiest fellow to touch for a five-spot. Newt, the student, was hard working, conscientious, and keen. Newt, the roommate, was cheerful, kind, and possessed much of what it takes to look out for the other fellow. Newt, the friend, was the best.



Hardy Booth Fowler

Temple, Texas

Born and bred on the blue-bonnetted plains of Texas where men are men and women don't complain, Hardy came aboard via Rice Institute. He could do anything: from burning up the tennis courts to singing the latest Honky-tonk tunes; from spinning yarns about his rough, tough Texas grandpa to winning the most sought-after brunette east of the Mississippi. Square as a block of granite and twice as dependable, he became one of the most likable fellows in Bancroft Hall. Three years of football and tennis made him hard from stem to stern. When he enters the Fleet, stand aside, boys, "'cause the party's gonna get rough."

John Lawrence From, Jr.

Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania

Larry came to the Academy from the City of Brotherly Love, via the Naval Reserve. Some of the spirit of Philly must have come with him, for everyone counted "Lou" as a friend. The nick-name "Lou" was a youngster year addition, stemming from his able coverage of first base on the ball team. Out of baseball season, he swung a mean squash racquet, or kept a steady hand on the wheel of a ketch. Academics never puzzled him, and a conscientious attitude kept him ahead of the books. A keen sense of humor coupled with natural ability in most fields should keep him out in front in whatever he undertakes.

Richard Gaibler

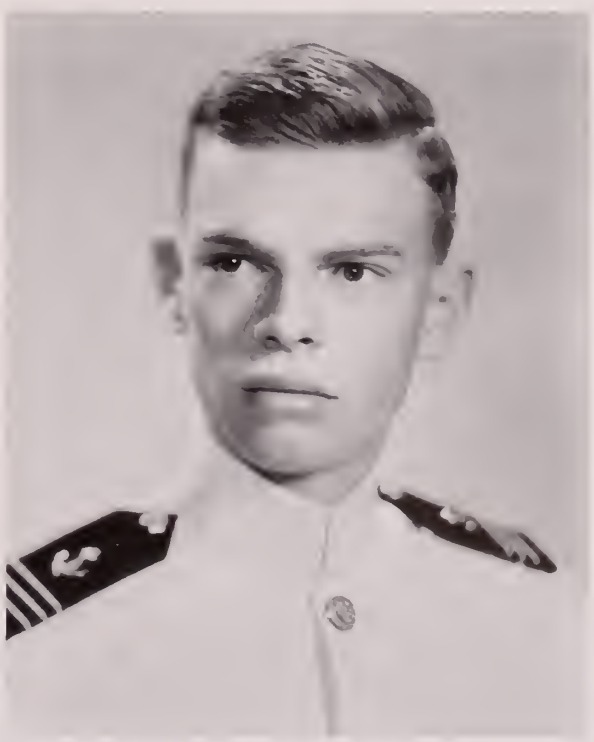
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Rich's pleasant "hello" will not be forgotten by those who have known him for these three years. His dead eye on the small bore range helped Navy maintain her good record in this sport, and every Musical Club show found him in the ranks of the Mandolin Club. His love was for anything mechanical. From a "fouled-up" plebe who sent his first classman's clean laundry to the laundry, "Gaib" changed to a youngster who worried about where his next drag was coming from, and then to a first classman who looked forward to the place he would take in the fleet and later on in the air.

James Lyon Gartner, Jr.

Santa Fe, New Mexico

From the sunny Southwest came hedge-hopping, hitch-hiking, high-balling Jim—concentrated T. N. T.—and the most promising ex-mining-engineer Santa Fe produced in many a moon. Jimmy's wide and varied interests kept him from "starring," but his natural abilities and sincere efforts placed him high. Midshipmen may prefer blonde drags, but blond midshipmen do not necessarily prefer drags; Jim favored few. A little humor, a little philosophy, some spare moments in the model room, many spare moments on his bunk, spelled contentment *a la* Gartner. Lover of "bull sessions," James astounded many with his unique but pointed observations. His managing of company softball and varsity fencing demonstrated his potentialities as a leader.



Herman John Gerdes

Florence, South Carolina

Few people get more fun out of life than the "Dirty Gurds." Three years at the Citadel, plus being born in the Old North State, plus his better half from back in Florence, S. C., made him one of the foremost exponents of the Confederacy, even unto speaking an Anglo-African dialect not unlike Gullah. That he made himself understood, however, his excellent job on our Ring Dance will testify. His one big worry was whether officers have to live in quarters at sub school, but you may be certain that some submarine is to be infested with aromas of the Deep South and graced by pictures of Billie.

Robert Kenneth Gess

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Though old Mother Nature had given him a syncopated blood-stream and a rhythmic heart, "Robbin" realized that his future was not that of a blue singer; so he came to Annapolis. This friendly, fun-loving lad was fortunate enough to possess the habit of hard work along with ability in sports and studies alike. Although an ever-entertaining mimicker of classmates and professors, his main trend of thought seemed to deal with the superiority of Milwaukee women. A "horizontal student," "Bob" did his best academic work—excellent work, too—while flat on his bunk. His conscientiousness and abilities should stand him in good stead for a successful Navy life.

Theodore M. Gilliland

Altoona, Pennsylvania

The most significant aspect of Ted was his smile. Of course it had innumerable variations, but at almost any time it was a sure bet that Ted was smiling. His mute acting nearly broke up many an academic class. In the spring Gillie spent his afternoons in Thompson Stadium, running the hundred yard dash in less than ten seconds. In the fall he transferred his track activities to the football field, and during the winter kept in condition up in the wrestling loft. No one could be down in the dumps when Ted was around. It just was not safe. His cheery good humor will be welcomed in any wardroom.

Maurice Irving Glad

Omaha, Nebraska

Among the Regiment's best scholars, M. I. was as good-natured, and as helpful a fellow as ever wore stars. Industrious and conscientious, he was often found coaching some grateful classmate. Never glued to books, Maurice engaged in an awesome number of activities. He acted, sang a hearty bass in the glee club and choir, and strung his tall bathrobe with awards of track, cross country, fencing, and crew. M. I.'s very Glad-ness, his close affinity to the Nebraska soil, and his inability to cope with an anchor chain brought this genial "farmer" a lot of ribbing. He's going places in the Fleet. We'll be right behind him—if we can keep up!

Henry Gorman

Greenville, South Carolina

Two years at Clemson College gave Hank an urge for the Army, but the Navy, recognizing a good man, got him first. In spite of some close scrapes, academics never seemed to worry him much, more thought being given to dragging and to the next hop. A confirmed snake, a weekend just wasn't a weekend without a date with "her." Manager of the lacrosse team and Property Gang, he still found time to fill our picture albums with his amateur photography. In any remaining spare time he successfully inspected underclass rooms for chow. Hank's easy-going attitude will bring him a welcome in any J.O. Mess.

Leonard George Graning

Rochester, New York

Tiny might have been an electrical engineer. He demonstrated that he has amazing possibilities when he fixed the phonograph with only a screwdriver and two pairs of pliers. He made a likable roommate, perhaps because he was too big and easy-going to be disturbed by an argument. Tiny was always willing, except during the varsity swimming season of course, to borrow a skag, or more willing to lend one, depending on which of us was flush at the time. He was always ready to knock off studying today's skinny to beat yesterday's Steam into his bucket wife, a trait which will always be gratefully remembered.

Albert Patrick Gross

Akron, Ohio

Al distinguished himself in many ways. We cheered him to many a victory as captain of the swimming team, realizing the conscientious effort and training it required to make a swimmer of his caliber. When the water in the natatorium no longer foamed from his wake, Al hurled a mean curve for the company softball team. His three stripes show that the Executive Department appreciated his leadership qualities as much as his classmates. Add a sincere, generous, good-humored nature to an athletic physique, and throw in an eye for beauty and you have Al, a gentleman and friend, an asset to any ship in any fleet.

Kenneth Canan Gummerson

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The fact that he said little did not mean that he had little to say. There was a lot of ticking going on behind those owl eyes and that pungent pipe. Some of the boys thought he was a little stocky, but a guy's got to be broad abeam to butt those rugged lacrossemen around and still hold up all those stripes. Ain't that right, Gummer? From the "Pits" of Pittsburgh Gumbo came to the Navy via Penn State. His stay at Annapolis was sufficiently long to augment his Pennsylvanian common sense with enough Severn savoir to make a fine prospect for the Pig-Boat Fleet.

Robert Bergstrom Gustafson

West Hartford, Connecticut

Picture the pre-reveille scene of a blanketed and eye-shaded figure huddled intently over a book. Such a scene revealed the character of this big Swede from New England. What "Gus" lacked in savviness he more than made up in determination. He was an avid health fan and a firm believer in "a workout a day." These efforts bore fruit as proven by his athletic record in varsity swimming, and battalion football and lacrosse. In addition he found time to charm many a female heart with his good nature and ever-happy disposition. Always the last to get a joke, Gus will also be the last to admit defeat.

George Edward Gyongyos

Cleveland, Ohio

The Zombie had to be taken from Case Tech— beg pardon, Case School of Applied Science— and those Cleveland Indians in order to make him a sailor man. Their loss proved a source of unending wonderment, for the little Magyar was one of the Regiment's great unpredictables. For instance, how could a name really so simple to pronounce be so fouled up in spelling, and how could one man be so short and still so wide! Don't be mistaken. With men who know tobacco best, it's this pipe-smoking, mathematical, inspirational, plain good friend Gyongyos—pronounced Johnjus—two to one. Incidentally Zombies can have souls.

John Sanford Hardy

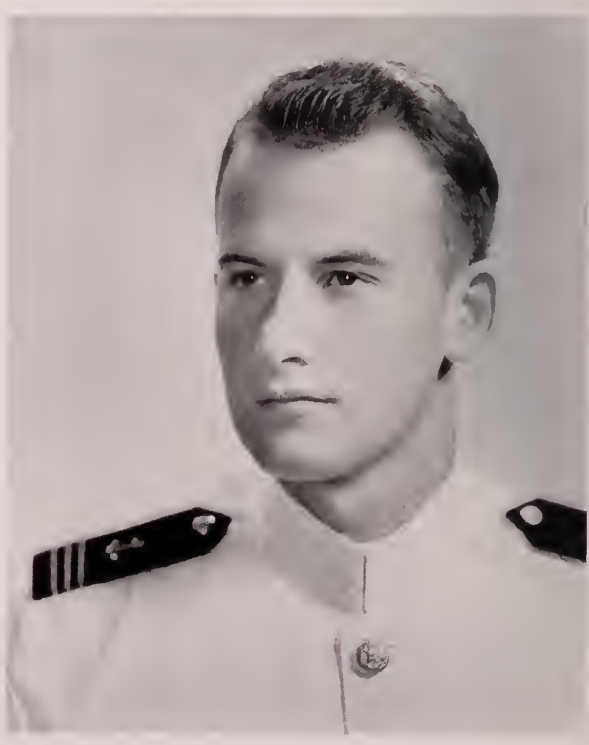
Columbus, Mississippi

Another member of the proud Southern delegation was the "Tapper," "Jedge," or "Andy." His infectious smile and sincerity earned him a host of friends. With all his disarming manner, smooth was the word for Tapper. He was the genuine B. T. O. When this *Log* sports correspondent was not otherwise occupied, he played "B" squad football. In spite of the poor fortune which condemned him to obscurity, "Andy" never gave up trying. His "B" squad gave the Varsity its bad moments. Stern realities of life have a way of stifling youthful laughter and dreams, but Andy will face the future with the inborn faith and humor that is America's heritage.

George Gallagher Hart

Connellsville, Pennsylvania

G square left the peaceful life of Washington and Jefferson and the trout streams of the Appalachians in search of excitement — to become a midshipmite. His stocky frame and broad shoulders easily gained for him starring positions on the battalion football and track squads. When not engaged in these activities, he was a serious student of horizontal engineering. A lover of the best in music, he could find friends among the admirers of either Dorsey or Beethoven. We will remember Moose for his never-failing good humor, his natural sense of comradeship, and his high ideals, that are always appreciated and looked for by brother officers.



Robert Louis Harvey

Brooklyn, New York

This quiet, unassuming gentleman from Brooklyn was a walking encyclopedia of general knowledge. His passionate devotion to his beloved Brooklyn Dodgers was exceeded only by his interest in world history, past and present. His friendly attitude and excellent mind encouraged many of his friends to stop by his room for advice on any subject. His easy-going manner concealed his true nature. Fundamentally he was a hard worker as evidenced by his extra-curricular activities. Bob had the gift of always being in good humor. His dry, witty remarks caused even the most stern face to crack into a genuine smile. He will be welcome in any wardroom.

Kenneth Harold Hausman

Cleveland, Ohio

Ken was once an Ohio State "College Joe," complete with bright socks, saddle shoes, and flashy clothes, but he traded them all for the Navy Blue. The class of 1944 will long remember the plebe year jam sessions with his clarinet, a couple of brooms, and a waste basket for a drum. Academics, taken as a whole, never disturbed Ken, but youngster ordnance just about sent him back to his music. This Ohio lad had the uncanny ability to find bigger and better reasons why he should "hit his sack." As a friend, Ken was tops; and as an officer, there will be none better.

Robert Alexander Hawkins

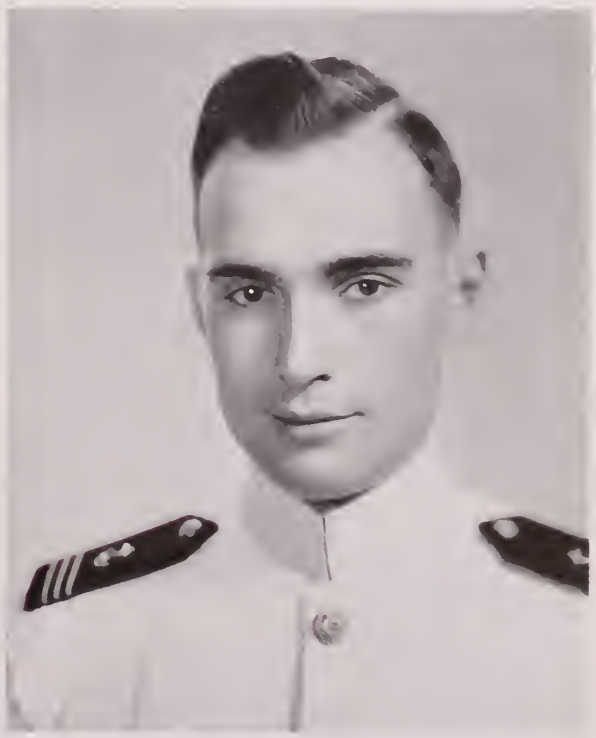
Belmont, Massachusetts

From the Dean's list at Harvard to stars at the Naval Academy, that was Bob. He persistently continued to amaze all with his ability to combine brilliance with a common sense logic that could not be beaten. Yet he was always one of the boys. In fact, he showed such fighting spirit when battling on the battalion football and crew teams that during first class year he was the logical and popular choice for a company representative. Bob's desire to lead an active life, coupled with his inherent ability to command, made him a probable "Tin-Can Sailor." The future, from midshipman's stripes to Admiral's gold, is Bob's.

Russell Herbert Helsel

Youngstown, Ohio

H—E—L, Hell; S—E—L, Sell; better known to his many close friends as "Hells Bells," Russ left a potential alma "mammy" in Ohio State University, packed his trumpet, and proceeded to show the way in swinging out on "Hail to the Fourth Batt." Russ took plebe year in easy stride—and then with "something new added" to his left sleeve, not even a black eye suffered as the result of a terrific encounter with the "wildcat" on board the good ketch *Turtle*, could stop the "Exec" from dragging. Loyal, happy, and stacked with all kinds of potential energy, Russ liked, at times, to assume the role of a leisure-loving gentleman.



Theodore John Hennes, Jr.

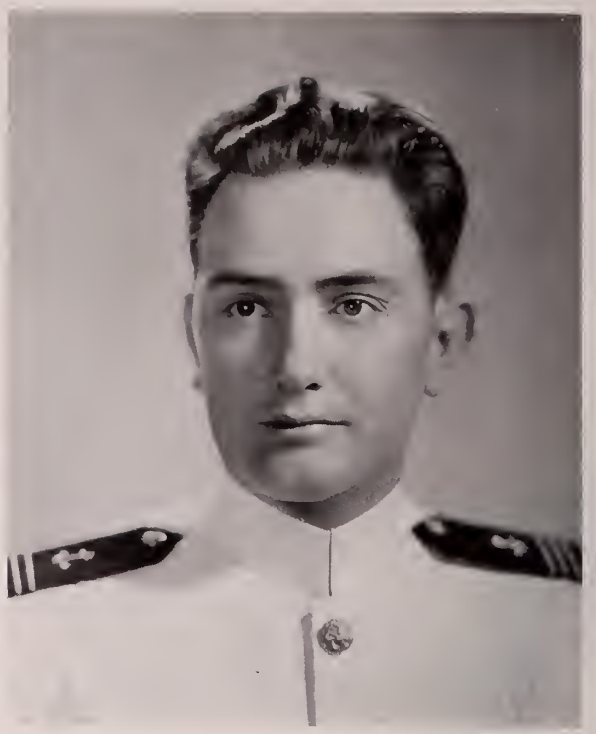
Detroit, Michigan

Ted had a genial and fun-loving personality hidden under that quiet and unassuming attitude. Long-legged, easy-going, and always smiling, he could be counted on for a joke when the conversation lulled. Though not a varsity athlete, Ted still found a good workout or a fast game of basketball a delightful pastime, with battalion lacrosse also entering into his activities. He was not, however, one who failed to recognize the virtues of a bunk. With only one close call in Academics, Ted, without undue trouble, reached that ultimate goal of entering the fleet as an officer, where he will undoubtedly do a fine job.

Adam Alexander Herron, Jr.

Lynnfield Centre, Massachusetts

Ed's strong and well-poised personality that he brought with him, soon rated him high in the esteem of his classmates and friends. His quiet confidence and an uncanny ability for always doing the right thing were valuable assets. Beneath his calm spirit lay a keen sense of humor. His speech was marked with admirable frankness. An all-around athlete, Ed's love for football was unending. His diversions were equally divided among dragging, sailing, and sleeping, but he was always willing to discuss the air corps. Air-minded, Ed had high hopes of Pensacola, and it is in the air that he will obtain his greatest success.



Horace Milton Hill

McNeal, Arizona

Horace gave up farming in Southern Arizona to carry out his ambition to graduate from the Naval Academy. Although he had never seen the ocean before, or a warship, "H.M." became a true lover of the Navy, and was always ready with any of the latest news about it. Though he had never tried his hand at athletics before, he soon learned to put his rugged 195-pound frame into good use in crew and football. Having his O.A.O. in nearby Washington, Horace enjoyed to the utmost every dragging weekend. "Always ready for a frolic or a fray," Horace hoped to do his fighting from the deck of a cruiser.

Russell Spotswood Hill

Danville, Virginia

Hailing from "beautiful Danville on the Dan," Rat picked up his nickname at V.M.I. and brought with him a Southern personality to Annapolis. He acknowledged that there were a few good yankees but their family background could always be traced to a Southern state. Rat was the best Monday morning quarter back in Bancroft Hall. Had not fate given him a physique resembling Ichabod Crane no doubt he would have been a letterman in four sports. Saturday afternoon he was usually horse-back riding, working out in the gym, or sometimes dragging. All in all Rodney really "got the word" and big things can be expected from this boy.

Thomas Keith Hill

Hallettsville, Texas

Hailing from "Deep In The Heart Of Texas," Keith plotted his own course into the Navy. After completing half an engineering course at Texas A. and M., he needed to recuperate, and Uncle Sam's pleasure resort in Annapolis was the place. Since then, however, "Blueberry" worked diligently as photographic editor of the *Log*, manager of the indoor rifle team, and Regimental Plans and Training Officer. Keith's natural knack of tackling any task and making it a job well done distinguished him immediately as excellent officer material. Keith's efficiency and high sense of duty combined with his tenacious love for the Navy will make him a valuable asset aboard any ship.

Harold Wade Hiller

Taylorville, Illinois

An infectious grin, a cheerful disposition, and an ever-readiness for a lark were only a few of the traits which made Ajax well liked amongst his classmates. Although most sailors are supposed to have a girl in every port, here was a fellow one might say had a girl in every state until the middle of his youngster year, when a certain Maryland lass quite capably subdued him. Never worried about studies he always managed to stand well up in his classes, and he invariably spent study hour in his bunk where Morpheus would often supersede studies. In whatever he undertakes this capable lad is bound to succeed.

Leonard Anderson Hoke, Jr.

Lebanon, Missouri

Len left the sports and social activities at Missouri University back in 1940 to tackle the rough and active life in the Navy. He brought from Lebanon a wide range of natural abilities. Basketball, football, softball, and the javelin were his high points; and in spite of a side injury, he was an able man on any team. The blond Missourian was a lover of semi-classical music as well as the latest dance pieces. He was always eager for hops, but steered clear of serious feminine entanglements. Len had his eyes fixed on a pair of wings, but wherever he goes, he will still be carrying the ball.

Ralph Kenneth Holter

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Vibrant chords resounding from the shower always announced that "Ajax" was getting ready for a big weekend. This rugged Viking never let the arduous academic routine worry him. His love of swimming and sleeping, his ear for fine music, and his eye for a fine drag were insurance against overwork. Ralph started out the hard way in plebe math, but as time passed, his marks grew steadily better. A fine swimmer and softball player, a lover of tennis, and an orchestra member, he entered enthusiastically into any undertaking. His combination of brains, level-headedness, and sense of humor insure the Service of another capable officer.

John Homer Hooper

Sanbornville, New Hampshire

His lusty "by the m-a-a-a-r-k three" on youngster cruise was indicative of the deep interest he had in all his undertakings. A great swing fan, "Jojo" never missed a hop, drag or stag, and was ever the perfect dancer. The University of New Hampshire lost a versatile hockey player, but the Academy gained a good softball player, an ardent golf fan, and a lover of all sports. After a slight tussel with the "Bull" Department plebe year, academics came easy, though he never did understand "Dago." "Just can't get interested" was his phrase. Wherever "our boy" goes there's sure to be good spirit and good fellowship.

Thomas Benton Howard

Annapolis, Maryland

"Live and let live" was Tom's key to life. Always easy-going and unassuming, Tommy took all the academic storms without once losing his equilibrium. His only vice was a collection of Count Basie discs. Tommy's athletic career consisted of a hard effort to reduce excess metabolism by daily workouts, battalion swimming, and the commando course. A noted "Red Mike," Tommy has kept women off his trouble list or has fooled his classmates completely. Annapolis being "home" to Tommy, he and his family made their hearthstone a place of hospitality to all his classmates. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, "Tommy Howard" and "well done" will be synonymous.

Robert Gronendyke Hutzel

Muncie, Indiana

Rob seldom had time for anything but his Boat Club activities. As Rear-Commodore, the organization of the Club's trips and activities kept him busy. But he always found time for his favorite pastime, snoozing. A Hoosier from the mecca of basketball, he found his way into the ranks of the plebe squad. However, the Boat Club soon took the place of the hardwood court. Bob was always calm and reserved, even under the hawk eyes of the Executive Department. Several times he cheated the axe of the Academic Departments, but he was ever confident. The fleet and especially its submarines will find Bob an enthusiastic officer.

Thomas William Ireland

Flint, Michigan

Three years of country-club existence in the Philippines in addition to eighteen years of wandering about the States, endowed this Army brat with a bubbling personality, a genius for "Bull," and a blanket philosophy providing him with a cheerful explanation for any typically Irelandic jam. Tom's facility for loving dozens of girls at once was exceeded only by his ability to keep his light from being hidden under a barrel. Whether it was on the soccer field, in the swimming pool, portraying the hero in a Masquerader production, or while writing for an Academy publication, the Kid occasionally managed to stand up to his lofty and widely expressed anticipations.

Robert Laurin Janes

Manhattan Beach, California

The fighting Marines of Long Beach lost a good leatherneck when "Janie" came East. But California gained another energetic representative for the "Land of Sunshine." Outside of a misunderstanding with "Bull" plebe year and a neck and neck race with Steam youngster year, he had little trouble mastering the course. Janie fired a revolver on watch one night during youngster year, and the ex-marine did some futile explaining. The Executive Department forgave him after twenty days. If you ever hear an officer loudly expounding on the glories of the Pacific Coast and talking oranges, grapefruit and sunshine, it will be Janie still pitching for the Navy and California.

Joe Cannon Jennings

Dawson, Georgia

Cannon is a pleasant little Georgia boy with a twinkle in his eye. His taste in music ran to Lawrence Tibbett, creating a constant source of concern to his boogie-woogie loving roommates. He was one of the happiest men in the Regiment, probably because any joke, even one on himself, amused him. When the crew shells were on the Severn, he was always there in a stern with his megaphone strapped to his face, and the tiller ropes in his hands. Hard study and natural savviness kept Cannon in the top third of the class. There could be nothing pleasanter than being shipmates with him again.

James William Judy

St. Louis, Missouri

Jim's rugged handsomeness we can best remember when we picture him silhouetted against the lesser members of the Chapel Choir, with his golden tenor happily awakening the Sunday morning sleepers. The Glee Club and an occasional composition may also be added to his musical versatility. However, Jim's talents were not confined to music. In varsity lacrosse, battalion football, tennis, and "you name it," his wide abilities proved a constant surprise. To the Regiment he will be remembered by his ever present smile and cherry greeting. To those of us who were lucky enough to know him well, his noble mixture of conscientiousness and love of fun will ever stand out.

Ralph Junior Kauffman

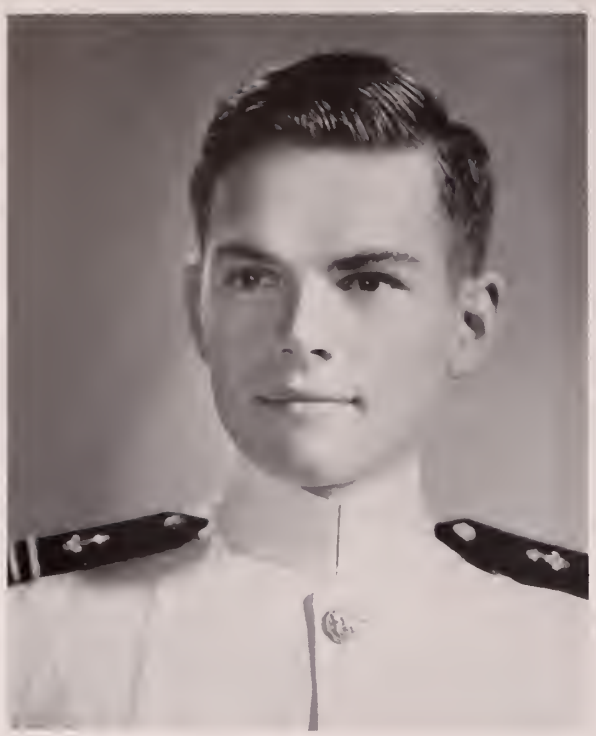
Urbana, Ohio

If one were interested in a five-minute lecture on the finer points of Mid-western women, or in a lesson on obtaining superior shoeshines, or simply in a colossal extravaganza of "shooting the bull," Ralph was definitely the man to see. But besides indulging in these dubiously valuable pastimes, Ralph also tried his hand at plebe baseball and at pitching his company softball team to victory. He could always be depended on for a tennis match, touch football game, fourth at bridge, or help on an exasperating "Skinny" problem. Dependable and versatile—that was Ralph. He is sure to be just as reliable and helpful when he joins the Fleet.

Robert Maurice Keller

Wichita, Kansas

Wichita University lost a connoisseur of food and a good track man when Bob joined the Navy. Plebe year found him collecting photographic equipment, and by youngster year the Academy had a top-notch photographer. First class year somebody from Wichita arrived in Crabtown, and neither fog, mist, falling snow, nor heavy rainstorms could keep Bob from going ashore. Between liberty call he maintained his position as president of the "Photo" Club and Photographic Editor of the *Trident*. Bob's ready smile and quick wit won him many friends, and many realized too late that his quick wit also won him other things. Bob always bet on a sure thing.



Donald Hume Kelton

Kansas City, Missouri

Don found his vocation on the waters of the Severn, at first in the cutters and knockabouts, then in the cockle-shell dinghies, the yawls and the yachts. From the tiny "dink" to the lofty *Freedom*, all felt the surge of blue water beneath his hand. In the afternoon one could find him in the fencing loft slashing away at a dummy or trying to thrust his saber through an unhappy foe. Opponents at bridge knew well the infallible (?) "Kelton System" that rivaled Blackwood. Give Don a tall ship; a sharp cutlass and a seat in the steerage and his heart will be full. *Bonne chance, beau sabreur!*

Samuel Knox Kreutzer, Jr.

Savannah, Georgia

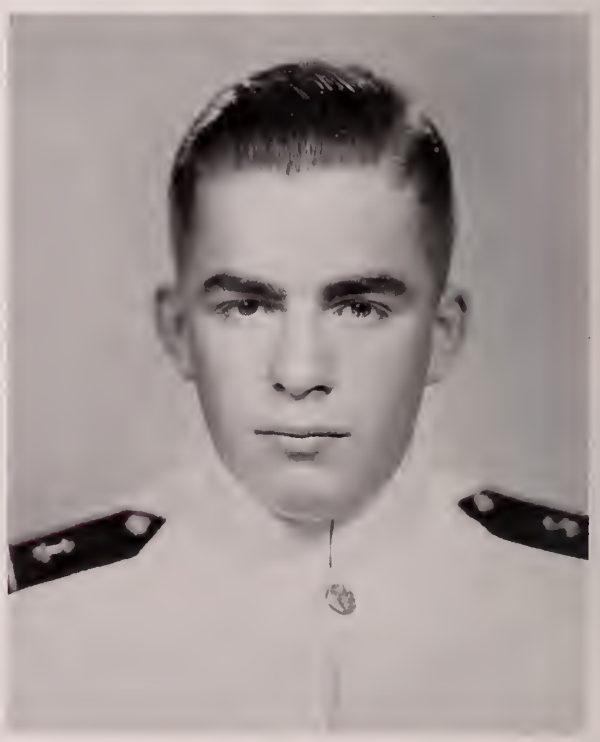
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

To a rebel, he was from Savannah; to a yankee, from Milwaukee. That was Knox, the natural-born "Gravy-train" divining-rod. He was the nerve center of the "Unholy Sextet" (not a singing society), but no matter how strenuous the Saturdays with the "Sextet", his solos in Chapel the next morning were always magnificent. In his perpetual struggle with the Executive Department, he ended up low man on the totem pole. Knox probably knew more of his classmates by first name than any of '44. There were few who did not find him a fine friend, an excellent companion, and a never ending source of amusement and hilarity.

Charles Edward Lasswell

Dallas, Texas

"Lass" was always willing to do his part and always willing to share his frequent boxes of chow from home with everybody on the deck. In his three years at the Academy, Charlie never could stand the thought of wasting time. If he wasn't on the baseball diamond, he was on the golf course, working out, or on his bunk. (Sleep to him, however, was not a waste of time.) Though he rarely talked of his women, the letters received daily indicated that there were lady friends at home. Charlie's ability to analyze problems and quickly make a sensible decision should make his Navy career a success.



William Francis Leahy

Narberth, Pennsylvania

Rugged, handsome, and down-to-earth described Bill. This curly-headed Irishman was as solid a friend as ever marched with the "sand blowers." Now and then William rocked under the blows of the Academic Departments. But his lion's share of common sense always pulled him through, and his boisterous humor encouraged those struggling with him. Bill was meant to be a football player. This chunky quarterback knew his game and played it hard. He also displayed his courageous spirit on the baseball diamond. His curves were especially vicious against a Hoya batter. If battles are won on playing fields, count on hard-playing, quick-thinking, and level headed Bill Leahy.

Werner Lendenmann, Jr.

Harrison, New York

Lindy will be welcomed into the fleet, not only as an excellent officer, but also as a bartender extraordinary. Troubles, academic or feminine were unknown to this fellow. His inspirations must have come from that brunette in Westchester County whose letter could be found on his desk each morning. From the size of his chest one could tell that he was an excellent swimmer, that is, when Henry Ortland could get him in condition. His ability, the brace which looked forced but actually was natural, his impeccable neatness, and his exacting demands of the underclassmen were rewarded by the three stripes which flashed on his sleeves.

Ben Bernard Levitt

Miami, Florida

"How cold does it get in Maryland, Mister?" Ask "Buck," for this tall, bronzed, sunbaked native of Florida can become very effusive on the subject. The carefree spirit and gay laughter of Southern life has definitely accounted for his popularity. In the springtime Buck could be seen faithfully laboring over an oar somewhere on the Severn; during the rest of the year he conscientiously attempted to remain off the radiator squad. Always ready for the weekends, Buck's popularity certainly extended to his classmates' drags. An enjoyable companion, a good student, Buck is bound to find success in his desired field—"lighter-than-aircraft."

Edward Austin Livingstone

Gardner, Massachusetts

Born and reared in the old Massachusetts town of Gardner, Doc Livingston was a true yankee, which meant he was a lover of skiing, skating and sailing. He was never a drinker, but what was worse, pestered his wives by smoking foul pipes. As a plebe and youngster Doc boxed, but as time passed he concentrated more on enjoying himself, and first class year found him playing golf and bridge. Of course some time did go for studying. Behind his heavy beard and beneath his sparse hair there lay a multitude of qualities which always insured obedience and loyalty from subordinates and respect from others. Good luck, Doc!

Harry Howard Loeffler, Jr.

Jefferson City, Missouri

Most Missourians say "show me," but Hal said "I'll find out." He started the ball rolling with a swell game of basketball, kept up with tennis, headed the Trident Society as a first-classman and was always way out in front of the Academic Departments. One would never suspect he was a crack sailor, for he often returned with more than his feet wet. On the debit side, chalk up his preference for the Flying Squadron and his weaknesses for rural rhythm and liquid stockings. But these temporal evils were more than balanced by his keen sense of duty and the will to lead his men as a true officer.

William Jack MacGowen

Long Island, New York

Whether it was the sailboats on the Severn or the chapel in the morning sunrise, if it was a good shot, Mac took it. He spent three years at the Academy doing outstanding photographic work for the *Trident*. Mac was not the dashing, swashbuckling officer—more the quiet, reserved type, who could be counted on when a job was to be done. The women liked his reserved gentlemanliness, apparently, because he did exceedingly well for himself. Undoubtedly New York's home town training and his man-of-the-world attitude were of help. Above all, Mac's loyalty will make him indispensable as an officer, as a man, and as a friend.

Alan Robert MacLeod, Jr.

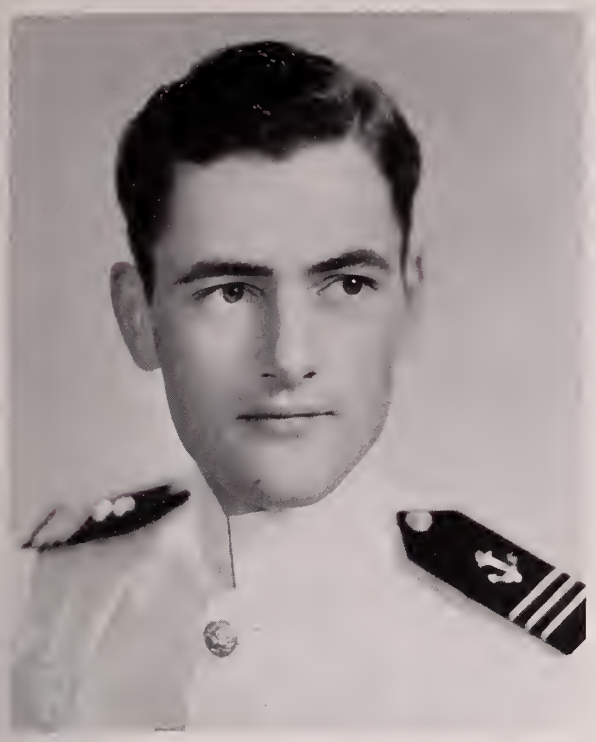
Altadena, California

Equanimity and sociability were the words for Mac. Two years in the fleet tempered his good humor and put a foundation of sea-dust in his ears. Cranking in spots on the "Ole Miss" must have been the reason for his starring in Ordnance. Mac never forgot his first love, and that does not mean California. The Sunshine State had no need for a chamber of commerce, for when he was around, its virtues received much acclaim. His past predilection for rifle handling seemed to mark him for the Marines, but his outstanding ambition at present is the "tin-can" Navy. So "anchors-aweigh," buddy, and keep your eye on that metacenter!

Robert Bruce Madsen

Minneapolis, Minnesota

"NAVY OFFERS CHANCES FOR ADVANCEMENT!" And passing a Minneapolis post office one day, a young bricklayer saw the sign. Next year, he entered the Academy, and, although he dragged often, he never again saw a brick. "Big Bob" brought to Navy an expansive grin and plenty of Scandinavian ambition. Robert showed aptitude for study, sailing, and philosophizing. He could harmonize in a quartet and hold his own in the "bull sessions." When Bob concentrated on something new, he really mastered it and looked on for new fields to conquer. Minnesota gave this lad to Navy, and Uncle Sam will never be able to pay her back. Smooth sailin', Bob.



Mack C. Maison

Salem, Oregon

The Mais did some things well, others not so well. His proficiencies were golf, and bunk drill; his ability was limited in fathoming the Executive and Academic Departments. Yet the most salient indication of a man's success is his ability to inspire confidence in superiors and subordinates. This ability, with his sincerity, will make Mack a real officer. The Army and the women of Oregon bade farewell when Mack left the blue Pacific for the Severn, but a strange attraction always seemed to recall him. Rarely could he walk through the gate when beating the leave deadline. Sometime, someplace we'll meet again, and have another champagne party.

Arthur Major

South Bend, Indiana

When Art came to the Naval Academy after two years at Purdue, he was one of those fellows who couldn't see the words on the blackboard, and by the end of youngster year, couldn't even see the blackboard. If "to have loved and lost is better than never to have loved at all" is a criterion of happiness, there was a reason behind Art's constant smile. His spare time was split between the fencing loft, running the Sound Gang (remember those afternoon informals in Smoke Hall), building a gas-powered model flying boat, and excelling at the hops. The artillery may have lost a good man, but the Navy gained one.

James Cameron Mason

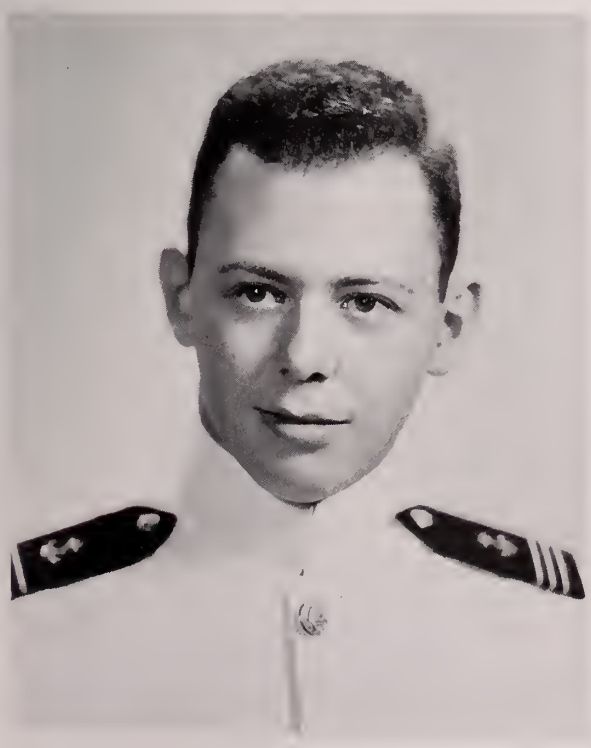
Trinidad, Colorado

When "J.C." headed for the Academy, the fate of approximately two thousand plebes who were destined to cross his path was sealed. Mace was so cold-blooded that he never slept under less than two blankets on even the hottest summer nights. To his many friends, however, he was known for his warmth and sincerity. "J.C." was a busy man at the Academy. Either *Reef Points*, the Press Detail, or some other organization was continually soliciting his services. He not only worked hard, but his work was consistently excellent, an attribute that certainly will stand him in good stead and assure him of an outstanding naval career.

Robert Edward McCloskey

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Skull" was not the most handsome man in the Regiment, nor its best athlete, nor its ablest scholar. But in this big, happy-go-lucky Philadelphian there was fight and spirit. His loud cheers always rang out with encouragement for "his boys." A football participant himself and, after injuries, an ardent follower of the game, Bob stuck to athletics better than academics. But with determination, he waded through all comers. Little concerned with dragging, he could usually be found playing a game of basketball during off hours. The qualities he has shown and the friends he has made during his three years of study insure Bob of success in the Fleet.



Lynde Dupuy McCormick, Jr.

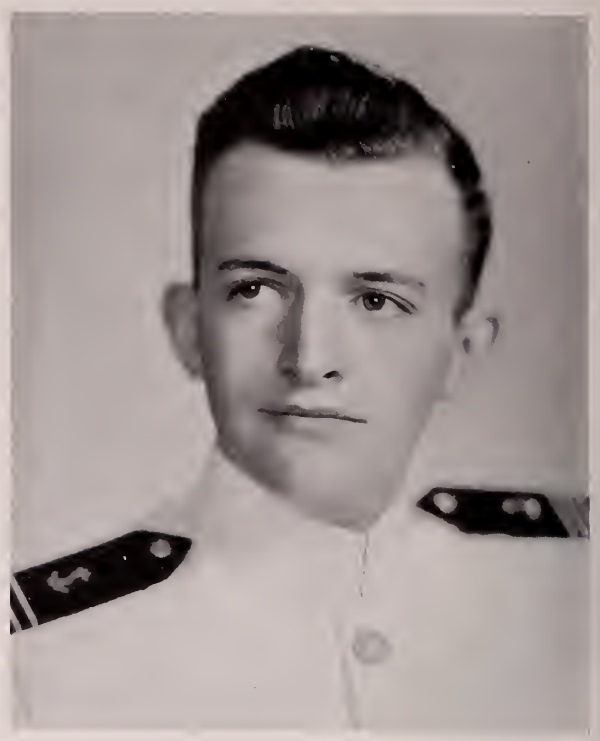
San Diego, California

Mac was a one-woman man—periodically. The senior member of '44's "liberty hounds," he was always the first out—and the last in. But the fair sex was not the only interest Dupy had in life. Our "big bronze giant" demonstrated his athletic prowess in plebe tennis and boxing, as well as in many other battalion sports. He further proved his versatility by serving three years in the choir. Nor was this the limit of Dupe's musical talents; whenever one found a songfest, Mac and his squeezebox were sure to be in the heart of it. He had only one great fault which was difficult to ignore—his naval ancestry.

John Bowne McElroy

Westfield, New Jersey

Mac's philosophy of life was as novel as it was unaffected. His thesis was "Sleep o'nights, sail o'day"; and he stuck to that routine. Strangely enough his marks never suffered. A high-ranking scholar, Mac was well able to treat Tecumseh with amused tolerance. Mac the sailor was also Mac the thinker, Mac the engineer. He was happy solving a puzzle or sanding a ship model, and this ex-Stevens Tech man knew his slip-stick backwards. His only phobias were "Dago" and "Bull"; his special likes, the smaller things in life. Rosy-cheeked, level-headed, quietly humorous, Mac was well equipped to follow his brother in the Fleet.



John Lucius McGehee, Jr.

Memphis, Tennessee

A gentleman of the old South is the best phrase that describes Luc. He had all the characteristics. Easy-going, affable, and good looking with a fine sense of humor, he would have fitted well in that era when the South was in its prime, when plantations and mint juleps were the vogue. Always ready to drag, Luc showed excellent taste. He rarely missed a hop. Golf was his main sport, tennis and squash his minor sports. Academics were a minor problem, but one that was not neglected. All these qualities add up to make a swell fellow and one who will go far in the fleet.

Richard Kendall McKibben

Los Angeles, California

Mac's panacea for the world was more Californias and more men from California, and it was best not to argue with him. When not acting as a chamber of commerce, he spent his spare time rowing. This took up his afternoons and weekends, so the girls never had a chance. Mac did not care though; he was one of those rare men able to do without the fairer sex. However, he admitted he may change. Having spent most his life with boats, the practical side of the Academy offered no trouble. "Books are for the savvy, action for the men"—that was the way Mac summed it up.

Warren Jay McNamara

HEWLETT, L. I., NEW YORK

Not so long ago, an Irishman named McNamara entered the Academy. Belying the reputation of the renowned temper which Irish blood possesses, Mac was the easiest man in the world to live with. He was brimming over with a lively personality, and one soon found Mac had a grand sense of humor. In fact, it often overcame him. Mac made a name for himself in baseball. He was one of the best shortstops in the game and his last year was captain of the team. The ability to think and act quickly that Mac developed on the diamond will be a valuable asset in the Fleet.

Gordon Donald McPherson

HOWELL, MICHIGAN

"Now, the way we did it in the Pershing Rifles . . . " and that tall, lanky, red-headed Scot from the highlands of Michigan was about to offer some constructive criticism on last Wednesday's P-rade. Mac, whose motto was, "If it's chow, it's good," starved more plebes than any other man in the Regiment. During recreation hours he would be found racing his starboat or exercising his six-foot-two frame in the fencing loft. Spare time was spent reading the world's better literature, listening to his collection of solid jive, or joining a chorus of "The Last Carouse." Here's to you, laddie; may your "Last Carouse" be a merry one.

William Jefferson McVey

LAMBERT, MISSISSIPPI

Jeff was a warm blooded son of Dixie—keen and alert. Except for his Mississippi drawl one might have thought him an energetic New Englander—God forbid! He will do well in his career, for he was not one to become discouraged easily. In Jeff was apparent the indomitable fighting spirit that has always been the pride of Southern fighting men—the spirit that overcomes heavy odds. Jeff will live the way he played football—hard and fast, enjoying to the utmost the exhilaration of combat. Yet, as became a Southerner, Jeff could relax, chat with the boys, and have a jolly time. But don't step on his toes.

Charles William Meshier

TECUMSEH, NEBRASKA

Charlie left the wide open plains of Nebraska for the expanse of the sea. At the Academy he spent his time punching the bag in the gym or reading *Esquire* in his bunk. When Charlie ever did his studies was one of the Academy's great mysteries. He was versatile enough to be a "best" squash player and still captain the chess team. He expanded his athletic horizon first class year by sparking the company boxing team and by trying his hand at varsity swimming. Although he seldom dragged, he had an eye for beauty. Charlie enjoyed his years at the Academy, but looked forward to sea service.

Donald Bush Millar

Holt, Alabama

"Hey, 'D.B.,' where ya' goin'?" "To the gym, of course." Every afternoon all year 'round, Don got his workout sparring in the ring, punching the bag, and skipping rope. A good plebe boxer, he would have made the varsity but for the abolishment of the sport. After that he concentrated on improving himself and coaching others. Although Don was never much of a snake one would guess he had a sweet Alabama Miss hidden away somewhere. Don was a very conscientious student. His everyday practical knowledge of machinery and its operation gave him the reach on many of his classmates. Wherever the duty, whatever the ship, Don will make good.

Joseph Anthony Morgan

Norwood, Pennsylvania

When the "Padre" was happy he sang; and he sang most of the time. Joe was from Pennsylvania, and had made bets on Navy in the Army–Navy game every year since he was in knee-pants. No mean opponent in a "bull session," Joe was hard to convince when he thought he was right. Most of his spare time he spent either swimming or swinging a sabre in the fencing loft. The Padre's idea on how to get things done was to work hard and keep plugging. When the skipper wants a tough job done, he can safely turn in after calling for the "Padre" to take over.

Earle Augustine Nason, Jr.

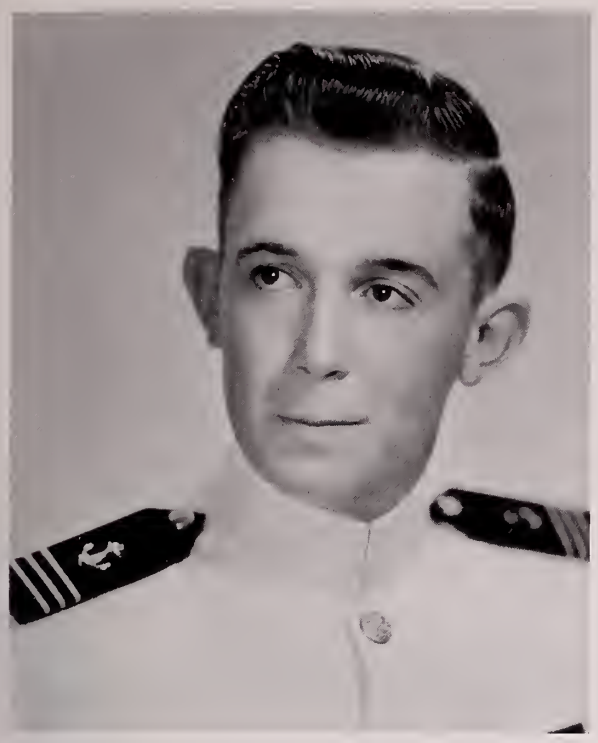
Cranston, Rhode Island

Growing up in a New England environment, Earle had his mind set on becoming a doctor until he decided, after spending one year at Brown University, to enter the Naval Academy. His life, like that of his classmates, took a nautical turn. While learning the ways of the high seas, Earle found time to play plebe tennis, read consistently, keep up on the classical recordings, and handle two stripes. In the Masqueraders he won fame as the able portrayer of many an amorous role. With a far-reaching desire for knowledge and a naturally inquisitive mind, added to a pleasant personality, Earle will certainly excel as a naval officer.

Albert Michael Neumann

Queens, New York

From Long Island, Lover Al brought to the Academy, a rich sense of humor, a sleepy appearance, and a "full-dress" physique. Solid determination and much natural ability made him into a potential soccer and tennis star. A cheerful smile and a willingness to lend a hand established him high on the permanent friendship list. His most noteworthy accomplishment was sleeping with wide-open eyes, a habit which we suspect he perfected with the dual purpose of confusing the Academic Departments and scaring his classmates. He leaves with us the recollection of a zipperless wallet and a wish that someday he will find his "battleship in a bottle."



James Thomas Nicholson, Jr.

Washington, D. C.

Old "J. T." saw *Navy Blue and Gold*; he there saw his future; and he wound up the combination of a cigared executive and an old salt. An actor born, his work and humor not only kept the Masqueraders on its feet, but holding its sides. Secretary-Treasurer of the Trident Society, Director of Masqueraders, he secured athletics for his prime love: the stage. A semi-sophisticated Midwestern hick, he came East trusting that a "she" would wait. By first class year he knew that "Women are an evil." Ever ready for "frolic or fray," he loved the service, and he dreamt dreams that will make him a fighter.

Lindley Murray Osborne

Marianna, Arkansas

Bilged again, that was "Lil Oz's" by-word. He prepared well for all of his classes, but he inevitably drew the wrong slip. Here, as anywhere he may be, "Ozzie" was "one of the boys," working at softball, golf, football, and sailing. He spent his spare time in "bull sessions" and the enjoyment of good music. "Oz" hailed from Ozark county; and, contrary to the common belief, he knew how to wear shoes at the age of five months. He will take to the Fleet a friendly disposition and an eagerness to fight. Murray hopes to follow in the steps of his heroes; Jones, Dewey, King and Popeye.

Robert Edward Osth

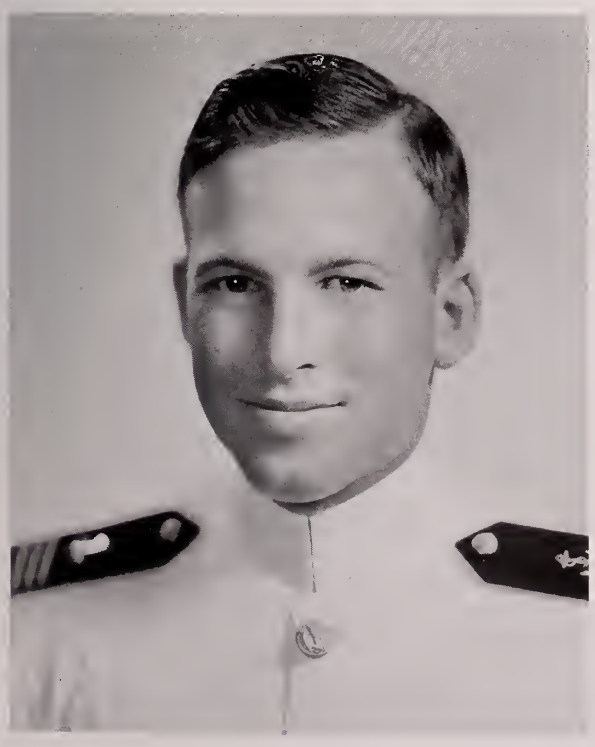
Chicago, Illinois

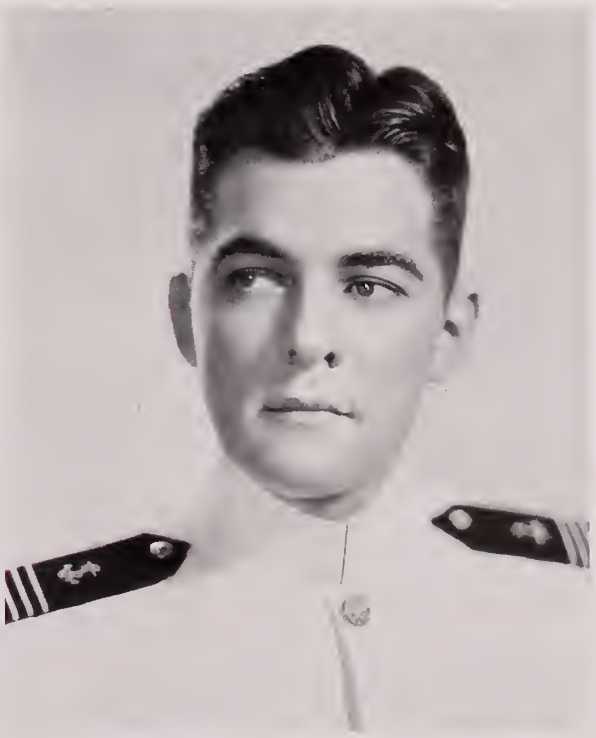
Tearing himself from the arms of his numerous feminine acquaintances, Bob made his appearance at the Naval Academy to leave his mark here as a "Social Lion" of phenomenal ability. A master of Old World manners and intrigue, his slightest disparaging whim has driven women by the score to enter the cold, draughty, and desolate portals of voluntary retirement. The Executive Department's numerous encounters with Bob can best be compared to the futile efforts of an angry Nor'easter violently casting itself upon the indomitable rock-bound coast of Maine. He has remained serene, sedate, and collected at times when normal men would have given vent to primitive emotions.

Robert F. Oulton

Danvers, Massachusetts

By these words did he gain fame: "This is hot dope, straight from the file clerk." Being in on the Navy's doings was always one of Bob's most enviable abilities. At anytime of day his basso profundo voice might be heard booming forth with, "I am the Monarch of the Sea," and on Sunday he would give his all for the choir. Although a yankee from start to finish, he still had a weakness for an attractive rebel girl. His other loves were Strauss waltzes, golf, radio programs, and Atlas exercises. Always generous and a good leader, he is a worthy gift from Massachusetts to the Navy.





Arthur Ernest Patch

At Large

"Have you ever heard Pete go BRFXXTCH! on his picolo? No? Well . . . " Patch, A.E., was taking a shower. This chubby Navy junior (born, only incidentally, in California) saw much of the world. He knew Hawaii, the Philippines, China, Japan, and most of Europe—and he also raised honeybees in Pearl Harbor. Banes of his existence: "Dago," affected broad "A's," and ungrammatical persons who insisted that tomorrow "is" Tuesday, instead of "will be." His joys were in numberless letters he received daily, star-boat races, dragging (one would never have suspected it), and ways of being efficient. His crimes: often belittlin'; usually "noising" in the shower; always winning arguments. But we liked him.

Urey Woodworth Patrick, Jr.

Clinton, Kentucky

Never particularly worried about academics, Pat found ample time to think up ways to beat his favorite card game, solitaire. His athletic love was basketball, at which he starred plebe and youngster years becoming captain first class year. Hardly a day went by, winter and summer, that he did not play either in varsity or impromptu competition in the gym. Pat did his share of dragging and when not so occupied, spent the weekend seeing anywhere from one to three movies. Being naturally cheerful, modest, good-natured, and ever willing to do more than his part, he was always a welcome addition to the crowd, no matter what the occasion.

Nathan Hugh Patterson

Woodward, Oklahoma

One of the worst problems of living with Pat was that of keeping his Oklahoma ancestry in the background. It was particularly trying when he stayed with an ardent Texan one winter. Pat was good natured, so much so that he used to work on the ketches all winter. He certainly was being awfully easy—that is until dragging trips started. He also belonged to the Italian Club and choir—they took some wonderful liberties on those out-of-town broadcasts! Because of his physical infirmities he was called "the man on the transparent horse." Pat seemed to have a capacity for being liked; that will be his always.

William Albert Patterson

White Bear Lake, Minnesota

From the blustering Northland came Pat, and, true to his environment, he took the Academy by storm. Rough, rugged, and brainy, he "put out the max" on the gridiron and in the classroom. A stalwart back on the "B" squad, he participated for the enjoyment of the game. Carrying his forcefulness and initiative into the classroom, Bill threw the arduous academic routine for a loss by starring plebe and youngster years. Again showing unusual qualities, he put up a winning fight with the Executive Department, coming through with a 4.0 in conduct his plebe year and a 3.99 youngster year. Destined to star, Pat will always be on top.

Jack Richard Peat

Webster Groves, Missouri

Jack came to Annapolis from the smoke of St. Louis. He made the best of roommates, for he was never home. Every evening saw him dashing from last class to the golf course. In his last year Jack found a new love in the First Battalion. Fondly he caressed; bitterly he cursed. But by his efforts an order came out of the chaos. Yet, everyday the four-striper somehow managed a letter to the one in St. Louis. This tall and swarthy lad had a love for Goodman, and his desk groaned under the weight of the jive discs. Ego supreme with a view for personal faults—he'll make it.

John Edward Perry

Rocky Mount, North Carolina

A loyal Tarheel and a typical Southerner, John left his college days behind for a new life on the Severn. Though he often thought of his carefree days of hunting and fishing in the Carolina lowlands, he soon became just one of the boys. Besides being an ardent lacrosseman and habitual gym visitor, he found ample time for weekend recreation in Crabtown. Not exactly a wolf, although he won the nickname "Lobo," he managed to make all the rounds, and here his slow, easy-going manner and unique humor won him many friends. With that straight-forward, honest manner there is no doubt that John will be a credit to the Academy and the Service.

John Edward Peterson

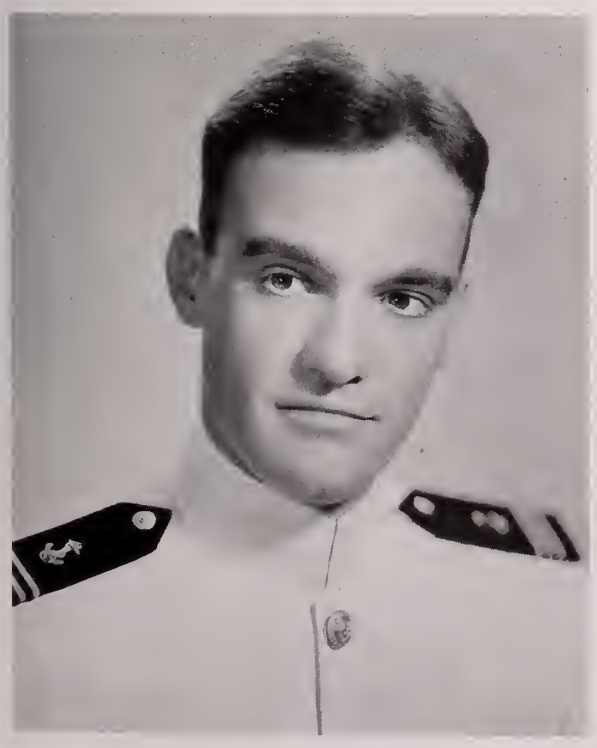
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

"Pete" arrived at the Academy with his sailor's hat cocked jauntily on the side of his head. He came from a destroyer's engine room to wind up on the fourth deck of the U. S. S. Bancroft Hall. He spent plebe year in tears of regret, but the salty spray of youngster year revived him, and prepared him for his striper career. His aptitude for academics was only exceeded by his ability to create complications with the fair sex. Beneath his shell of silent strength lies a heart of thistle-down, and a ready humor. With Pete at the "conn" the skipper can safely turn in for a good night's sleep.

Willard Averell Pollard III

Washington, D. C.

Rather agnostic in his tendencies, Bill has displayed a general apathy toward things which have received the attention of the world's generations. Yet behind this stoic exterior there lurks an astounding intellect. Seldom was a subject discussed that he did not explain its most trying intricacies. Many were the times that this mental giant proved he was right on some abstract point to the professor's chagrin. But do not be deceived by his languid eye or delicate appearance. For with the ability of a true cosmopolite and naval officer, he will acquit himself with extraordinary dexterity in the most gruelling sport or the rowdiest carousal.



Leland Eugene Preston

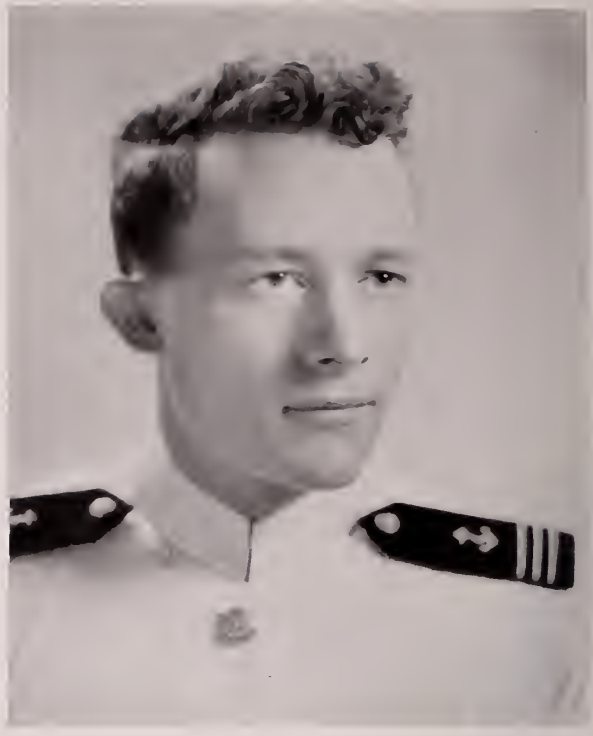
Wayne, Nebraska

From the waving fields of Nebraska to the waves of the deep sea is a long step, but Lee took it in his stride. Unperturbed by regulations, he always found time to master his academics, with enough left over for company baseball and outdoor rifle, not to mention frequent excursions into Crabtown. None of us found the going too easy, but few could boast of the grit to dig in and put up as good a fight as Lee. So he was, working, playing, putting his best into every job he met; and so he went to the Fleet, a good leader and a good friend.

Warren Howard Raber

Norfolk, Virginia

"Ducky" will be remembered by a few as "that big quiet guy"; by others as "that conscientious, steady fellow who was always able to get things done"; and by still others, as "that dammed Fourth Battalion tackle." But those who really knew him will always see him as the old familiar friend who would pick up the "sack" when it was dropped in his lap by a classmate and finish the job dependably without thinking out loud. Outside of the women whom he was constantly fighting off (except of course the O.A.O. who traditionally played hard-to-get), he had few entangling alliances save with the Navy.



William Vincent Rafferty, Jr.

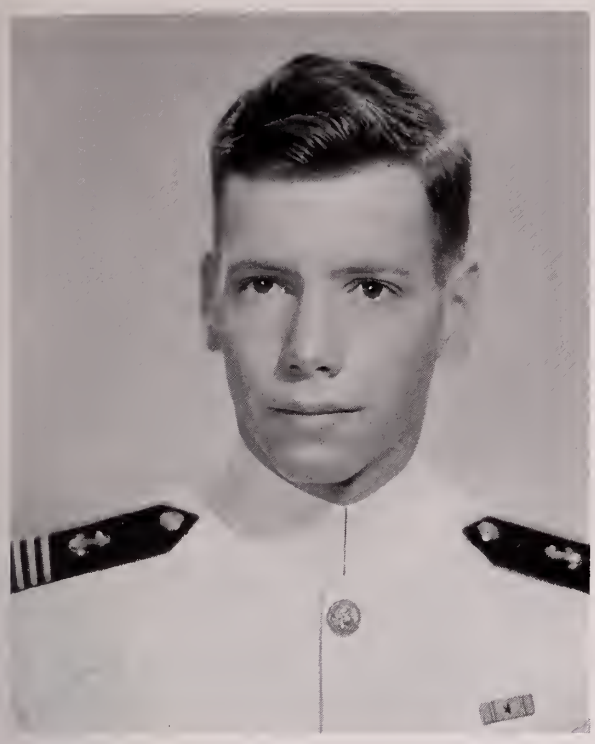
East Orange, New Jersey

Never can it be said that Bill Rafferty wasted a spare moment during his three years at the Academy. A glance at some of his achievements will prove that he was red-blooded, in addition to being red-headed and a confirmed "Red Mike." An outstanding member of the track and gym teams, he practiced diligently his rope climbing and pole vaulting with one thought in mind: to crack the existing record. He excelled in academics even though diverted by his many extra-curricular activities. Painting, etching and photography helped make his Academy life complete. As a well-rounded officer, Bill will be a welcome shipmate.

Wayne Pickering Ramay

McAlester, Oklahoma

While most were going through plebe summer, Wayne stayed back in Oklahoma playing polo and enjoying himself. By the time first class year came, he had finally gotten used to his new life. He always believed in study during study hours, but the rest of his time was occupied with the tennis courts or golf and cross country courses. Wayne had but two objections to the Academy. One was that taps came too early; he hated to waste time sleeping. The other was that the girls in Oklahoma were too far away. Wayne, who intentionally displeased or offended no one, was a friend of all hands.



Robert Richard Randolph

Paducah, Kentucky

The smell of midnight oil or the thud of an overworked punching bag will remind classmates of Randy. Boxing, a tennis managership, and numerous clubs occupied his time plebe year; boxing and sailing remaining his favorites. "The book is wrong" was a familiar cry to his roommates; however, this firm conviction was not reflected in his standing. His mechanical knowledge gained in the fleet greatly aided his friends during dark days of youngster Steam. Salty hats were his trademark and underclassmen will remember his insistance on a regulation neckerchief. Kentucky rearing produced that "corny" taste in music, but sterner music of barking guns will be his choice.

Tom F. Reddington

New York, New York

With a background of two years at Fordham and a broad, carefree outlook on life, Tom entered the Academy well primed to weather the rough seas. Tom could not be accused of having been a member of the radiator squad. To the contrary, there were times when his den resembled the athletic storeroom. Tom brought with him a fine sense of humor, one which enabled him to laugh heartily when he was the object of a joke. He was not the one to worry about his troubles. He simply applied himself until his difficulties were surmounted. He will make an officer for which the Navy will have good use.

Henry V.-M. Richardson

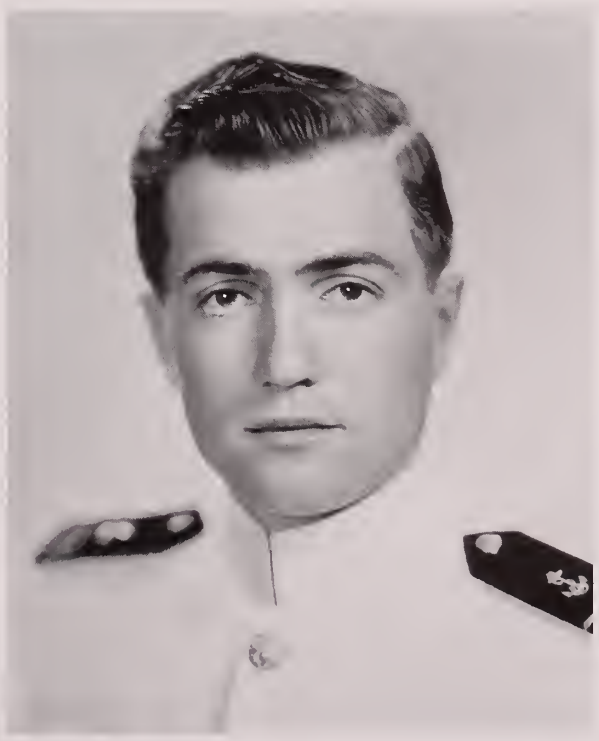
Church Hill, Tennessee

Imperturbable, with unruffled equanimity and calm, Skip has devoted himself to the epicurean enjoyment of everything in life worthy of appreciation. He never found it necessary to make concessions to the Executive or Academic Departments while searching for tranquillity of mind and independence of thought. When his chance comes, the World will realize that another Nelson is in action, for those contravening him have invariably bowed to the cold clarity of his logic and the indomitable courage of his spirit. A born aristocrat, Skip has proved himself possessor of those qualities of dignity, broadmindedness and graciousness envied by so many people, but attainable by so few.

Raymond Eugene Richey

Bloomington, Indiana

The quick step from Hoosierdom to the Navy in June, 1940, left Rich a bit confused and bewildered; but it was not long until he was in the full swing of Academy life. His ready smile and cheerful greeting gained him many friends, in the service and out. For activities, he chose wrestling and *Log* work. In these as in everything else in which he participated, his determination and persistence carried him through successfully. Easy-going until something had to be done, it was in the tight spots that Gene's spirit and efficiency were best shown. He thought, acted, and got results. What more can be asked of an officer?



David Martin Roney, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Beware the man who gets Dave riled. This Pennsylvania husky could change more rapidly than tropical weather. With women he was as slick as they come, but alas! for the poor plebes who got in his way. On youngster leave he took advantage of his new stripe to pick up a new O. A. O. From then on his weekends were settled and his afternoons were spent in letter writing. When you see a four piper tied up in some Atlantic port, stop and take a look for Dave. He'll be there with a couple of stripes on his sleeve, if he has his way

Héctor José Rosso

Manati, Puerto Rico

Have you ever heard of Puerto Rico? Don't worry then—no one else has yet. Anyway, that was Hector's impression when he first set foot in Bancroft Hall. Determined to make his name known for his island's sake, he tried football. But he soon found himself roughing the "Bull" Department instead of the tackling dummies. However, he accepted the professor's challenge and soon was giving his all to overcome this "triple threat." To cool off from the struggle, Hector took to the water-battalion crew. This helped, and soon he won a resounding victory over the "Bull" profs. Ambition: that of placing Puerto Rico among the contributors to victory.

Thomas William Saltmarsh, Jr.

Pensacola, Florida

Versatile was the word for Salty. Never one to confine his activities, Salty showed his hand primarily in intramural sports. The battalion and company pistol, cross country, rifle, sailing, and softball teams all enjoyed his enthusiastic participation. Salty will be remembered as a member of the *Trident* Staff, and an efficient Company Representative. Salty's greatest joy was sailing; and, as Captain of the star team, most any afternoon during the season he could have been seen speeding around the Bay in the *Green Hornet*. As befits his environment, Salty's goal was aviation. But it is hard to fancy this salty son of the sea sprouting wings.

Cornelius Scheffer

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

From the Sunshine State this blond Dutchman, after forsaking the landscape business, traveled eastward to live, to learn, and to love. He lived, though he often thought it was pure existence; he learned, without too much studying; he loved—'nuff said. When Corky was not talking the Marine Corps, or sinking baskets in the gym, he forgot his troubles in "Bull" and "Dago" to help his wife with an intricate math problem. Saturday nights he was sure to be dragging; Corky never missed a hop! His ability to make fast friends and his efficacy in all that he undertakes, will put Corky at the top of life's ladder.

Frank G. Schettino

East Orange, New Jersey

Hey "Skits"! When that call resounded in the hall with no answer, one could be sure Frank was holding bunk drill! Nevertheless, it did not take much urging to send him off to the diamond or gridiron where he persistently starred. In the field of academics Frank always made short work of Steam, Seamo, or Juice; the little gold stars on his full dress collar testifying to his ability. Always the picture of tranquillity, he always managed to come out on top. Frank, as a classmate left nothing to be desired. As an officer he is certain to be a real asset to the fleet.

Edwin Dante Scorza

New York, New York

With a year at Fordham behind him, Ed came to the Academy well equipped to cope with the notorious Academic Departments. Never a radiator squadman, "Zorky" was active in many fields. In athletics, sailing, swimming, and squash held his attention. During the off seasons, one would usually find him presiding over the Italian Club, playing a good game of bridge, or working with the Stage Gang. A confirmed "snake," Ed rarely missed a hop, especially when he was dragging from New York. The attributes of a good nature, a sense of humor, and a willingness to lend a helping hand to others insure him a successful future in the Navy.

Richard Earl Seacord

Livingston, New Jersey

With one eye on the regulation book and a twinkle in the other, Dick came through a star man, troubled only with the trials that beset a battalion adjutant. Blessed with red hair, possessing great personal charm and a glowing disposition, his classmates knew him by his peppy gait and cherry "Happy Day!" Dancing was his hobby, but fencing was his first love. By sharpening his skill during daily workouts in the loft he won the captaincy of his team. Always deeply serious in matters of importance, he had the knack of making every moment count. With the Navy in his heart, this lad is eager for the fight.

Jack Edwin Shields

Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania

That salty swinging walk was the result of three years preparing to ride the bucking plates of one of the Navy's undersea craft. Jake was well-trained for conservation of a submarine's limited air supply by non-exertion, but still every winter and spring saw him at work on the battalion basketball and softball teams. If it had not been for exam weeks and German he might even have starred. When Jack was doing something he liked, it was done well, and that is the way it will be done in the Fleet. He will be there, be it a "bull session," a frolic, or a fight.

Joseph John Silhavy, Jr.

Wauseon, Ohio

From "late-dater" to midshipman is a transition that few have undergone. Joe, a former "St. Johnnie," had this distinction. Schooled at St. John's in the works of the old philosophers, he was able to master with ease any course. Joe managed to find time from his academics to help the Reception Committee, to write for the *Trident*, to participate in battalion athletics, to improve his game of golf, and above all, to write letters to Jean. The charm responsible for the tonnage of mail he received, coupled with his never-ceasing good sense of humor, will result in his ending up at but one place—the top.

Harry E. Sims

Roselle, New Jersey

"Sir! I'd like to know why that's so." Yes, that was Hank. This easy-going six-foot three-and-a-half skyscraper could always be counted on to delve into the facts to find the "why and wherefore" of it all. A seeker of knowledge, good-natured, sincere, plucky, ambitious, and determined, Hank was one of those personalities who are a real pleasure to know. His time was spent studying, writing to the girl back home, exercising in the gym, and enjoying the diversities offered by Henry Ortland. The "Admiral" will soon have the chance to show his stuff; it will be good for he is a real Navy man.

William Lynn Siple

Cherokee, Iowa

Curly hair chopped short, cheeks glowing the year 'round; you will know him if you see him. Remember that scarlet and gold curtain behind the NA-10? Bill put it there as his contribution to a colorful show. He swam for the Fourth Battalion plebe year, swung a racket for his own amusement, then answered the call of the Bay. His ideal weekend included a yawl, a stiff breeze, and a salty crew. Drag? Why bother? An active stag line man, Bill let them know what they were missing. A bit provincial, a bit suave, usually happy, Bill does a man's job, and does it well.

Basil Duffield Slaymaker

Grosse Pointe, Michigan

"Duff" was on his way to a business career. But the sea legs he developed sailing on the Great Lakes and a Navy bug in the family proved too influential. He bade the fraternity boys goodbye and joined the select Severn clan. "Spook," as he was known to the inner circle, found delight in any diversion which took him from his studies. Academics were no stumbling block and he found time for a number of activities. Besides making an outstanding record with the rifle team, "Duff" was adept at soccer and lacrosse. His good judgment and jovial nature will help him continue to score "bullseyes" in the fleet.

Richard Paul Slaymaker

Fremont, Ohio

'Slay is dragging!" This impartial but particular Ohio lad dragged red heads, blondes, brunettes of all types and sizes during his years here. Slay could often be found in a phone booth calling for a date. When not dragging, he sailed, played football, or wrote letters. Although a Midwesterner, Slay took to the sea naturally. He became an excellent swimmer the hard way. His performances in the Masqueraders will long be remembered. Academics were easy for him, and he especially loved to astonish Steam "profs" with his recitations. When he goes into the Fleet, Annapolitan lassies will grieve. Sub school is far away in Connecticut.

William Roach Smith, Jr.

Shreveport, Louisiana

"Wild Bill" they called him; but he was really just plain loony. Never in all its years had the Academy seen anyone with a personality more congenial than Bill's. Boxing, baseball, and plans of a flying career occupied his moments ever after the day he entered the Academy. Three years spent at L. S. U. added greatly to Bill's very considerable store of knowledge. He could tell more about airplanes than many aviators and certainly could make it twice as interesting. Bill was truly "one of the boys" in every respect. He was one fellow whose knack of winning friends was exceeded only by his ability in keeping them.

Thomas J. Soisson

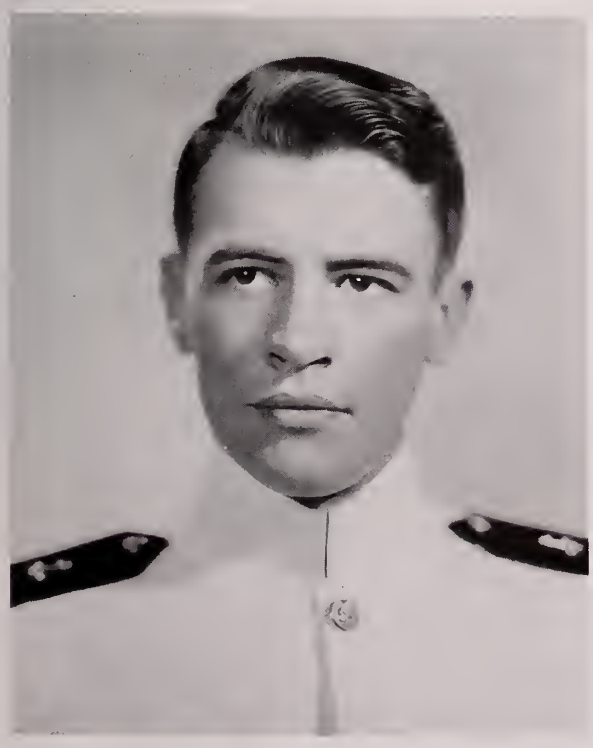
Connellsville, Pennsylvania

"Sois" spent the first three weeks at the Academy trying to find Memorial Hall and the next three years resting up. When not on his own bunk, he could usually be found on his neighbor's. A Tchaikowsky-Miller fan, an exceptional bridge player, and a constant source of skags, he was the ideal classmate. Academics were no worry. Athletics were confined to battalion sports, in which he excelled. His sense of humor and spirit of co-operation will take him far in life. Whether it be Pensacola or New London, he will be tops in his field and always tops with those who knew him at the Academy.

James Samuel Sorrels, Jr.

Poteau, Oklahoma

Make way for a true son of the South, Oklahoma's Joy, and The Pride of Poteau. Here was a sharp-witted, sincere, and genuine fellow, particularly outstanding for neatness and efficiency. Sam stood almost alone when he entered first class year with an unmarred conduct record. He was intensely human—worrying, loving (but yeah!), radiating happiness when clouds were darkest. Sam was submissive or subjugating, as the occasion required, and when convinced he was right, followed religiously his convictions. Reticent? No, "Stud" was more a thinker. What puzzled him most was the ignorance of his classmates. Almost no one knew about Poteau, the home of Poteau Smokeless Coal (semi-anthracite).



William Hugh Spratling

Hogansville, Georgia

Bill was a true Southerner with that typically natural charm. He soon won the friendship of everyone with whom he came in contact. Never prone to take life too seriously, Sprat loved sports, dragging, and extracurricular activities primarily for the enjoyment derived. He found some humor in everything. Whether it was a hot June Week Parade or a Math exam, Bill was there with his contagious smile. As a classmate he was tops, and as a man his personality and ready wit will always make him welcome company and earn him lasting friends. As a naval officer Bill's tireless energy, sound judgment, and keen ability will insure his success.

William Raymond Stanton

Worcester, Massachusetts

The week of his arrival Bill successfully proved that navy life is "fruit" if you just get the word. He explained carefully how simple it was to pass a gym test: merely better the mark by ten seconds, and one cannot fail, but even his patient demonstration of the point failed to make it much easier. Though a track man of years standing, he always jumped at an invitation to play handball or have a session with weights. He had an uncanny ability at massacring his French. A member of "44" may enter the office d'Attache Navale de Paris and be greeted again by his "Bonjour, MONSOUR."

John Bradford Stetson

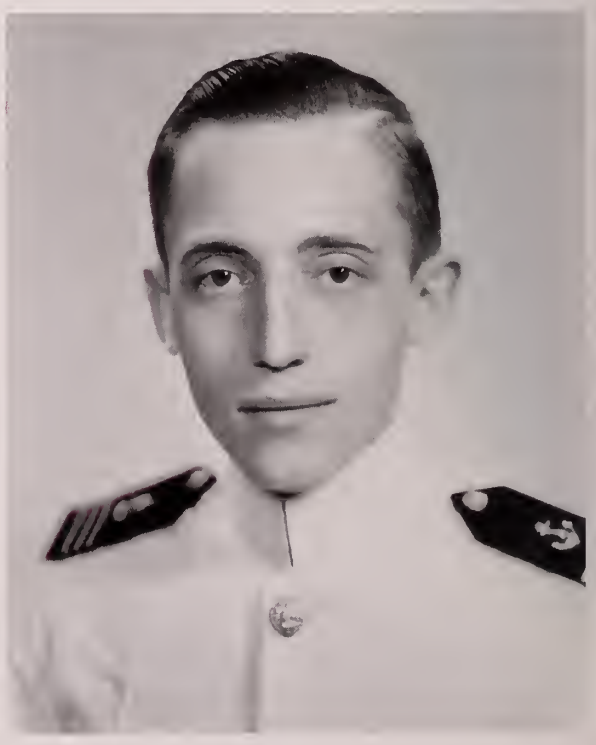
Riverton, New Jersey

Plebe year almost convinced his friends that Jack's first love was sailing, but youngster year found him reacting spontaneously to every dragging opportunity. Those many problems offered by the fairer sex never found him overly concerned, for he had that wonderful knack of always having "the situation well in hand." He probably had as much athletic gear (on top of his locker) as any man in the regiment, and he really was a top-notcher with a lacrosse stick. Whether it was that natural tan and his beaming grin, or his never failing good nature, he was a real friend to whom you could trust your troubles.

Roger Alexander Stiller

Green Bay, Wisconsin

Just plain "Suicide" to the boys, Roger came to the Academy from the shores of Green Bay to give the Navy his best. During plebe and youngster years he was noted for his rateyness Academics never bothered him, but the Executive Department took its toll. Congenial and full of chatter, he filled our ears with his tall and fanciful tales. Never particularly anxious to participate in athletics, he generally confined his talents to dragging, billiards, managing the varsity baseball team, and morning exercises. After graduation he will take with him into the Fleet the same unquenchable spirit with which he has livened life on the shores of the Severn.



Morton Themmen Swarth

Berkeley, California

With the California bear on the right sleeve of his bathrobe, Mort roamed the Academy and found it good. High in academics, he had time to follow his interest in current history and our Navy; as the English coffee shop was to Ben Johnson so the canteen was to Mort. Believing in preparing himself for the job ahead, he was always ready to go out of his way to see a new ship, discuss a recent naval action, or get in a few licks with a .45. He was firmly convinced of the basic goodness of man, but he put the Sons of Nippon in a different class. Tojo beware!

Arnold George Thalhamer

Aurora, Illinois

A true son of the Midwest, Mike had the landsman's desire to become a sailor. Never a fervent athlete, he tried his hand for awhile at battalion track, then devoted most of his energy to weight lifting. His one favorite indoor pastime was arguing, and many were the heated discussions that he carried on with his classmates. That same aggressive spirit that led Mike into the thick of so many arguments, made him an earnest admirer of the exploits of the "tin-can navy." His hope was to someday find himself on the bridge of his own destroyer, and feel the thrill of her life-like surge under his feet.

Thomas George Thomaides

Washington, D. C.

Tommy had three favorite pastimes: dancing, women, and dancing. Let an orchestra beat out a number, and Tommy was really at his best. Perhaps the conga line workout was part of his training for battalion football. Tommy was also a basketball player of much experience as anyone from Washington would testify. Between seasons left plenty of time for dragging. And how the women went for those big brown eyes! Academics produced no worries for Tommy. Study hours were his "Happy Hours." When he had a good magazine, the text books fell where they might May he carry into the fleet that game ability of easily accomplishing difficult tasks.

Alvin Thomas

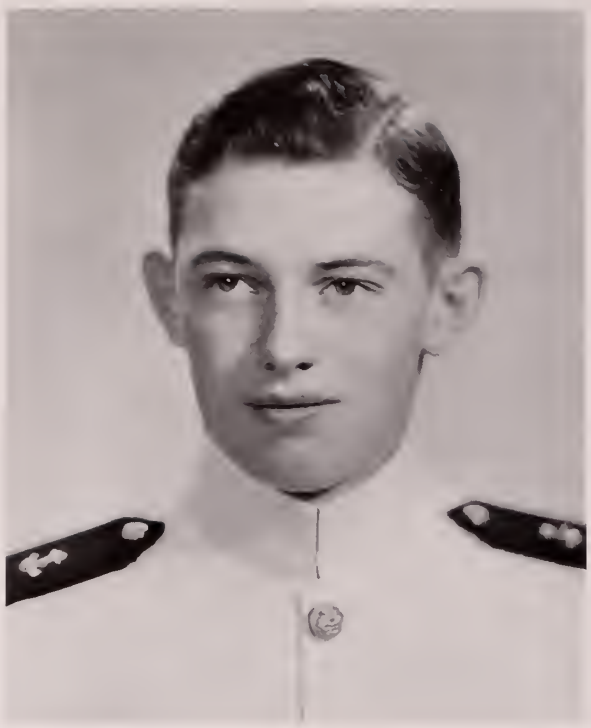
Hawthorne, Nevada

"Hey, lend me your screwdriver!" With these oft repeated words would begin another reconstruction job on the radio. Al had a never ending desire to see what made the sparks fly, and did so much tinkering with his half-pint set that he could get almost anything out of it—that is, almost anything but music! Possessed of much athletic ability, but little athletic ambition, Tommy, with his collection of *Amazing Stories* and other such literary catastrophes became a legend in the annals of the Radiator Club. But considering his resourcefulness and common sense, one knows that the Navy has received an officer of whom it may be proud.

John Robert Trautmann

Appleton, Wisconsin

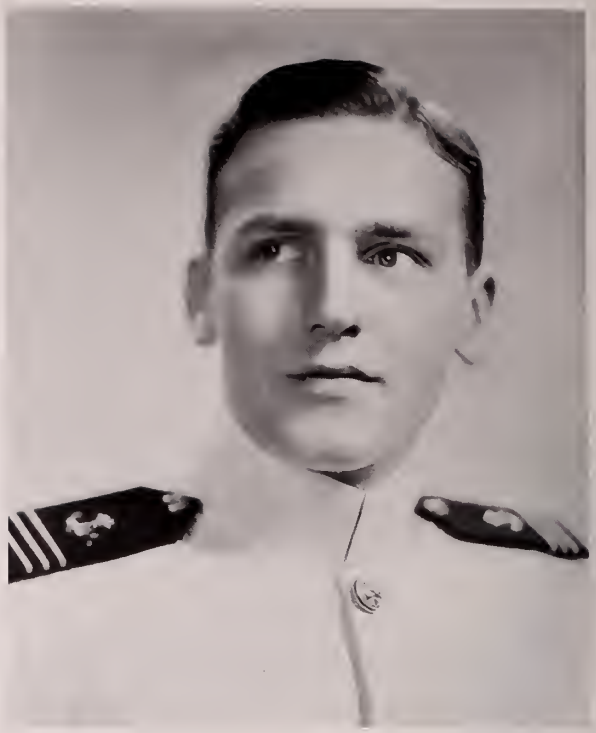
After a year towards a Chemistry B. S. degree at the University of Wisconsin, Jack changed his residence to Bancroft Hall. Alert, always smiling, and always eager for a conversation on any subject, he won many friends by his personal qualities. He has gained much respect from his fellow midshipmen through his flawless tennis, squash, and badminton games. Dragging was another one of his specialties. Johnny has not missed a big weekend hop since the start of youngster year. In the classroom, he proved his ability many times. Jack will continue to prove further that he is a good naval officer in the years to follow.



Byron Craig Turner

Faulkton, South Dakota

Who didn't learn to love South Dakota under Spike's constant buildup of his home state? Although he never quite succeeded in convincing us that intellect is of primary importance to fighting men, we learned much from his arguments. He taught us the ways of life, the dangers of the fair sex, and the merits of the Marine Corps, while keeping one step ahead of the Academic Department. He could be found, when he wasn't boning for the trials of the next day, trying to clear the bar at twelve feet or dreaming of his O.A.O. Spike's judgment and good humor will carry him far.



John Frederick Twigg

South Weymouth, Massachusetts

If one was looking for a dyed-in-the-wool "Red Mike," Johnnie was the man. Whether he was just bashful, or had other connections wasn't apparent, but escorting was not one of his strong points. A good book and a symphony concert was the acme of his pleasures. Academics never seemed to bother him much, but swimming almost submerged him. Johnnie managed to pull through the tests, however, and proved to the department that he would have a good chance if his ship went down. Although very unobtrusive and quiet, he is sure to support his end of the job aboard and come out on top.

Friend Cheadle Van Fleet, Jr.

Akron, Ohio

From football practice to his bunk. That was a daily round trip for Van. Just how he managed to make the grades he did by following this schedule has remained a mystery. Frequent tangles with the Executive Department convinced him, finally, that they were not at all afraid of him. With a friendly smile as an introduction, Van walked into the Academy determined to continue his climb to the top. Although easy-going in nature, he has an ardent desire to do all of his jobs well. A guy with a fighting heart and the kind of fellow to have around when things begin to get hot—that's Van.

Alvin Trobaugh Vaughan

DRESDEN, TENNESSEE

Buddy came to the Naval Academy with a grin and a spirit of independence—and retained both. During his stay here, Buddy spent a lot of time ironing out his difficulties with the Executive and Academic Departments. But no matter what came his way, extra duty, confinement, or re-exams, Buddy dug in and managed to come out on top. His unfailing good nature and quiet Southern ways made him a favorite among his classmates. Dragging became one of his long suits. When the "chips were down," we found him dependable. Out in the fleet when the going gets toughest, Buddy will be at his best.

Albert Henry Vito, Jr.

WATERLOO, IOWA

Leaving his "Waterloo" behind him, this carefree lad said goodbye to waving corn of Iowa, co-education and winding fairways for an adventurous career in the Navy. Plebe year troubles vanished with Al's nightly shower serenades and comedy reigned when this kingpin of "bull sessions" was present. Youngster summer's tan, white service, and that spungold blond hair proved a combination which caused many heart breaks among the fairer sex, and kept Al from missing any hops or promising ketch trips. His heart is set on the air corps and the U. S. Navy will never be more confident of victory than when Al dips the wings of his fighter overhead.

Thomas William Walsh

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"Knobby" cashed in a surveyor's transit and his tickets to the Manhattan Engineers' "Brawl" when he joined us, but he kept the shamrock on his shirt. He lost no time in fitting up a new address book here, and when "E. D." and "L. and P." did not interfere, he kept the stag line staring. His academics were usually under control. "It is all in the way you put it across," he said, and his "Bull" marks proved it. He had troubles, but they could not stop him. If you need a cheering word or a helping hand, you can get it from this fighting Irishman.

Vance Robert Wanner

BAYSIDE, LONG ISLAND

The only things bad about the "Clipper" were his passionate defense of the Brooklyn Dodgers and a peculiar taste for the recordings of Spike Jones and Beatrice Kay. Once separated from these two loves, he was cooperative. Vance did not star, but the only reason was his distracting habit of turning in during study hour. He came near death one night when he announced that D-C was easy and then crawled between the sheets. However, his knowledge was valuable, so his life was spared. Seriously, Vance is a good man for any organization. His understanding and hair-trigger mind made him a good partner; the Navy will welcome his coming.

Donald Robert Warfield

Walnut Creek, California

A cheery smile and a friendly personality distinguished this blond, curly-haired, future officer. Perhaps the most suitable single word to describe him was "versatile." Athletics in the broadest sense was his greatest interest, both as a player and as an ardent fan. He proved equally capable on the gridiron, in the pool, on the basketball court, and on the Ring Committee. Beyond strenuous exercise Don appreciated good music, although he usually mixed it with "athletics a la hop." And his life would have been all too incomplete without that eternal struggle to beat the Steam "tree." The Air Corps will get a good man, if Don has his way.

George William Watson

Boston, Massachusetts

Aside from being the "slugging hot corner man" on the ball club, "Watso" will be remembered as a perpetually cheerful, good-natured, yet serious looking fellow from "Bawston." George plodded not too enthusiastically through his studies—getting much more pleasure from his baseball, wrestling, and basketball. His name was linked with that of a "murderous blonde," but actually women never seemed to worry him nor take much of his time. Often found on his bunk, George also found time to collect demerits throughout plebe and youngster year ("But can't I march well now!"), to be a youngster company representative, and to be a salesman for "dis here mag."

Paul Belyea Watson, Jr.

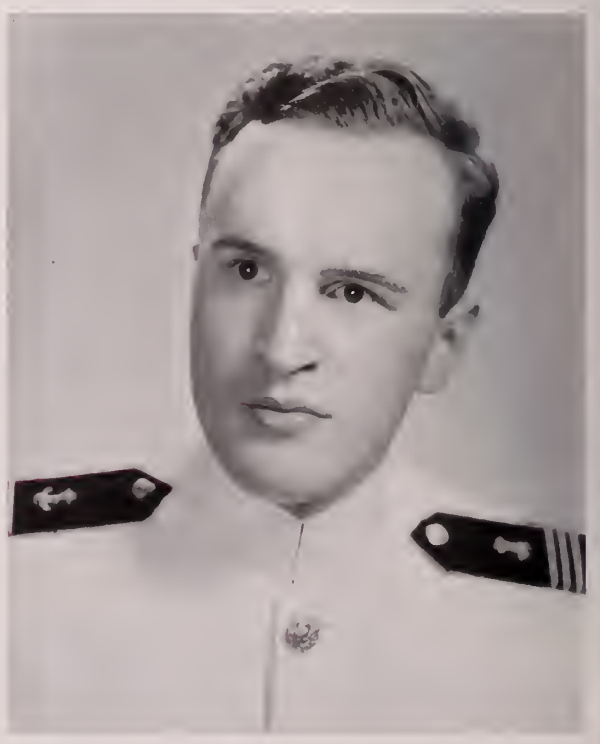
Cincinnati, Ohio

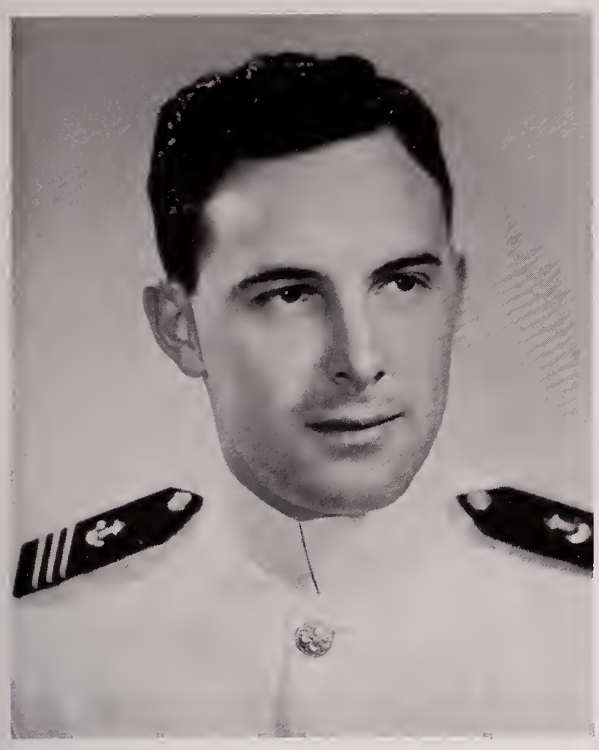
To have trouble with the Executive Department was bad enough, but when the Academic Department joined in too, that was really unfortunate. Yet Paul found time to do some cross-country running and play lacrosse. An "everyday" when it came to dragging, he seldom missed a hop or the chance to drag. Liberty, too, appealed to Paul; in fact, he liked just about everything except academics. Sailing and tennis claimed some of his attention on weekday afternoons. Paul was a very congenial fellow and was at ease in any crowd. He liked people and enjoyed idling away spare moments promoting his first love—the Marine Corps.

Ralph Strafford Wentworth, Jr.

Annapolis, Maryland

Way down deep "Strat" was set to follow along this Navy path, the same way his dad did. He got off to a flying start by turning in a 4.0 job as First Company Commander. It was a little unfair to keep those feminine hearts fluttering as the First Company staff marched by in review, but "Strat" predicted a bachelor life as improbable as his refusing a pretty date! During the spring "Strat" divided his time between crew and tennis. You can tell a leader by the way his men follow him. "Strat's" record is a preview to an even finer performance out in the fleet.





Wynn Victor Whidden

Ocala, Florida

When Wynn left the orange groves to come to the Academy, he brought the Florida sunshine with him. His broad sense of humor, ready wit, quick intelligence, and cordial geniality, all tempered by a mature philosophy of life, soon firmly entrenched him in the hearts of all his classmates. Always ready for a discourse on anything from the science of groving oranges to sailing the big boats, Wynn's advice on the multiplicities of life was a much-needed sea anchor for the rough weather encountered by his friends. Well-adapted by his abilities for anything the future may offer, Wynn will make his ship one of the finest afloat.

William Turner Wootton

Twin Acres, Maryland

"Woot" grew up in Maryland, living first in Baltimore, then in Washington; and his decision to be a part of the Navy was made early. His activities at the Academy were as varied as was possible. He won his letter in lacrosse and was active in soccer and other athletics. No matter what he was doing he was always making friends. In academics he kept himself in the upper third of his class, despite many a study hour spent in an argument over psychology, bridge, or in working a crossword puzzle. The weeks of school passed quickly for Woot, for he always could look forward to a weekend with "her."

William Fowlkes Wright, Jr.

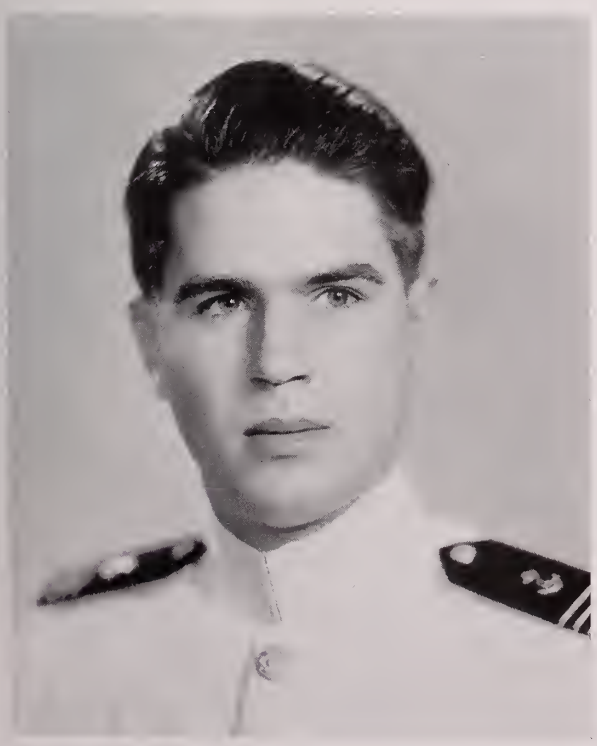
Memphis, Tennessee

Willie left his home on the Mississippi, intent on learning about the life on the deeper waters. Although not exactly the ideal midshipman and often troubled racing against the bells, Bill nevertheless proved to his classmates that he was made of fighting stuff. During the week he could usually be found with his back either on his bunk or the wrestling mat; while most of his weekends found him in the more pleasant diversion of dragging his favorite girl. Bill is a true believer in the Navy as the right profession and a great little guy. He can be depended on when the going gets tough.

Elston Wyatt

San Diego, California

Having no worries with studies, all except steam, anyway, El spent the greater part of his free time on the tennis courts perfecting his game. As the number one player for two years, and as captain of his team first class year, Elston very ably represented the Academy in the '41 and '42 National Intercollegiate Championships and has the enviable record of never having lost a singles match in competition at the Academy. He not only deserved his letter, but also his two stripes, for his level head and genial good humor marked him as a capable leader, and destined him for a successful naval career.



In Memoriam

FRANK SEAVER PETERS

RICHARD RUSSELL JESSEN

EPITAPH

Some of us knew them while they were here; others will know them before the war is over, and all will have died in the achievement of the greatest goal. May their souls rest in peace, and may the mark of the class on the glory of the victory be their monument.

Second Battalion

Alden Webster Adams, Jr.

SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

In June, 1940, second classmen would shout, "Where are you from, Mister?" What followed sounded like a Chicago train caller—"Louisville, Pittsburgh, Concord, and all points East, sir!" Regardless of where he was from, Al proved a congenial classmate to all, even if he was a Republican. Good nature and size are usually paired, and Al had a generous portion of both. Injuries forced him to coach battalion football, but he was adept at softball, tennis, swimming, and poker, and many afternoons he could be found "flaked out" on his bunk. Al would have "starred" if his course hadn't included Steam, Skinny, Math, Seamo, Ordnance, the Pep Committee, and *Cosmo*.

Carl John Adams

KEOKUK, IOWA

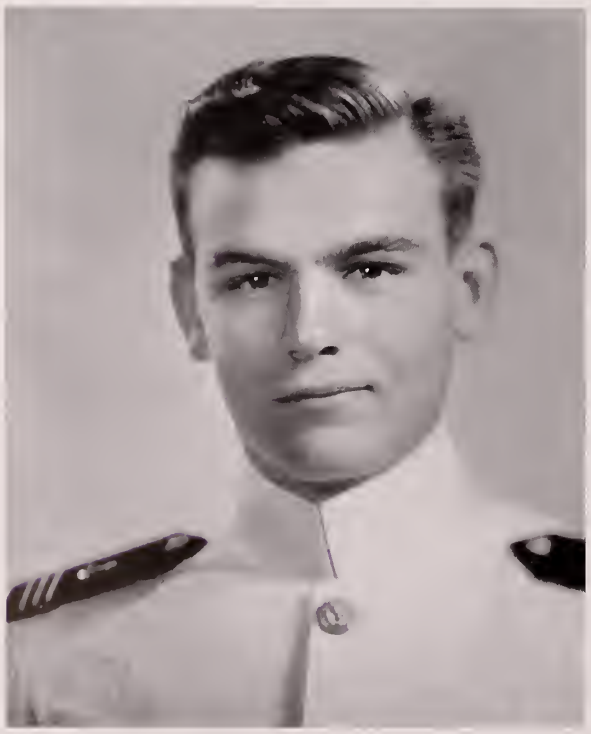
Having been in the Navy for three years before he came to the Academy, "C.J." realized better than most of us what this Navy is all about. Respected for this fleet experience, and admired for his personality, Carl was one of the most popular fellows in his crowd, and in any "bull session" he made the party lively with his witty remarks and ready good humor. "Pappy" was also versatile in his knowledge of what went on in the world today, being an authority on everything from athletics to popular music. Another point to his credit is that "C.J." always pulls through when the chips are down.

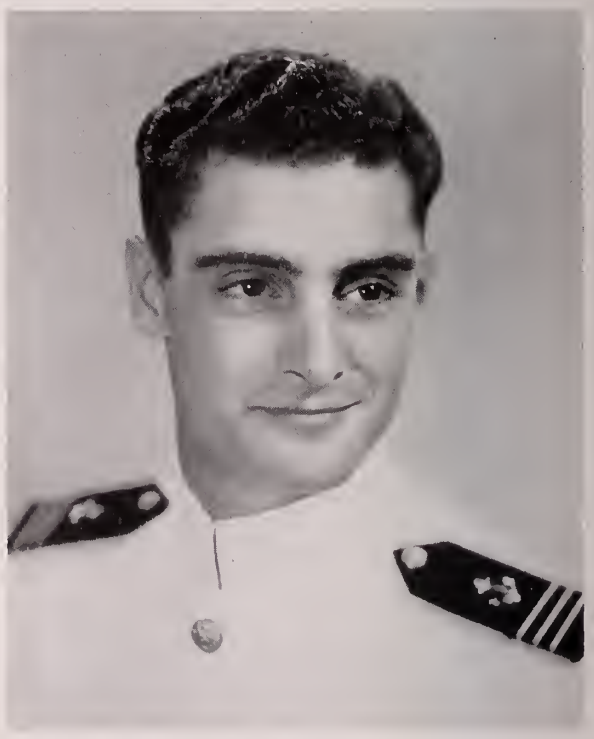
Student, dreamer; tinkerer, engineer; strategist, fighter; athlete, lazybones; amiable, vindictive. Yes, a unique combination to be found in one person. Intensity seemed his only constant. The variation in his temperament never failed to charm those he met. No mean athlete, Herb played for enjoyment. This discerning ability to do what he likes well, and to disregard the chaff will surely insure for him an enjoyable life. Herb distinguished himself as one of the few who could do well without cracking a book, spending his time in more entertaining pursuits. Urbanity, his password, and intensity, his byword, Herb is well on his way to becoming a fine naval officer.

John Clausel Adams, Jr.

MOBILE, ALABAMA

That striking flash of determination in his gray eyes is what one first spots in Jay. He's an Alabama rebel, but lacks that "deep" accent, which he lost somewhere in his wanderings as a Navy junior. A gifted story teller, he was always the center of good company. Though adapted to lacrosse and football, Jay was fascinated by the gym, especially liked rope-climbing. If we're not shipmates with him again, we'll remember his geniality, his ability to stick by his guns, and that flare for grasping the details of the how and why of things, which will carry him far in our Navy.

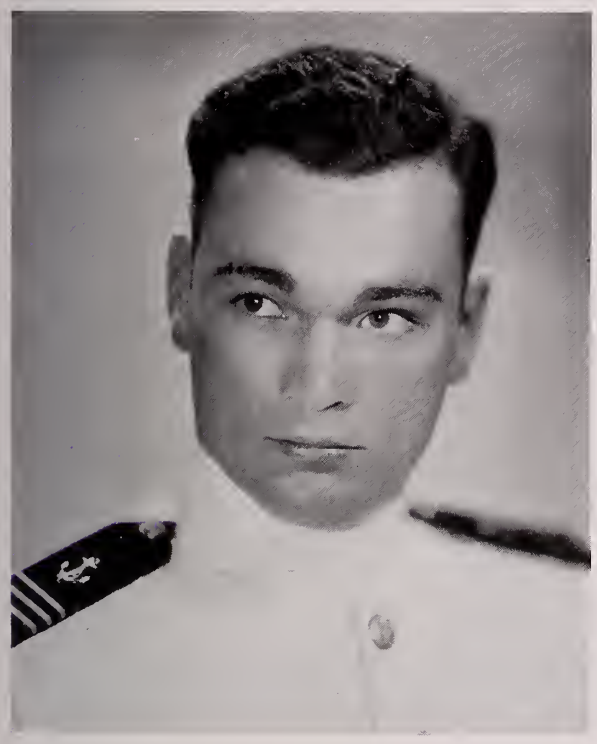




Herbert Sylvan Ainsworth

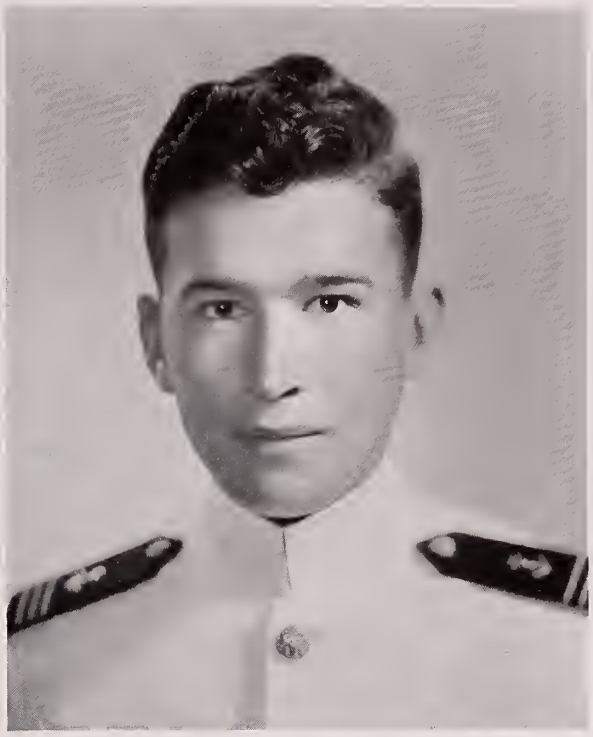
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

From the marshes of Georgia came this fine fellow and finer friend, known as "Chief." An absolute Epicurean philosophy and an inbred Southern aversion to overwork were not sufficient to obscure the man's intelligence and great ability. Witness stripes. Endowed with a granite physique, a handsome face, a Hollywood personality (strong, silent), and six years education at a young ladies' school which took young gentlemen through the sixth grade, "Chief" not only fascinated his brother midshipmen, but positively hypnotized dozens of pretty young things. Witness sh-h-h-h. "Chief" was a member of the Unholy Sextet (not a singing society) which was the most unusual group in the Academy.



James Hunter Aldrich

Savannah, Georgia



John Calvin Alexander

Syracuse, New York

When we met Alex, our first impression was that he was a quiet fellow. However, as we began to know him we found him quite the opposite. He always kept the conversation going either with some of his past experiences, or with some new ideas. Leave things alone and they will work themselves out was the delightful philosophy of our happy friend. Saturdays invariably found him on the golf course shooting well under par. He enjoyed ping-pong down at Recreation Hall though he seldom found good competition. Jack is headed for the Marine Corps, and we hope he will continue to take all obstacles in his stride.

Robert John Alexander

Paterson, New Jersey

After an eventful plebe year, highlighted by numerous chases with irate first classmen in close pursuit, Alex became an upperclassman, but still retained a flair for mischief, a sharp wit, and a boundless sense of humor. The only thing that would get him off his bunk, except the sub squad, was the arrival of "Paterson's Principal Paper, Printed on the Pretty Passaic." However, he would frequently open one eye to engage in friendly arguments about submarines, Joe Di Maggio, the Irish, his hair-line, or the pronunciation of "bottle." "R. J." will be happy anywhere as long as he's serving a tour on subs, reading P. G. Wodehouse, and listening to Jerry Colonna.

William Henry Alexander 11

Coronado, California

A year of Dartmouth and its carefree life could not influence Bill to change his mind about the Navy. Following the traditions on which he was raised, Willie excelled in sailing and swimming, devoting his spare time to these activities. Willingness to do anything for a pal, a big smile, and an easy going nature have made him a favorite with all, and to those of us who knew him well, these traits will always stand out. Academics never presented so great a problem that he could not help an engineer struggle through "Dago" and "Bull," and it is with this same unselfishness that Willie will continue serving his associates.

James Ross Allen, Jr.

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

Maryland humidity and shortsighted "profs" made the Ross' life at the Navy School one constant "sweat." Although an early eye injury halted a promising football career, first class year found him on the field as companion to Bill IX. With football and tennis past items, swimming occupied much time, and being a Navy junior, Jim set out to keep the girls in the yard entertained. Because he was too good-natured, the girls always took advantage of the "fair-haired boy," but this same amiability afforded him a host of friends. The rare determination which made "Big Jim's" Academy life a well-rounded success assures him a promising career in the fleet.

Robert Ludlow Allen

WASHINGTON, D. C.

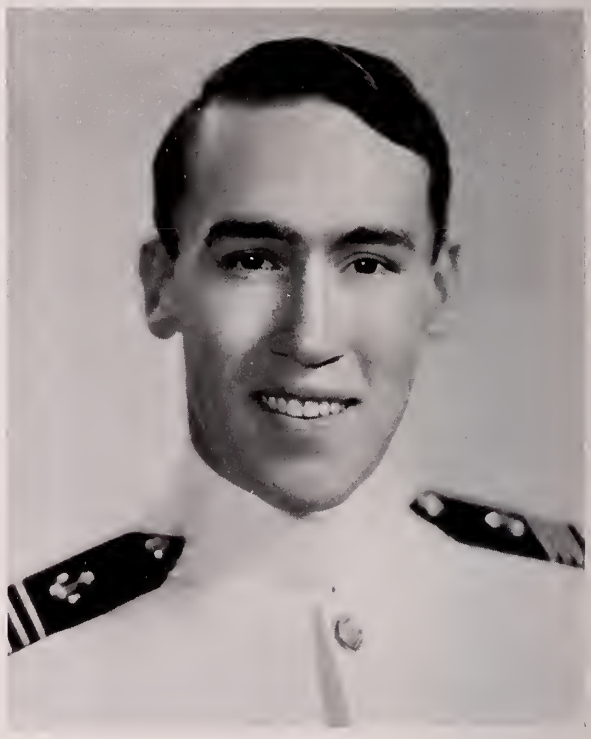
With a bump and a thud came Lud one summer in his bow tie, straw hat, and Packard. He still likes Packards. Although one of the best chaps alive, and endowed with superhuman intelligence, he joined the Unholy Sextet (not a singing society) which dumbfounded the inner sanctum of Naval Intelligence by its audacity and brilliance in improving the existing system. Suffice it to say, Lud was one of the better 1 P.O.'s. Not a strict disciple of discipline, his inherent Epicureanism therefore did not burden him with an over-abundance of militarism. He therefore led the Unholy Sextet. However, Lud is 100% Marine at heart, and will rejoin the Leathernecks.

Tom arrived here early in September, 1940, and has been extolling the wonders of Tennessee and Andrew Jackson ever since. After spending some time at West Point he finally decided to enter the Navy via the Academy. He succeeded in pulling through even though he couldn't swim or "Parlez" any too well. Gifted with a natural sense of humor, he was the life of the party wherever he went. Navy wardrooms will always enjoy his presence. Although he spent a lot of time on the sub squad, he still managed to enjoy himself either sleeping in his bunk or arguing for the cause of the South.

Charles Brooks Almy

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Mention "California" or "God's Country" and that broad grin will spread over Chuck's face. A Navy junior, he entered the Academy with an ingrained knowledge and admiration of the Navy. Behind a calm exterior lay a strong determination, a high sense of duty. After some trouble with plebe skinny, Chuck exhibited his mental stature by sailing through academics with ease, just as he sailed through his afternoons and weekends. Although always ready for a game of bridge or handball, he enjoyed "running" his wives in his leisure time. When there is work to be done, Chuck will do it. When it's time for play, Chuck will be in the lead.



Lawrence Maxon Amburgey

ATHENS, TENNESSEE

The "Windy City" and the O.A.O. were Jack's chief interests during his rise from a lowly plebe to a lordly first classman. It was the unanimous opinion of his classmates that if those study hours had been spent more productively with less "letter a day" business the Academic Departments would have been kinder. However, neither thoughts of home or academics could keep "J. J.'s" happy-go-lucky spirits down long. Always interested in some sport, no matter what the season, "J. J.'s" friendly spirit and abundant skill helped the battalion and junior varsity teams in many ways. We feel sure that any ship fortunate enough to acquire "J. J." will be more than satisfied.

John Joseph Bailey, Jr.

Chicago, Illinois

Robert Earwood Bailey

Fort Dodge, Iowa

From far off Fort Dodge (we never heard of it either) came this corny lad to old Bancroft "College." Bob was launched on his naval career on Santee Dock with a slap dash four bells and a jingle grounding of his first command, a sub chaser. Though stars were just beyond his reach, the Rock had plenty of time for dragging an imposing array of 4.0's. As a pseudo-swimmer, the "Lover" soon became known as the man who pushed all Navy backstroke champions to new records. Nevertheless, he has come far along a bumpy road and success for him lies but a short distance ahead.

Salvatore Balestrieri

Buffalo, New York

Sporting a live and let live philosophy, Sam joined our ranks after two years' service afloat. His explosive personality made him a subject of good humor, and his company was always appreciated. Possessing the tenacity of a bull dog, his head was never turned until the job at hand was successfully concluded. Although motivated by a desire to succeed, Sam was not a bookworm. He found a wealth of enjoyment in clean living, good music, and constructive interests. His unselfish efforts in behalf of the "Dago" buckets will long be remembered. Cautious, but a sure bet as far as he goes, the confidence and respect of his men is assured.

John Roy Bass

Albany, Georgia

Known by all was this true rebel whose favorite pastimes were sleeping and eating. Although from the Fleet, he neither drank, cussed nor smoked—his only vice being women. Johnny did not engage in athletics: "Not because I'm lazy, but because I'm tired." During his cruise at the Country Club, the monotony was frequently broken by minor clashes with the Academic and Executive Departments. For some strange reason, Johnny had a reputation for being non-regulation. His individualistic attitude and belief that Sing-Sing-on-the-Severn was merely a stopping-off place between leaves, didn't improve matters. There's no doubt that Johnny should have been '44's five striper.

Arthur La Grange Battson, Jr.

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

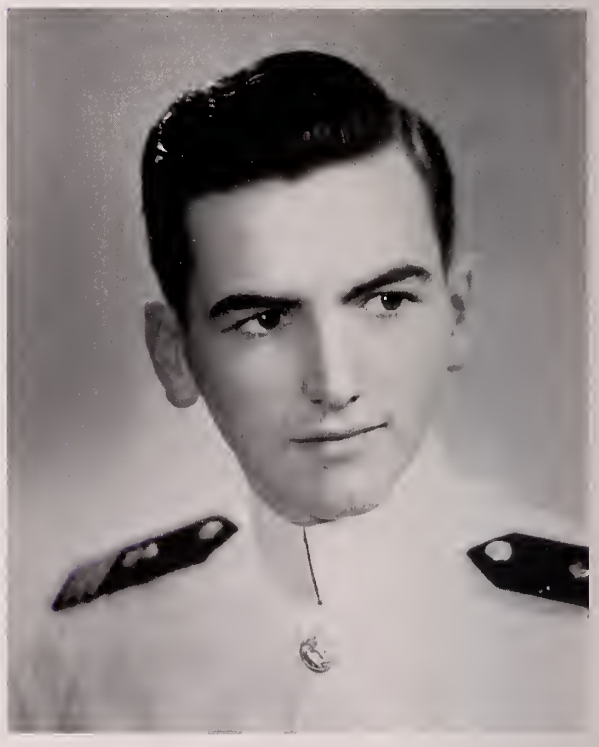
"Batt" came to the Academy from the heart of the Arklatex Territory—a Southerner, through and through. During plebe year he had a little trouble with the early part of "Steam." Before the year's end he was explaining valves, stems, nuts, and bolts and the engineering drawing representation thereof to all of us. From then on the Academic Departments steered clear of A. L. Battson, Jr. "Batt" has always been a wife as defined in the Plebe Bible. It was give and take all along. If good-naturedness, loyalty, and ability to carry the ball are assets to a naval officer, the Navy has something in Art Battson.

Harold Eckel Baumberger

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Dubbed Prince Henry by his classmates, Abie could be seen every Sunday navigating under forced draft from Eastport with only seconds before formation. Four years ago Abie left his home in the "Land of the Sky" to enlist in the Navy. Eighteen months later he had proven himself, and was Annapolis bound. Besides his academic work, he liked a fast ping-pong game, a snappy rack of pool, or a bull's eye dangling before his forward sight. To like Abie you must know him, and knowing him, you can't fail to like him. Because he has ability and determination, Abie's colors will be at the peak in no time.

"From now on I'm going to study every afternoon." So said Bill each time marks were posted. Yet all his afternoons were spent writing letters, taking light workouts or sleeping. "Bull" constituted a hazard, but never kept him from such sports as company softball and basketball. Although women didn't play too serious a role in this Maine man's life, one managed to hold his attention for six months until he found that a new drag every weekend was more interesting. Hailing from a destroyer building town, Bill knew the Navy before entering the Academy. He found it suiting his tastes, and the Navy will be well satisfied with him.



William Leo Bennett, Jr.

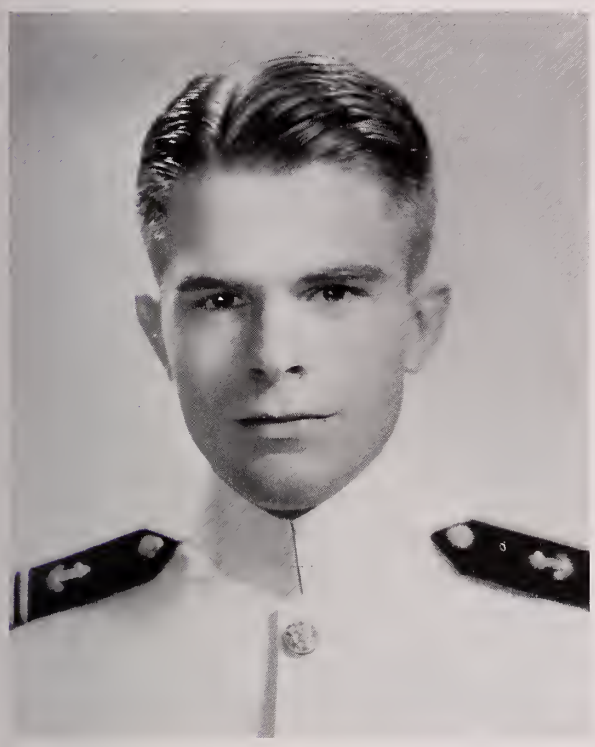
BATH, MAINE

Frank Joseph Behounek

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

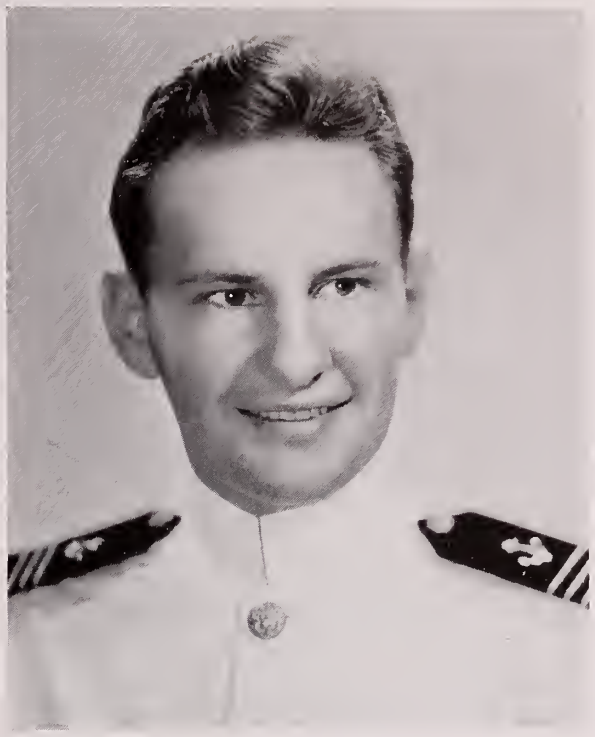
"Spooned on" plebe year by nearly all the upperclassmen in his battalion, "Bee" had an easy time from the moment he entered, mainly because of his innate ability to know and to be known by everybody. Strictly a one-girl man and a liberty hound, he kept the Toonerville busy every weekend bringing his O.A.O. from Baltimore. Between weekends he studied how to simplify studying. During soccer season, though, Frank left liberty to the less athletic, and showed the Navy how to play the game, and nobody was better qualified to do so. We look forward to seeing him use his fullback boot on the Nazis and the "Nips."

"Beano" was scarcely out of high school when he left the hills of Idaho to bring his broad smile and catchy laugh to the Severn shores. The only time he was truly sad was the day he sent those *Esquire* "civvies" back home to Twin Falls. He was a man one couldn't help envying, for from the first day of plebe summer, those letters never stopped pouring in. And with Harry's personality, they probably never will. Equally at home on the dance floor, or with his feet up on the table and a pipe in his teeth, he will never be at a loss for words, thoughts, or friends.



Harry Benoit, Jr.

Twin Falls, Idaho



William Charles Bergstedt

Melvindale, Michigan

His speech perforated with Detroit provincialisms, Bill left Wayne University for the Naval Academy. It was not long before his new classmates discovered in him a charming personality. He was often seen reading *Time Magazine* and looking up occasionally to crack one of his frequent witticisms about the way the country was being run. His repertoire of women was more than sufficient for one man, but the girl he left behind seems to have the priority on his heart. Already a civilian pilot, Bill looks forward to wearing a pair of golden wings in the near future. Melvindale's proud son will make a welcome addition to any squadron.

Lewis Frederick Bogan

Pasadena, California

Lew waged war with Maryland's clammy climate for four winters and after scratching the first he proceeded to thrive the next three entirely due to that month in Sunny California each summer. His unwavering praise of his home state's citrus products are a good indication of his loyalty to his friends and the Service. The tremendous amount of energy he displayed at wrestling and basketball combined with the thoroughness with which he attacked each task, will carry him far in the Navy. If we aren't fortunate enough to be his shipmate again we will always remember his cheery grin and the spirit with which he carried on.

Norman Chaffee Bohan

Port Ewen, New York

"Breezy" to his friends. Because of his innate ability to offer an excuse for almost anything, Norm probably holds the record for having walked more Extra Duty than any classmate. His enormous appetite and strong desire for bunk drills have developed him into a raw-boned, rugged individual with loads of energy and a genial disposition which attracts friends galore. Neither a "brain" nor a "bucket," Breezy used to fascinate and amaze his wife, who could never figure out how Norm could consistently do well when more than half his study hours were spent in masterful sleep, in which nightmares of the Spanish Department made him toss and turn.

Harland Robert Bowdey

Rochester, New York

Bob was an ardent disciple of the famous scientist who said, "Men, it's all relative." Hailing from the fair "state" of Rochester, New York, he entered the Academy just two weeks out of high school. He ran into a little difficulty with Math his first year, but has since managed to keep the necessary two steps ahead of the Academic Departments. Plebes were his best friends. All he asked of them was that they observe their rates and keep well braced-up. The midnight oils burned brightly while he wrote his nightly letters to his "O.A.O." He is certain to be at the head of the wedding line come graduation.

William Francis Boyer, Jr.

Newton Highlands, Massachusetts

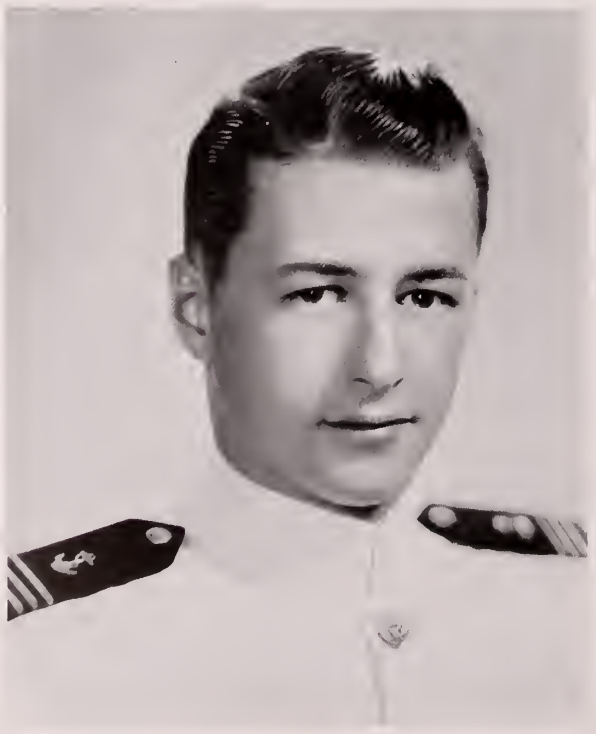
Putting the shot and sleeping were the "Bull's" favorite pastimes after a head injury early in youngster year eliminated thoughts of football. Very active when not asleep, he was an enthusiastic dancer and had an unparalleled collection of records. In a struggle with his father, each fanatically attempting to keep below the other's weight, Bill felt good about duplicating Dad's record by wearing two stripes. Coming straight from high school, his worst idiosyncrasy was "climbing trees." It is hard to determine whether he came from Los Angeles or Boston, but we do know that Bill's secret ambition is to retire and raise the biggest and best pigeons in California.

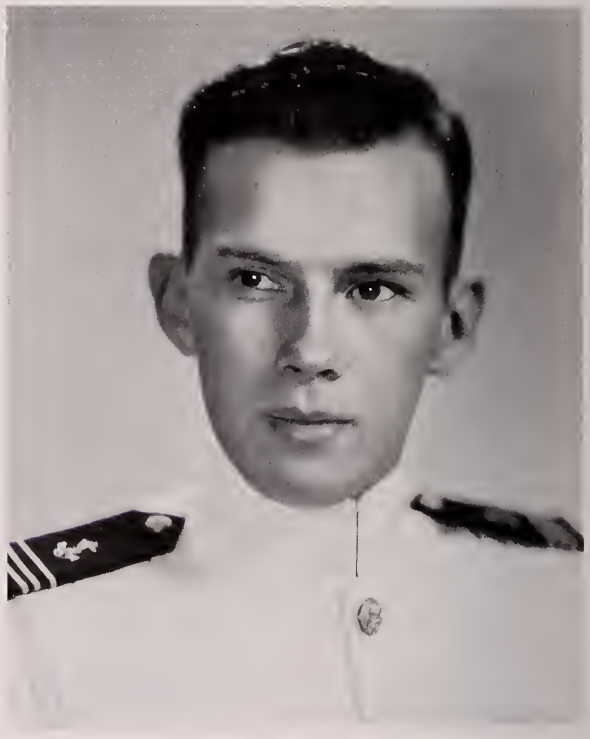
An intensely loyal Michigander, Jim was willing at all times to bet that the football teams from his state would beat all comers. In spite of this peculiar mania, Jim was well liked by his many friends. Although not a specialist at any particular sport, he participated with no little ability in nearly all and was far from a Radiator Clubman. Never one to bind himself too closely to regulations, Jim has kept on his desk at once as many as four photographs of the girls he professed to love. His unusual sense of humor will stand him in excellent stead, making him a competent officer and a fast friend.

Robert Ingram Bristow

Easthampton, Massachusetts

"Boscoe" came to the Naval Academy fresh from the fleet, with a salty air and a keen knowledge of Navy life. Few knew another man who could study less and still end up on the safe side. Massachusetts lost a favorite son when the Navy became Bob's life, and if a winning smile, a way with women, and the ability to make men follow insures a man's success, "Boscoe" will be on top someday. The friends he made are many, and someday "when two or three shall meet" and start saying, "And do you remember?", one of the first names mentioned will be that of Bob Bristow.





James Edwin Brown

South Haven, Michigan

Few indeed came here with only a small town high school education, and even fewer stood better than 125 in the class; nor is everyone always able to laugh. But Brownie did them all. We all recognized his talents. One of the youngest men here, he was an enthusiastic follower of Academy traditions, sports, and other events. He managed varsity boxing plebe year, ran in battalion cross country, and coxswained the battalion crew to success. An old adage says: "Dynamite comes in small packages." Yes, a laugh, a little jive, and the right answer; a leader and a follower. We knew him as one of our best friends.

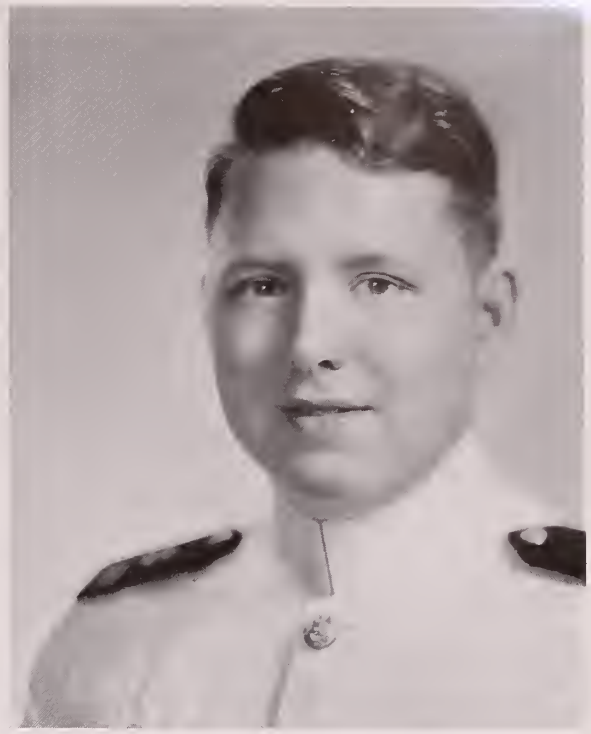
Thomas Hudson Brown

Columbus, Mississippi

Harry Handley Caldwell

New London, Connecticut

Behold! His name led all the rest! The first candidate sworn into the class of '44, Harry went Navy, but his name never again was to lead all the rest. However, Slim came on at a gallop to attain fame youngster year as the Kieran of B.H.—a veritable sage of the Severn. His better mousetrap made all beat a path to his door. Though he was claimed by the Sub Squad for lacking proficiency in underwater swimming, Harry hopes to surmount this difficulty and someday become a big man in the submarines he used to build up in New London. Yes, "sub" is the big word in Slim's career.



James Clarence Camp, Jr.

Columbus, Ohio

An ex-Leatherneck, Jim is looking forward to returning to the Marine Corps. His easy-going attitude makes it hard to picture him as a Marine, but no matter what he does, "J. C." will make it a success. When the going gets tough, Jim's determination will see him through. That determination has never failed him here with his academics, which have kept him well occupied. Although "J. C." can sing any voice, he prefers to sing first tenor, and did a swell job of it in the Choir and Glee Club. Jim's ready smile displays his extremely pleasing disposition. The best of luck for the future to a swell classmate.

William Charles Casey

Staten Island, New York

Something new and something different, ranging from the Bud Carey Fan Club to red-hot dance routine with Orrie, Bill was ever a promoter of those pre-study hour get-togethers. His witty answers accompanied by a southern New York drawl helped make even plebe year slightly enjoyable. Bill had a couple of tussles with the Academic Departments, but he always managed to keep his head above water. In his spare time he earned his "N" in tennis and played touch football. After graduation, Bill intends to make "Ching" a good husband and get those wings that he started to sprout at Floyd Bennett Field.

Vincent Louis Cassani, Jr.

CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS

Vince, the "mighty mite from the stronghold of Yankee Land," added a personality to '44 without which no class could be complete. He entered the Academy with a definite goal to reach; and his never-failing efficiency, dependability and effort gave him an enviable record. His success as a midshipman was not measured in terms of grades or athletic awards. His great number of close friends and the fact that "You can always count on Vince" were the true assurances of his being an asset to the Regiment and to the fleet. His material accomplishments included the managership of lacrosse, *Log* circulation work, and taking care of his wife.

James Mackay Chase

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Abandoning his happy life in heavenly Santa Barbara, James Mackay Chase, of the shipbuilding Mackay Scots no less, gave his all and signed up. Famous for his provocative bounce, his gay dog tactics on leave, his passionate fury over plebes' weak Happy Hours, Jim was a veritable fanatic in everything he did from pulling "sat and savvy" in "grease" to catching the first train to California. His plebe soccer left everyone, including himself, gasping; first class workouts without parallel amazed onlookers who remembered his luxurious youngster bunk drills. He dabbled successfully in academics, golf, tennis, and women; they all reacted favorably. Long live the "Kid," a study in abilities!

This hard-rock "Miner" from Colorado settled down to an excellent course in the Navy, steered by the girl back home. A startling intellect made studying superfluous, and Al always had time to pull his less fortunate brothers off the Academic shoals. He triple-integrated his way near the top of his class for three years before parole, and set the all-time record of never being more than 133¼ degrees out of phase with the section. Al stood watch on watch at the typewriter, pounding out letters for the *Lucky Bag* and to the O.A.O. When he goes to the fleet, stand aside, boys, for a hard-working genius!

Morris Young Clark

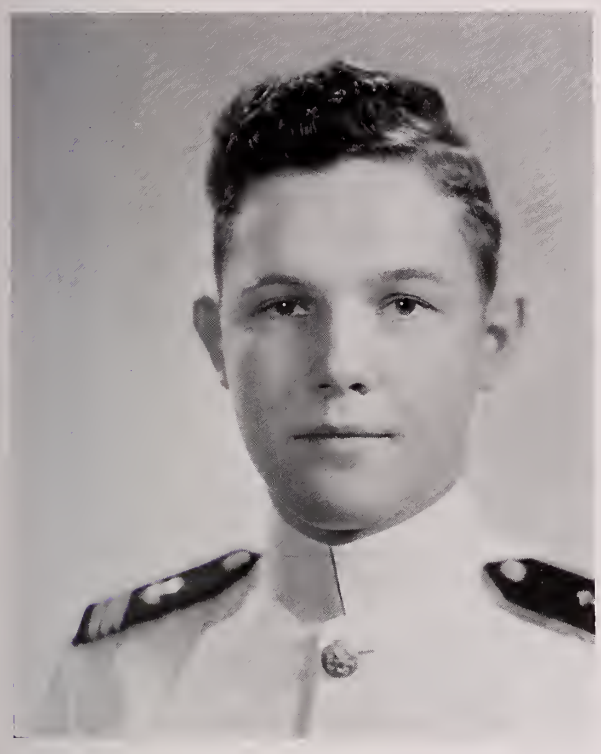
FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE

He used to follow the plow barefooted to keep from having to harrow the field, but when the Navy brought him "up Nawth" from Tennessee, everything changed. He went for his gym shoes in a big way, and spent most afternoons on the basketball courts. Aside from that, his favorite diversions were chocolate-nut sundaes, weekend sack drills, and defending the South against the "Damn-Yankees." His previous military training consisted of skipping ROTC drills at University of Tennessee. He was hard to excite and overflowed with cheer, but never let that smile and affability fool you, for in his more serious moods, he is a fighter and a real officer.

Alvin Leonard Cohen

DENVER, COLORADO

Lanier, better known to his classmates as "King," came all the way from Bryan, Texas, to the Academy. Although younger than most of his classmates, King had no difficulty in starring for three years, even though his time was well occupied by the Indoor Rifle Team, the Orchestra, in which he blew a mean French horn, and dragging. He's now headed for the Submarine Navy and if he's as deadly with a torpedo as he is with a service rifle, he'll make a marvelous record. But wherever he goes, or whatever he does, his mental alertness and ready humor will make him a most welcome shipmate.



Lanier Guthridge Cole

Bryan, Texas

Jesse Roger Collins

Big Spring, Texas

Our boy from Texas, who swore by the Pony Express, was the Academy's foremost exponent of dragging for plebes. They say he dragged every weekend—but we're sure he didn't; for that was contrary to the regulations! He found time for wrestling and became his battalion's heavyweight wrestler. He was a crack lineman, too, in football. Academics never bothered him unduly; he seldom bothered them. Youngster year brought more dragging, and—joy of joys!—"sack" drill. How "Tex" took to both! Always ready to lend a hand, he was well liked by all classes. His broad grin and easy-going nature made him everybody's friend. Here's luck "Tex" !

Elmer Franklin Crain

Dallas, Texas

Everybody seemed to be Frank's "old and good buddy-buddy," to use his own expression. His genial Texas friendliness made him well known and well liked throughout the Regiment, to upperclass and underclass alike. From the Lone Star State, the pistol proved to be a "natural" for him, as he became one of the best shots in the Regiment. It's said you can shoot better when your heartbeat is feeble from a hangover. Because weekends were Frank's specialty, he had little or no trouble in winning his "N." With his engaging personality and driving stamina, he doesn't have to worry about getting along in the Navy.

Thomas Henry Cooper, 111

Bluefield, West Virginia

From "Nature's air-conditioned city" in the hills of West Virginia came Tom Cooper, bringing with him a light-hearted good nature that made everyone his friend. Activity was his watchword, whether it was studying or a fast game of football. They say "feudin' back in them thar hills" made him a crack rifle shot. He could run, too, when out of ammunition. Proof: that letter in track. Tom was no snake, but if anyone was interested, he would talk for hours of those mountain belles who "might have been." If the fleet has room for a man who knows his job and does it well, there's room for Tom.

Oreal James Crepeau

Chicago, Illinois

After a year at Kentucky and another at Loyola, Orrie left the boys at "Inglenook" and came back for a life of thrills of a different kind. A charter member of that select group who "wear their pants in parentheses" was Orrie, hailing from the extreme South Side of the Windy City. He took his football seriously but found time to excel at handball and do a fair job on the mat. A natural M.C., Orrie kept the boys howling with his routines. He was a great personality and found time to share a bit of it with the girls. He'll be greatly missed by his many friends here.

Paul W. Crutchfield

Decatur, Georgia

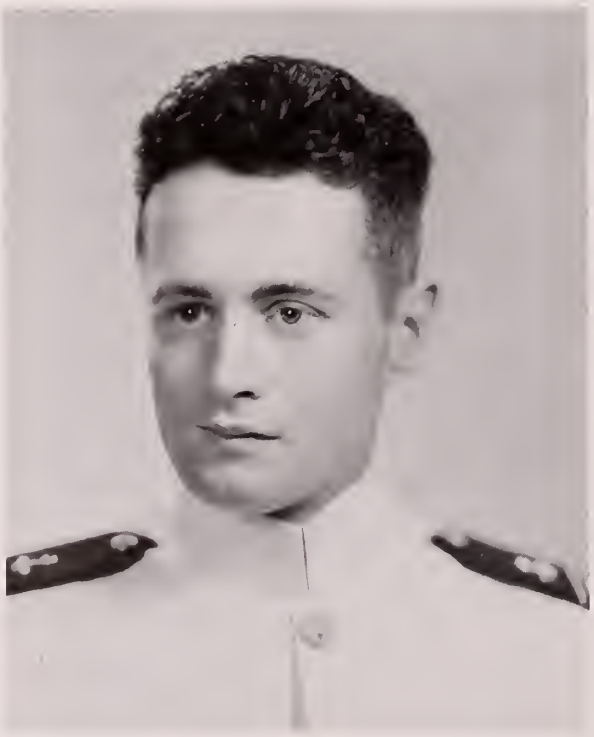
"Crutch" ("Golden Boy" to his wives) was unexcelled in popularity and wit. He had a comeback to everything thrown at him, and could out-talk any Yankee in a Civil War argument. This short, conscientious, aggressive lad rated high in aptitude and activities. Battalion football gave him a split lip, and battalion wrestling left him with stitches above the right eye. Every hop found him "starring" with the drags, and he out-led the best. Though not particular about what kind of sea duty comes his way, he does want diplomatic duty later on. His mastery of Spanish will get him that, just as his personality will win him friends.

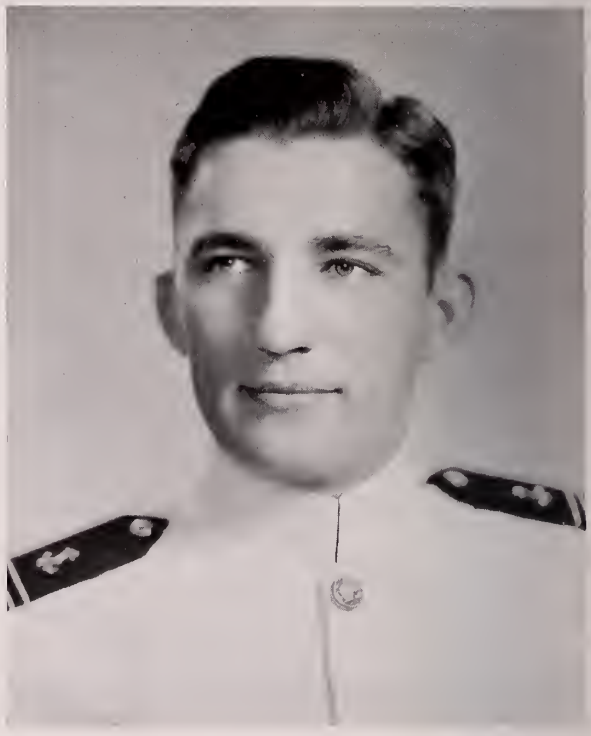
"Hey, mate, the mail out yet?" was Nick's old war cry. After his daily letter, a more comic or joyful personality could be found nowhere. "The Russian" rolled into Bancroft Hall on a pair of weather-beaten sea-legs. As a true tin-can sailor, he found no obstacles that could stop him. Academically, he stood well above average; as a classmate he was always ready with a good joke, or a bull session. When not burning the cinders or working out in the gym, "Dashpot" could be found letter-writing or "ketching." His big weakness: one woman; his studying position: horizontal. Loads of fun, a good worker, and a fighting shipmate.

John Joseph Cryan

Flushing, New York

"*When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*" is the song which best expresses Jack's spirit. Everyone he met was won by that ready Gaelic smile and laughter. Yes, even the girls were attracted by it. And that is where Jack's troubles began. The question of which one he would drag to the next hop was eternally arising. Most any afternoon one could find Jack on his bunk, but don't think he was a "Spanish athlete." He was merely resting for a strenuous workout on the parallel bars later in the afternoon! This man from New York was out to make a good officer and he seemed to get the right start.





Nicholas Dashko

McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania

Reverting to the traditions of the South, his calm demeanor belied a ready temper and he spoke only when there was something worth while to say. Some people would call him taciturn, but his friends knew his pleasant comaraderie and valued it highly. There was a time when his eye for beauty led him on devious paths, but all that became a thing of the past when a blind drag materialized into an O.A.O. Jeff ever sought the path of least resistance. Yet, any task he undertook, became a task well done, and the fleet from which he came will be the better for his return.

Shirley Audrey Davis

El Dorado, Arkansas

Edwin William Day

Sellersville, Pennsylvania

Ed is the kind of lad who picks his goal, sets himself for it and either gets there or goes down fighting. He did not excel in any one sport, but tried each and every one successively. Since leaving his little town in eastern Pennsylvania, his whole life has been wrapped up in and built around his chosen profession, the Navy. Ed was one of the few who gave up their leave first class summer to serve aboard one of our fighting ships. A desire to excel in everything military assures his success in the fleet during these years of peril. Fair weather and smooth sailing, Ed!

Ronald Alvin Deal, Jr.

Emporia, Va.

Three loves has "Dirty" Deal; the Navy, his native state, "The Old Dominion," and a southern belle who dwells therein. When he felt like exercising, he ducked away to the Model Shop and watched the band saw run. For three years he lived in that shop, turning out everything from radio cabinets to warships in miniature. If one ever wanted a "bull session," he was always ready with a story of those happy high school and college days back in old Virginia. Strictly a one woman man, he dragged his O.A.O. to nearly every event from plebe year on. He can count on creativeness and resourcefulness to carry him far.

Richard John DePrez

Rochester, New York

For a five-dollar word, an explanation of Bernoulli, a candidate for a weekend watch, or someone to drag blind—Dick was the man. If one didn't find him bewildering his "profs" with complex theories he was probably working out in the gym or natatorium, dragging an old standby, or sleeping. Dick's a practical man who hasn't missed the benefits of hard work and play. In the section room, on the athletic field, or on the dance floor, he ranked high. Dick's sincerity in his work, his superb sense of humor, and a chronometer set ten minutes fast, will always get him to the fire with his boots on.

Henry Vincent De Witt, Jr.

Charlotte, North Carolina

Before he was able to say "Annapolis," Vince decided to follow the sea. As a cadet at Fishburne, he almost took up a chance to go around the world in a merchantman, but he held out. Nothing was able to sidetrack him from his goal, a commission in the United States Navy. With him the studies came first, and then the drags, and then only if the former permitted.

Of an afternoon, if not over at the gymnasium, he could be found sailing the *Highland Light*, or strolling along Crabtown's waterfront. A handsome fellow, possessed of the ability to persevere, Vince was an ideal classmate and a true friend.

Sam Aaron Dressin

Brooklyn, New York

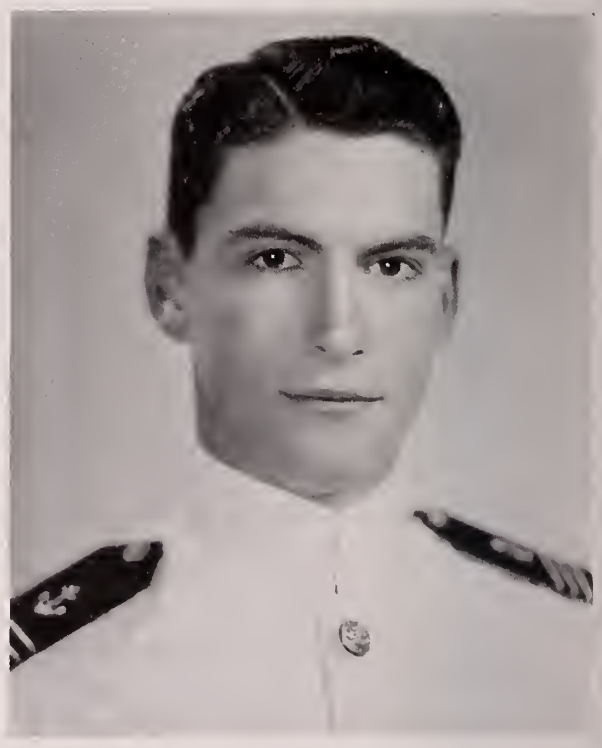
Sam was either a genius or a queer bird. He was Brooklyn's only man who didn't say "boids on the coib." He must have been a genius, this for two reasons: one he "starred"; two, he was a member of the Unholy Sextet (not a singing society), an organization, the supreme genius of which dumbfounded admirals, jimmy-legs, big businessmen and the boys in the back room. Sam made his extra-curricular mark rope-climbing for the gym team and was almost nicknamed "muscles." His social activities were confined to quiet Saturday and Sunday afternoons in Carvel Hall. Sam was a fine fellow, a fine friend. Being a charter member required this.

The cry "Is there a heavyweight in the room?" preceded him as he came in with a glint in his eye. It was "Bucket" on the hunt for material. No one knows how he found enough for the Seventh Company boxing team. A short trip, Carnesville, Georgia to Annapolis, Maryland—with a stop-over at North Georgia College—but what a change of environment! Suffice to say he was charged with "talking like a Yankee" on his first leave. As with any Southerner, the Civil War and chivalry are not dead. ("Bliss" has a double meaning for "Bucket") He's ace high and a swell shipmate for any man; three years proved that.

Richard Hill DuBois

Chicago, Illinois

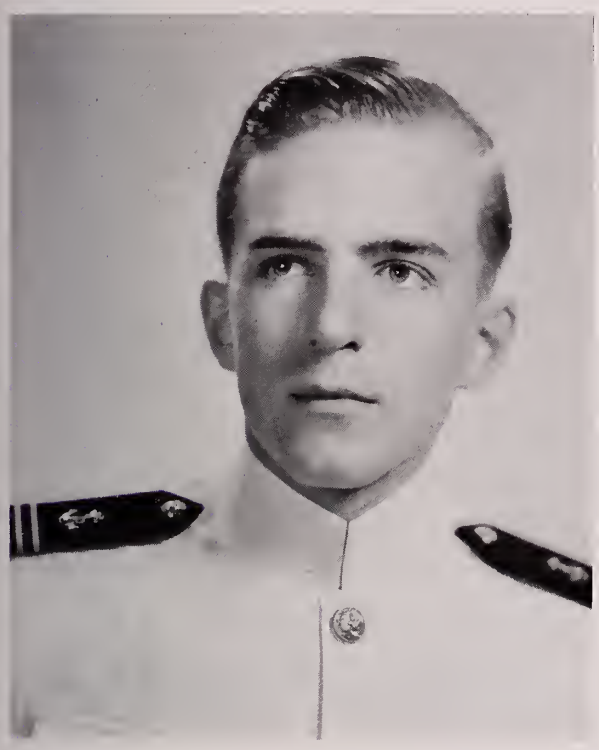
Chicago sent Dick fresh from high school, eager to come to grips with the Academic and Executive Departments. Who really came out on top we aren't prepared to say. Dick, however, stood well in the upper half of his class without too much difficulty. His recreation was devoted to various informal sports, workouts in the gym, battalion cross-country, wrestling and crew. From battalion crew he graduated to the J.V. squad where he won his letter. A "Red Mike" plebe and youngster years, he came into his own, first class year. His many friends will miss his easy philosophy of life and his supply of shaving cream.



Joseph Eugene Dyar, Jr.

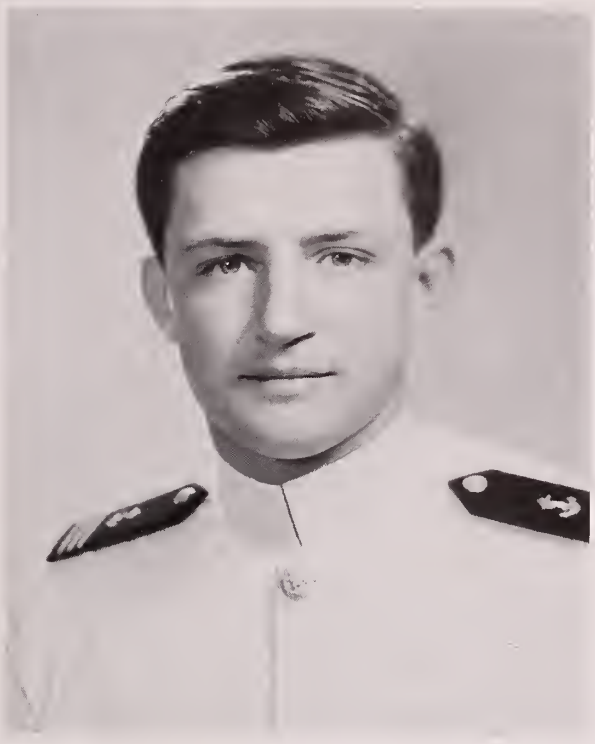
Carnesville, Georgia

Thunder, lightning and chaos heralded the birth of Flash, the "Mighty Mite." With an illustrious beginning at military school, his career has progressed in an ever-increasing circle of friends. Usually busy socially, he found time to dabble in the wrestling loft and on the gym floor—as a flyweight. Explosive as the little corporal of Waterloo, the Flash constantly guarded against, yet sought, the wiles of woman-kind. Unofficially, he was never willing to guard against eventualities; instead, he hewed to the "why do today what you can put off till tomorrow" formula. A true compatriot, he has patiently and successfully survived the Academy's rigors.



Michael Murray Elliott

San Diego, California



Richard Charles Fedon

Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania

Originally hailing from Pennsylvania, Dick got a running start on "the system" in his years at Admiral Farragut by becoming one of the fortunate who didn't have to learn for the first time during the first days of Plebe summer such necessary items as construction of a regulation bed and locker stowage. Since then the better-than-average size of "Fedon-54" loomed comfortably in the Navy line. When not employed in football pursuits, "the Finn's" shape could usually be found almost covering the sack in his "suite," the impregnable sanctuary of his sizable squad of plebes, proving that "Fido" is big in more ways than one.

Alfred Charles Filiatrault, Jr.

Duluth, Minnesota

Filly happened on the Navy! Just for the devil of it he dropped into a building where they were holding competitive exams for the Naval Academy. The fact that the exams led to his appointment indicates his academic abilities. The fact that he entered the Academy in such a manner is typical of his acceptance of life. When not engaged in academic pursuits, Filly divided his time between informal sports, gym workouts and just plain resting. As a result of debts incurred while relaxing on leave he was always broke, just managing to pull clear before the next leave. Easy-going, good-looking, he has a combination hard to beat.

Wayne Nicholas Fitzpatrick

Amelia, Ohio

"What eye chart, Doc?" Since he first fell from the cradle, Fitz's only ambition has been to fly, and if those eyes hold out the Air Corps will get a good man. Fitz got off to a fine start Plebe year by earning a pair of stars. Yet he still had time for company softball and the "juice" gang. When honors for first class year were passed out Fitz found himself wearing two stripes and controlling the master switch in the juice gang. His untiring energy, self-determination, and pleasing smile have won for him many friends and will keep him in good standing with the Navy.

William Robert Flanagan

ATHENS, GEORGIA

He was really one of the fellows. The Naval Academy weekends found our "Gentleman from the South" in the midst of all the fun and frolic. Bill proved to be our local talent when he starred before the camera while working the same math problem four times—he still receives fan mail and is as popular among the drags as he is with his classmates. By dint of good fellowship and common sense, he furnished much of the spirit and a potent influence in extra-curricular activities as a member of the Hop Committee, and as company representative. Always plugging; we knew he did—we know he will.

William Jackson Flannery

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

They called him "Wild Bill," but don't jump to conclusions. He wasn't as wild as he sounds. During the three years we got to know him pretty well. To the underclassmen he probably seemed a strict first classman; though not in the sense of "regulation." Once you knew him, however, he was thoroughly human. Many a plebe, lost in the entanglement of regulations and "naval efficiency," hesitantly came to seek his advice. To their surprise, he put out straight dope and set them on the right path. Always ready with a snappy comeback, he got along in any crowd. With that ability, the Navy is just the place for him.

Marion Institute and Severn transformed Guy from a member of the Arkansas elite into a midshipman. From the day he took oath until the day of graduation that fountain of Arkansas yarns never ceased flowing. Possessing natural athletic ability, Guy excelled in gym, swimming and softball. Distinguished looks brought him many feminine conquests, and jests of "Silver Hairs Among the Gold" from his classmates. "Live and let live" constituted a great percentage of his philosophy, and the remainder of his time and thought was centered on that one broad stripe. When the occasion presented itself Guy displayed an indomitable spirit that will serve him well in the years to come.

Guy Alexander Freeling

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Hilton Railey Frank

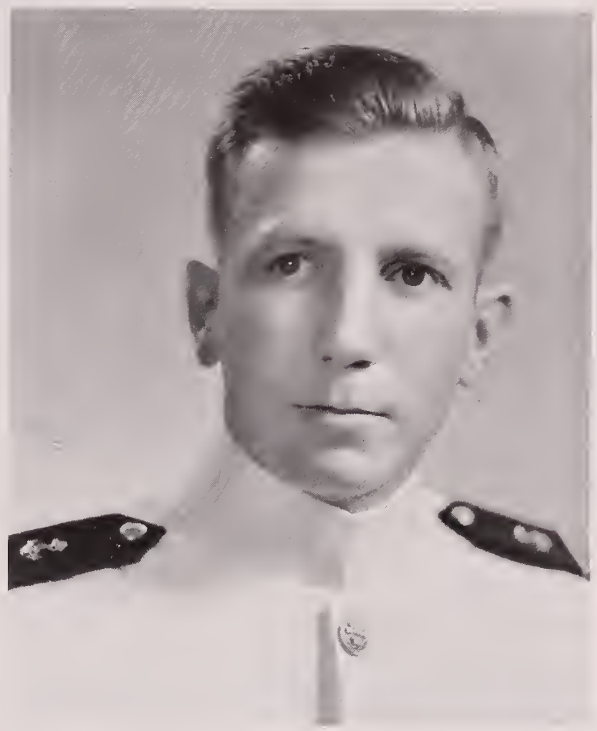
TULARE, CALIFORNIA

The actions of the "Boo Kid" from Tulare, California are as unpredictable as Maryland weather. He would short-sheet the D.O., or play a practical joke on the mate, yet he can quote in detail any article in the "Reg" book. Weekdays he was a varsity swimmer and football man, and week-ends found him restricted or eating at "Pete's," "Frankie" had the habit of making special efforts to do someone a favor, he financed much of the Regiment. In the conflict with the Executive and Academic Departments, he always managed to out wit the powers that be. "Hilt" is destined for well-deserved success in the air service.

A Westerner, New Mexico variety, and proud of it, Bob never let us forget the wonders of his native state and would often slip into our numerous "bull sessions" with an eloquent discourse on it, his favorite subject. "Bull" was his biggest bugaboo. Very seldom were he and the "prof" in phase. Bob spent many afternoons at the gym letting off steam on independent workouts. Women, in general, held last place to his other interests. "Variety, the spice of life" was his motto until youngster cruise. "She" has held his interest ever since. The fleet gains a man who loves hard work and has an intense interest in his profession.

Edward Robert Gaskin

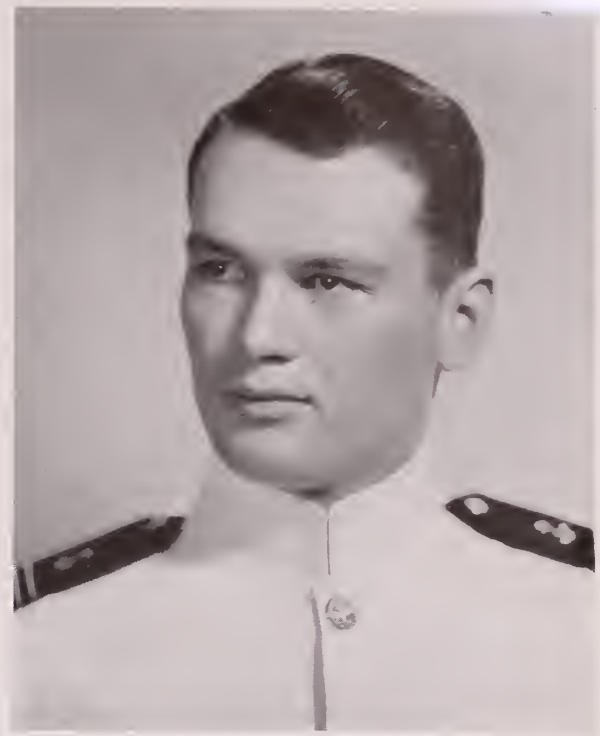
Raton, New Mexico



William Comrie Gibson

Miami Beach, Florida

"Where're these oranges from, Mister?" Whenever that breakfast question popped up, all hands could sit back and await a detailed exposition on God's country—alias, Florida. If not about oranges, it was surely about Florida's beautiful girls or Florida's wonderful fishing—"All of which can never be surpassed." Long will we remember those Saturday night "jam" sessions with Hoot's guitar, Dutch's squeezebox and Swede's uke, and those afternoons on the Severn giving just "Ten more, Men" for Buck and Navy. As for academics, when Gib took his mind off his O.A.O. he did unusually well, but then Antony had his Cleo, so why couldn't "Hoot" have his Fran?



Bruce Edmond Glendinning

Rahway, New Jersey

Straight from New Jersey, with a ball glove in one hand and his suitcase in the other, came the "Canny Scot." The rigors of plebe year barely ruffled the calm of his existence for he was a dyed-in-the-wool "Red Mike." He might have "starred" had it not been for frequent bunk drills. A math major in his pre-Navy days, the academic interests of the lanky Jersey kid turned toward the more cultural worlds of the "Bull" Department. He maintained his avid interest in sports and never missed a ball game. When the time comes, Bruce will get in there and pitch—baseballs or hand grenades.

Jack Eugene Godfrey

Lima, Ohio

"Is the mail out yet? Nope, there's none on Jake's desk." They called him "Black Jack" or "Jake," and everyone knew he got more mail than any ten fellows in the Academy. He was an easy-going, independent and indifferent cuss, with a gleam in his eye. He never missed a hop on purpose. He was varsity material, but was content to boost his company's score by socking softball homers or cutting the "5V" spot with a .45. Always willing to do more than his share, "Jake" despises inefficiency. His knowledge and love of aviation will undoubtedly cause this Lima, Ohio, lad to become a 4.0 flight officer.

James Richard Goodykoontz

El Paso, Texas

After two years at Texas A. & M., Goody found himself slightly bewildered at Annapolis. He was among the last to join our class, and we remember him marching in white works when all of us were in blues. His interest in track gave him a few numerals. How a track man could write poetry was a mystery to us until "Goody" came. A profoundly quiet and reserved fellow, he has a strong will. He looks outwardly hard-hearted, but any girl with black hair and a sweet smile, who can say "Goody, dear" will find him easy and defenseless. That is our "Goody": spirited, big-hearted, easy-going and gentlemanly.

Joseph Allain Grace, 11

Plaquemine, Louisiana

Loyal to his O.A.O., always ready to help a friend in need, and proud of his home state—"We don't have everglades in Looisiana; they are swamps and bayous"—, that was Joe. He liked nothing better than sailing a yawl, unless it was chewing sugar cane peeled in true Louisiana fashion. Ever ready for a solid argument on any subject, but never a "sea lawyer," Joe was a Gibraltar in his convictions and ideals. He did his share in the shell and on the cinders, like the true sport he was. Joe combined conscientiousness, diligence, steadfastness, and square-shooting with an enviable frankness to make all his friends.

"Gable on the stage, hero on the sod, genius in the classroom, pep squad's very god." With these recommendations, the pride of East Texas descended on the Academy. Judging from what we saw, Howard deserved all that could be said of him. He soon acquired the respect and friendship of all his class. The mail he received served as a constant reminder that loss of his locks could not hinder his technique with the fairer sex. Propelled by unconquerable ambition and aided with a resourceful mind, he sailed unscathed through academics. That resourcefulness, combined with a plentiful supply of common sense, assures him success as a fighting naval officer.

Howard Earl Greer

Tyler, Texas

Lenson Walker Graves

Pagelland, South Carolina

The "leetle" man made up in ability and spirit what he lacked in size. "Gravey" was always in there fighting, whether on the athletic field or in the classroom. Neither a savoir nor a bucket, he was consistently a neck ahead of the academic departments, although he almost got caught first class year. In athletics "Gravey" was agile and adept at football, baseball and wrestling. Not quite a "Red Mike" he preferred to let his roommate handle all affairs of the heart. He was too far from the South Carolina girls to be bothered. Len's happy disposition will take him far with a minimum of worry.

Tall, dark and vociferous, Griffith was easy to know and everybody's friend. He was champion of the plebes, making it his duty to see that they were not unduly trod upon. Except for a shot at battalion swimming plebe year, he didn't go in for sports or other extra-curricular activities to any great extent. Instead, he spent most of his time *trying* to beat the Executive Department, which, recognising his efforts in this field, bestowed the coveted "Black N" as a reward during youngster year. "Jungle Jim" was a hard worker, with only occasional lapses, blessed with a mind which he didn't fail to use and seldom failed to speak.

Jack Walter Griffith

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Harry Boyd Gunther

Memphis, Tennessee

The blue Severn was a pleasant change from the muddy Mississippi. Harry prepped at Columbia Military before blessing "Club Bancroft" with his perpetual grin. Although he wore no stars, academics gave "Ther" little trouble, leaving him time to shoot near-par golf or to defend his regimental backstroke title. A charter member of the "3% Club," "Hypo Baker" was almost as famous for his ears as for his notorious post-Army game parties. These three years have passed too slowly, for "H. B." longs for a deck under his feet and salt spray in his face. Harry will be one of the few men from '44 to reach the top.

Rufus Benjamin Hailey

Ontario, Virginia

"Well, pahdon ma southun accent" was our first impression of "Pete." A true Virginian to the last yankee, and a protege of V.P.I., he was fully prepared for plebe year. Never in Academy history had one more successfully aroused the "rabble" than one "Pete" Hailey. Bringing his wives or classmates into violent but friendly argument was his constant aim. Relating his grandpappy's feats, investigating steam pumps, and playing a whale of a softball game on the keystone sack, plus getting in his share of the dragging, occupied most of his time. "Pete's" personality plus his calm and collected manner assure his success in the fleet.

Francis Houghton Stubbs Hall

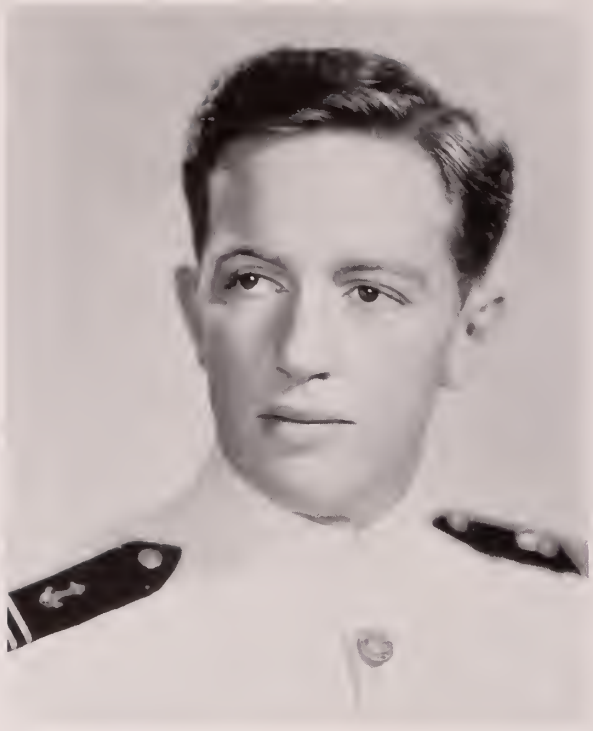
Annapolis, Maryland

It was only a short jaunt to the main gate in June, 1940, for "Hote." Coming from Annapolis with a love for the Navy and a knowledge of Academy traditions, he was off to a running start. Although extremely interested in sports, principally cross country and track, "Hote" never let them interfere with intensive study sessions, and his class standing was no true indication of his ability. His popularity with the tender gender was exemplified by frequent Saturday night visits to Dahlgren Hall; his popularity in the regiment, by the endless line of friends dropping in for a bull session. These qualities will make "Hote" a preferred fleet officer.

John Joseph Hancotte, Jr.

Boston, Massachusetts

"Long John" was a Harvard man. His academic standing and his accent attest this. Outstanding in height as well as academics, the rope climb and the swimming tests provided his only troubles. These were usually ironed out shortly after joining "the squad." His room saw many heated discussions on the Civil War and love. The first was not settled (except in his own mind), while he has reversed his stand on love. He fell first class year. "Hank" was one of the few who found pleasure in working math problems, and gave incalculable assistance to many classmates. A "star" man plebe year, he will go far in his chosen profession.

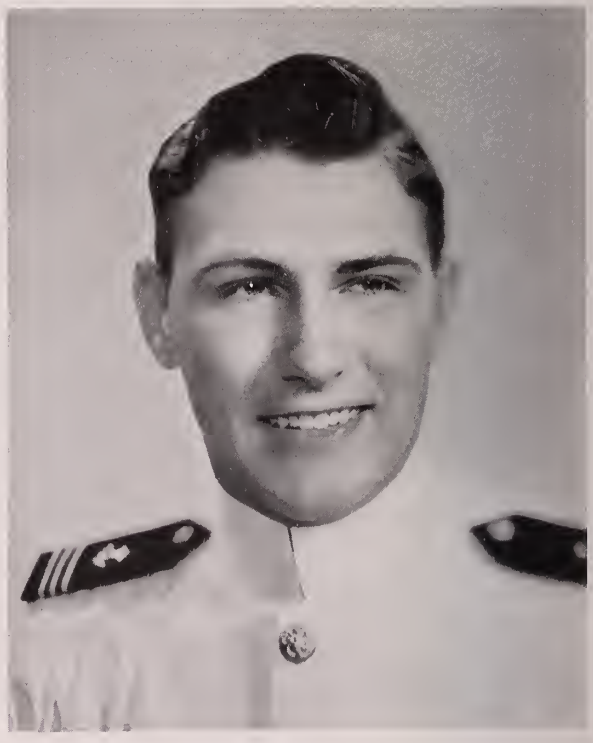


Henry Raphael Hanssen

Lexington, Missouri

The pride of Napoleon, Missouri, swaggered forth when this red-headed Dane joined the ranks of sailormen. With him came his ability to play football and wrestle—also a yen for puns. Not satisfied with participating in athletics, he added a flourish by spreading words of wisdom on the *Lucky Bag* Sports Staff. His spare time was taken up with either of his favorite hobbies, sleeping or bragging of his feminine conquests—he did excellent jobs with both. His best performance was at the table where all the chow in sight disappeared. Although proud of his Indian title, Warrior Little Flying Squirrel is well ready to assume rank in our Navy.

From Maurice we should have learned all about two things: Comradeship, and the approximate location and dubious size of Drifting, Pa. The myriad friends that Maurice made here vouches for a personality that is positive plus. It's hard to say what Maurice's passion was, for he put his heart equally into dragging, letter-writing, swimming, and a one-sided battle with the books. When he was not writing his O.A.O., one could always find him on the gridiron or in a crew shell. Maurice liked his good times, but whether the occasion was gay or serious, he was always the same—full of cheer and ever ready with a helping hand.



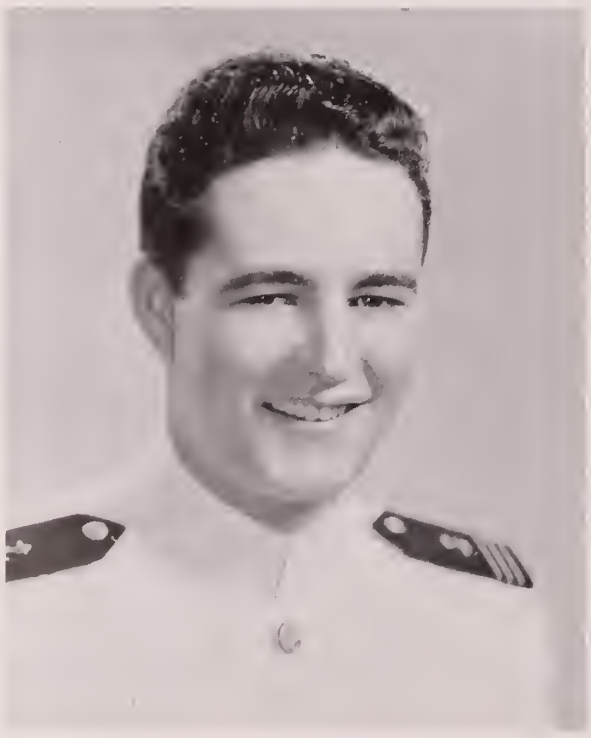
Maurice Christopher Hartle

Drifting, Pennsylvania

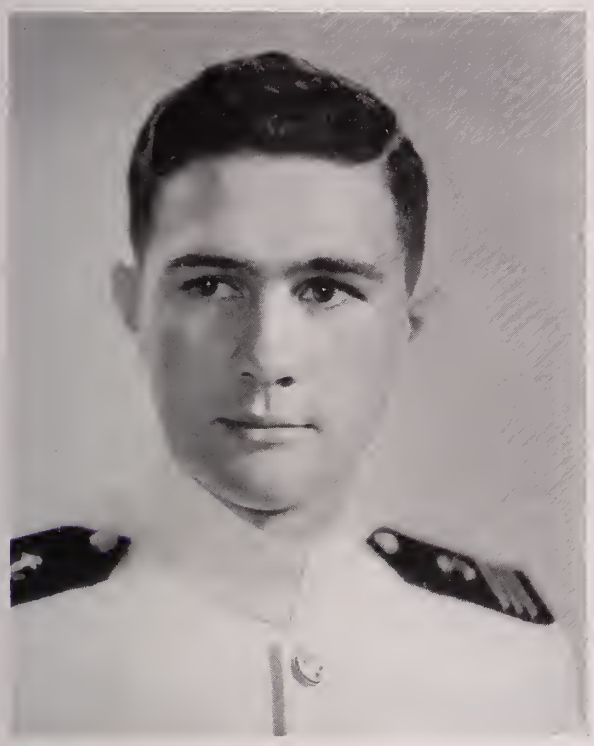
John Andrew Harkins

Wilmington, Delaware

One couldn't say "Smiley" was lazy; he just disregarded the unnecessary things. However, he did look very natural on his bunk with some magazine or book. "Smiley" held his own with the Executive and Academic Departments, but at the same time, he never let his work interfere with a good "Bull session." A few people are endowed with the gift of gab. Jack received more than his share and he didn't fail to use it after breakfast! "Smiley" had a high regard for dear old Delaware, especially Delaware girls. He never missed an opportunity to drag and enjoyed nothing more than a party with all the trimmings.



As a roommate, Lorin was the best; he was almost sure to have money at the end of the month as well as a pleasant disposition before breakfast—even on the gloomiest Mondays. He never lost sleep over Academics, and kept *Cosmo* and the *Saturday Evening Post* off the breadline; yet, he always remained in the upper bracket of the class. Ketch trips, and dragging made the Commodore's weekends livable, and he was as skilled in the ballroom as he was at the helm. After Lorin finishes his tour of duty in the cans, Pensacola will have a new prospect on which to grow wings.



Lorin William Hay

Ramsey, New Jersey

David William Henderson

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Maybe it was a blast of Dixieland jazz, occasionally interupted by raucous and good-natured gripes, or a passionate argument on who won the ball game. Possibly it was a fierce declamation on the quality of current music, interspersed with "groovie" accordiana jive. It's ten to one that Mho was at the bottom of it all; his most dominant characteristic was audibility. He never did anything halfway. Was it his "World Series" treatment of company softball, his ferocious but abbreviated boxing career, his troubles with "Steam," women, or a combination of all that lost him so much hair? Pals won't forget his frequent, friendly greetings. Dave's a hard man to forget.

Daniel Webster Herlong

Lake Charles, Louisiana

"Maybe this one'll get 'em!" With a sharp turn here and a flourish there, Dan waltzed around the room demonstrating his latest dance sensation. "Now I know they won't be able to follow me at the hop Saturday night." After dancing came gym work, with handstands on the foot of his bed. What he practised in the room he put into practice outside the room. At the hop he gave the girls an unforgettable whirl; in the gym meet he did just as admirable a job on the horizontal bar; and out in the bay Dan reached the acme of perfection handling the knockabouts like King Neptune himself.

Leon Jaucian Hernandez

Libmanan Camarines Sur, Philippines

This proud son of the Philippine Military Academy, with his friendly grin, sense of humor, and level head had a difficult time upon his arrival here making himself understood. He took a lot of kidding, but defended himself against attack with the familiar counter-accusation: "You don' get thees stoff." His spare time, which was considerable, was used for reading, chess, boxing, extra-curricular eating, and dragging. We envied his ability to get away with it, to keep off the "trees," to retain his hair. After the war, he is going to settle down in the Philippines and have six husky, bronze sons. We wish him luck.

Stetson Parker Hills

Belfast, Maine

A "Down-Easter" from way back and proud of it, Stet divided his time at the Academy between a struggle for existence with the Skinny Department and futile attempts to convince his classmates that Maine has finally been initiated into the complexities of civilization. Victorious in the first battle, he was, nevertheless, unable to eradicate the popular conception that the Indians of northern New England still ambush the Pony Express. False rumors, too, were heard that the Hell-Cats' disbanding was the result of his non-playing membership plebe year. Stet never lost his unfailing good humor, and, with a girl like Fay waiting, he's on top of the world.

Ernest Edward Hollyfield, Jr.

Middlesboro, Kentucky

"I'se from Kentucky, sir." With these words our boy (Vitalis, Kreml, Vaseline, Fitch's—he certainly tried!) began his naval career, and to this day, his greatest disappointment was the halting of the construction of you-know-what battleship. A swimmer, "Sir, we ain't got no water down home," but an athlete, yes. His football ability came from Kentucky, but Maryland lays claim to his lacrossing. Not only did "Lem" direct the staff of our *Log*, but he also helped with his stirring pen. Whenever one saw an article by "E-squared," one knew that our boy "Lem" wrote it. With good breaks this industrious savoir will go far. Bon Voyage!

"Swede" was a good-natured fellow who could stand nearly anything, except anyone who mispronounced his name, or ran down his native state of Minnesota. After leaving Minnesota, he met frequently with the Academic Board, but always came out on top in true Navy style. Very well informed along practical lines, he seldom disappointed plebes in search of the answer to a question about the Navy. "Swede" usually managed to keep in the good graces of the women with his ready wit and his dancing. He was a member in good standing of the "Flying Squadron," though he usually disliked the thought of exerting himself unnecessarily.

Dean Alden Horn

Hay Springs, Nebraska

A "Cornhusker" and ardent exponent of the prairies, D. A. was a dryland sailor. Perhaps it was the call of adventure or the simple need of water that urged him to leave his home on the edge of the Sandhills and take up a seagoing career. His athletic problem was convincing Coach Ortland he could swim, his extra-curricular activity was—but let's not get too personal. He likes military life and is regulation enough to be a West Point "five-striper." In spite of what plebes may think, he is a square shooter and will, in his efficient manner, see a thing through to the desired outcome.

Harold Neil Hval

Norcross, Minnesota

"Hey, Earl! How do you do this prob?"—and we were off again! Classmates dropped in to learn the answers and went away more bewildered by the mystics of "the hand is quicker than the eye." Earl had pulled out some of his parlor magic and soon the boys were "picking a card" or guessing numbers; another study hour and no studying, and from his standing one would think that he was studious. Good books and classical music were his first loves, although occasionally he would journey to the gym for a game of squash or handball. Definitely a "star" man, he was the laziest go-getter existing.

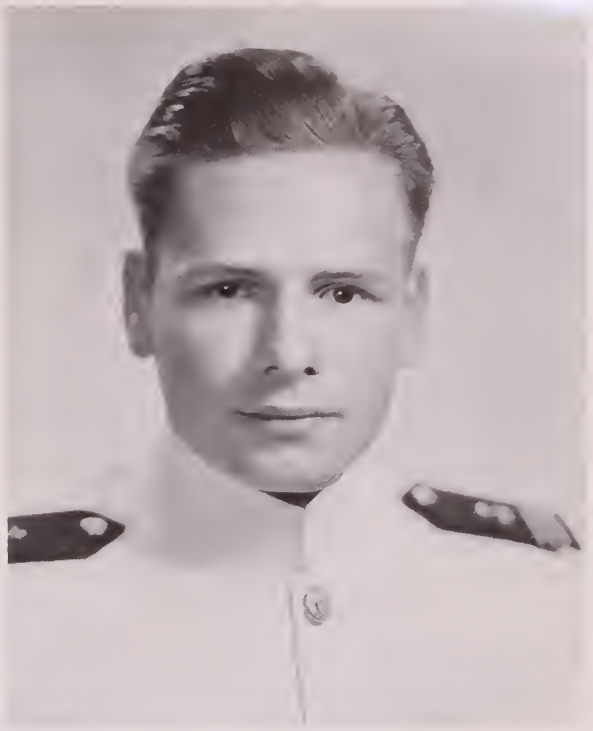
Earl Judson Isaac, Jr.

Buffalo, New York

Thaddeus John Jakubowski

Hamtramck, Michigan

Call it blind devotion if you like, but Jake was always in there pitching for the things he believed in; to him there was just one Michigan, just one Navy team, just one O.A.O. Possessor of a rare enthusiasm and a happy philosophy of life, Jake went through the Academy in stride, seemingly unperturbed by the vicissitudes of Navy life. Each fall found him in there ripping 'em up for the Navy team that was one of his big interests in life. His amiability and enthusiasm could not go unrewarded—a host of friends, now and always, bespeak a personality that will carry Jake far in whatever he may undertake.



Roy Ernest Jones, Jr.

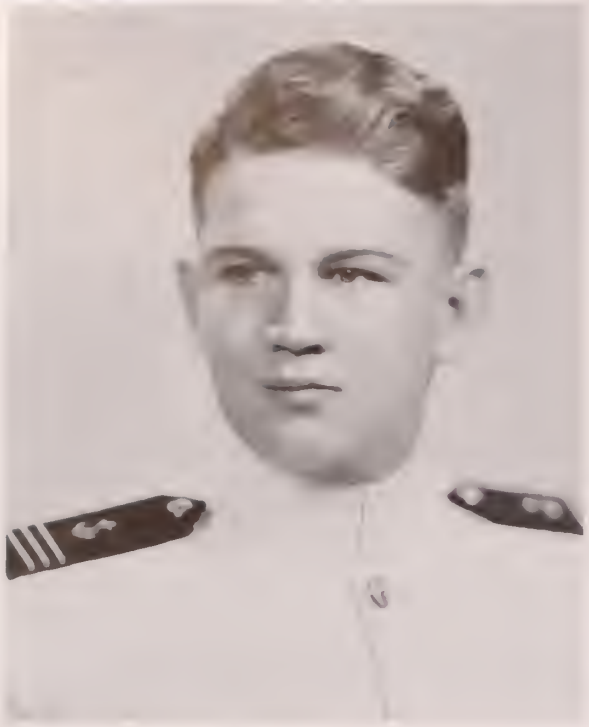
Birmingham, Alabama

When stars fell on Alabama, "Gomez" had left for Annapolis. After making an enviable record at Marion Institute, Roy chased stars through plebe and youngster years, but just missed them. To football and to plebe and junior varsity lacrosse he can trace many a bruise, but he will remember with more pleasure his contacts as manager of our last boxing team. Moving to Washington for first class annual leave, Roy began to think of the future—in the air, on the sea, or under the sea—but more often "of lighter things." Although that determined face indicated excellent destroyer material, we wouldn't be surprised to find him at Pensacola.

Russell Martin Jonson

Greenville, Kentucky

Russ first used the "slipstick" in Teacher's College, and like the whiskey of his native Kentucky, he improved with age. The "Strangler" worked hard to enter the Academy and once in never ceased working, whether in company softball, varsity wrestling, or academics. Quiet and studious, he still loved a good rough and tumble, and needless to say, he usually had the better of it. We were proud of our soprano two-striper, whether he was cleaning our room before reveille or cutting throat in math. Practical, efficient, friendly, and a wonderful help in "Skinny," Russ will soon keep a date with a PBY which he has reason not to forget.



William Kanewske

Lake Charles, Louisiana

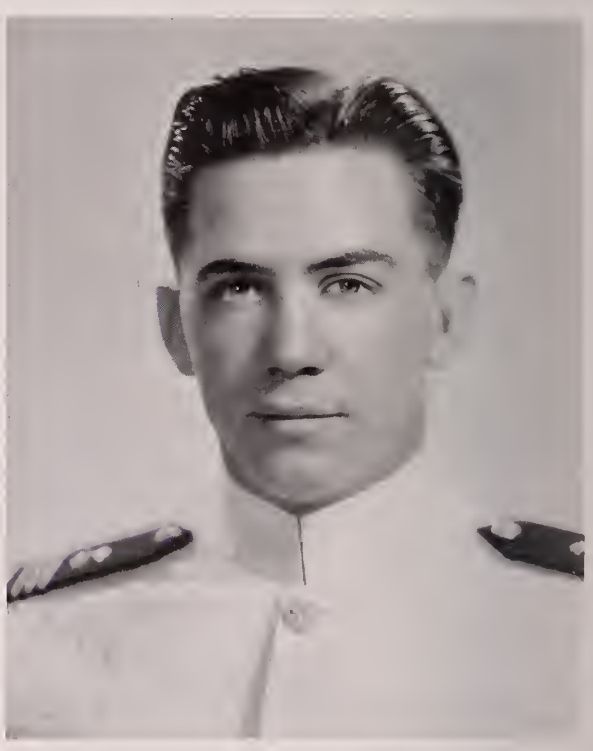
A wide grin, a tall story, an appreciation of life's finer things (women), a craving for more sleep, and a hidden but real love of the Navy; that's "Kanew." He brought with him plenty of that Texas loquaciousness, but he had that rare ability to tell an impossible tale and actually get away with it. Life with him was always diverting, to say the least. Bill liked sleep too well to go in for athletics, but he played a lot of football at guard when he wished. "Kanew" takes to the fleet a sense of humor and, more than that, a real ability to get things done in a hurry.

William Edward Keightley

La Grange, Kentucky

Bill came from the blue grass of Kentucky to the blue waters of the Chesapeake to fulfill an ambition. One of those rare individuals who could almost "star" without studying, he made quite a record as a scholar and an athlete. However, youngster year and a radio came and Bill donated his unlimited energies to amassing an enviable record collection and to dragging from Washington. In any gathering his presence was conspicuous by his ready laugh and willingness to help. From the Severn to the Pacific is a big jump but Bill has the enthusiasm, faith and loyalty to make a good shipmate and officer.

With wrestling, lacrosse, Reception Committee and company pistol team experience, and being the only midshipman in history to score a bull's eye from the hip, Bob's presence always meant action. A Tulsa, Oklahoma lad, he was ever ready to defend the world's oil capital. Clashes with the Academic Departments always left him grateful to Tecumseh. He didn't know the word "stranger," especially feminine stranger. The mention of subs in his presence would initiate a discussion that might last indefinitely. That service will surely benefit by his ability. A lover of music, movie cartoons, comics and food, he will always be surrounded by an atmosphere of cheerfulness.



Robert Bruce Kitt

Tulsa, Oklahoma

William Peery Kiser

Tazewell, Virginia

Bill came from a quiet little town in Virginia and brought some of that quietness as well as a strong determination to learn. Possessed with the highest type of personal honor, sense of duty and consideration, Bill was sincere, careful, and capable. His presence will be an asset in any circumstance his ship may meet. Nothing is so difficult that it is not easily mastered in his more than agile mind. Wrestling provided recreation, and the solving of complicated problems entertainment. A finer friend and harder worker would be hard to find. His success in the fleet will be, as it has been at the Academy, a great one.

The printers of America lost a promising disciple when the "Jay Bird" left sunny Tampa for the cold, clammy northland. A past master of practical logistics but no athlete, he spent his extra ergs in the discussion of politics, the defense of the Cincinnati Reds, and the everlasting duel with academics and the system. According to Jim, the system was particularly heartless in forcing tired midshipmen to rise in the early dawn and sit through breakfast, the "failure meal" of the day. Jim can get as tough as the occasion may demand, but his many friends will remember him for his easy smile and good nature.

James Bronson Klay

Tampa, Florida

Roald Edgar Kolstad

St. Paul, Minnesota

The University of Minnesota sent us this ex-section hand, embryo civil engineer, and Eagle Scout. With a trace of old Norway still in his speech and his persistently happy, innocent appearance, Ed soon became "Buttercup." Don't be misled, however. His own physical development campaign has completed the job the Great Northern started, and "Butter" is RUGGED. The only things we hold against him are the introduction of "for neat, hey!" into the Third Battalion's vocabulary and his atrocious repertoire of songs—"Hail Fairmont High School," et al. Ed never said much—except about Pine Bend—but he'll carry much more than just his own weight. To you, Norsk, Skoal.

Richard Jerome Krotkiewicz

Hamtramck, Michigan

On entering the Academy "Krocky" straightway started to make a place for himself in athletics, academics, the eye of the "Exec" Department and the hearts of his classmates. Plebe summer he won two bouts by knockout and dropped one by decision for the company boxing squad. Winter found him on the swimming team. By youngster year he was Navy's number one diver. He stood high in his class despite a lack of academic interest. His keen judgment and strong will won him four stripes. His many friends testify to his place in the esteem of his classmates.

Claude Olwen Lanciano Jr.

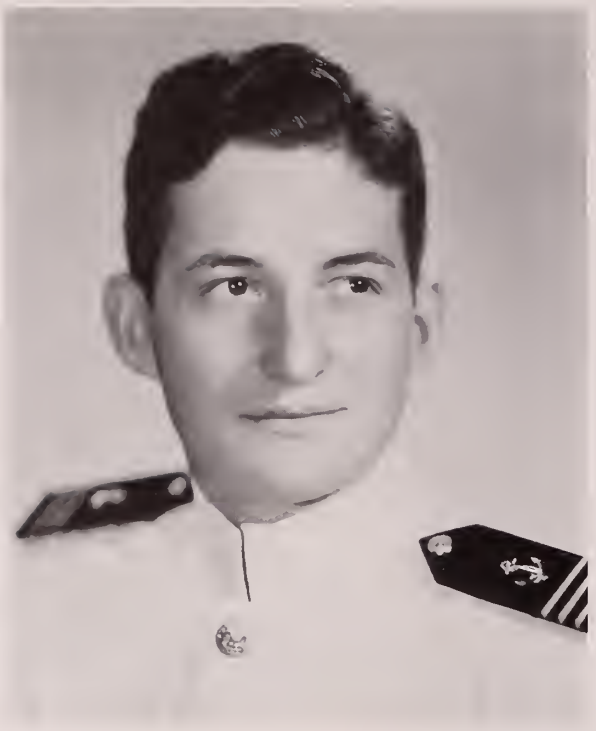
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Hey, mate! Where's my mail?" That was "Lucky's" way of expressing his impatience for the letter from that certain someone, and his displeasure at the cruelties inflicted by the Academic Departments early in the morning. A deep sincerity and a powerful will to succeed carried him through three hard years at the Academy and will continue to help him to succeed where others may fail. The ability to laugh at adversity made him a very excellent friend and shipmate. High spirited, frank, and full of vigor, "Lucky" will easily win the respect and admiration of his men. The City of Brotherly Love will be proud of this native son.

James Byron Landon

Los Angeles, California

"The sun's always shining back home. I tell you, the weather's perfect." That was "Alf," a loyal native son forever plugging his home state. Three years of typical Maryland weather only strengthened his convictions about that "perfect California." Plebe year was a breeze with plenty of time for those much desired mid-morning naps. Youngster year brought that inevitable girl trouble which practically every midshipman suffers at one time or another. A trick knee limited "Alf's" athletics, but all spare time was well spent in bunk drills and a daily letter to his O A O. A better pal, when a good pal is needed would be hard to find.



Peter Wall Lang

Beverly Hills, California

Hollywood's loss was Navy's gain. So they say about Pete Lang, an Army brat with a salty background. Trick knees robbed the football team of Pete's services, but he was invaluable to the circulation staff of the *Trident Magazine*. For three years it was touch and go with the Academic Departments, but Pete always had a knack of passing re-exams with cool 4.0's. A charter member of the ten-twenty and three percent clubs, "Negat" had his troubles. Nothing ever worries him though, he always has a laugh for everyone. May he realize his dreams of fair winds and smooth sailing on the azure seas beneath the Southern Cross.

1812 Overture or Twelfth Street Rag, an authority on the Reg book and a glowing example of you rate what you can get away with, he was a jumble of conflicting traits. Possibly that was why he was so hard to understand and not so popular as he might have been. A true member of the radiator squad, he spent most of plebe year in the hospital or on the excused squad. With service relatives he found hearty welcomes on youngster cruise. A top man in high school, he was plenty savvy here. His blunt assertions and uncanny knack of being right continually amazed his fellows.

Alan Spencer Lee

New London, Connecticut

Norman Edward Leach

Haw River, North Carolina

Norm's devotion to the South was exceeded only by his devotion to a certain young lady back home in North Carolina. When not plugging away to keep ahead of the academic departments, he found time to play plebe baseball, company softball and battalion football. His main interest and first love, however, was in the Juice Gang in which he reigned as chief electrician during first class year. His ability to steer clear of the conduct report was a constant source of amazement to everyone. Best wishes for the future, Norm, with that reliable nature and friendly drawl, you will soon be on top of the ladder.

"From this valley they say you are going . . . ," and so he went. Leaving his Red River Valley and journeying half way across the continent, Jim took the oath of a Midshipman. He liked to boast that 40 below zero is common in North Dakota. In fact, he would freeze half to death rather than use two blankets and admit also that it's cold in Maryland. Giving up airplanes (Cubs) for duty with the Navy, he has never lost his desire to fly and hopes someday to earn his Navy wings. An able student with both the knowledge and ability required of an officer, Jim is destined for an eminent career.

James Claxton Lieber

Wahpeton, North Dakota

Joseph Douglas Lister

Waterbury, Connecticut

Steady as she goes, Joe! "Wedgie" cut his eye teeth sailing boats along the Connecticut coast. A natural love of the sea turned his thoughts to the Naval Academy. While here he spent his weekdays with the dinghy team and his weekends on the *Highland Light*. During the winter battalion wrestling and the Model Club occupied his time. Joe has been a "Red Mike" ever since he walked in the main gate with a picture of a certain brunette from Hartford in his suitcase. His cheery disposition, which has persisted through several close shaves with Skinny, has kept our spirits up and will certainly spread sunshine wherever he goes.

Robert Lyman John Long

Kansas City, Missouri

Little John appeared at U.S.N.A. with a name that belied his short stature. Born and raised in the "show me" state, Bob never failed to question another's opinion if he had a more logical answer. He attended the University of Missouri, where he assimilated vast amounts of worldly knowledge. That the Academic Departments never troubled him was shown by his class standing. Lacrosse and squash occupied his spare afternoons while the Reception and Hop Committees occupied his "Happy Hours." His ambition, other than to become a successul naval officer, is to retire to the life of a gentleman farmer. It will be a pleasure to associate with him wherever he goes.

Malcolm McF. Longinotti

Durant, Mississippi

"Ah'm from Mississippi, suh." Southern, blond and terrific, Longie proved himself a clear thinker, able to concentrate on the job at hand. Aggressive and enthusiastic, he had the inherent thoroughness which instilled confidence in his associates. Second only to the Navy was his interest in music. He loved it, played it and wrote about it. Remember the *Log's* "Off the Beat" column? Equally at home on the softball diamond, in the ring, or answering "fan mail," Malcolm was one of those fellows whom everyone remembered with a "Hi' Ya', Longie." His southern drawl and disarming smile, combined with a pleasing personality, are the source of his usually flawless diplomacy.

Harry Clifton Lowe

Stevensville, Maryland

The Maryland cold, famous in song and story, held no terrors for "Cliff," a native of that fabulous region, the Eastern Shore. That had its advantages and disadvantages. On the credit side, it gave "Harry" opportunities to spend many an enjoyable weekend with the best of company in the vicinity of Crabtown. A veteran member of the "Flying Squadron," his feats of rapid movement through the yard at 1844½ earned him the title of "Speed," a name he upheld in no small way on the forward soccer line. His native state also provided him with his favorite indoor sport, that of defending the Maryland weather against all comers.

Kelton Lamar Lowery

Greenville, Mississippi

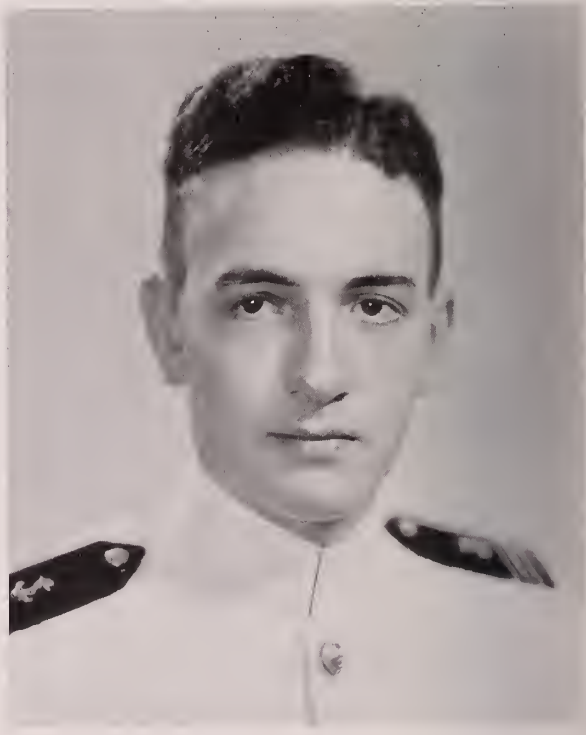
A true Southerner, but lacking the characteristic inertia, Baldy was always busy boxing, playing football, dragging, or just punching the books. Plebe year was "fruit" for this wordly-looking individual to whom the upperclassmen showed deference. His years as a traveling salesman equipped him with ready wit, and he always had a story to beat yours, an ability that insures him success in affairs of the heart. An amiable companion, always able to see another's point of view, Kelton will never lack friends. Given any task, he is ready to see it through to successful completion with perseverance that will rate him a "well done" in the game of life.

"Once a foo, always a foo!" With such nonsense this tall Southerner distinguished himself back in college. During two years of civil engineering at the Citadel and three of Navy academics, however, he demonstrated the ability behind the "double talk" with a consistently high class standing. "It's all 'fruit'," he said. A member of the Glee Club, *Lucky Bag* staff and company softball team, "Foo" gave hints of versatility, but he allowed nothing to interfere with his leisure. Kam had two weaknesses: records, of which he had a bountiful supply; and Del, who will soon replace his present wife. Kam conquered Atlanta; but unlike "Yankee" generals, he still retains its admiration.

Milton George Malmquist

Ortonville, Minnesota

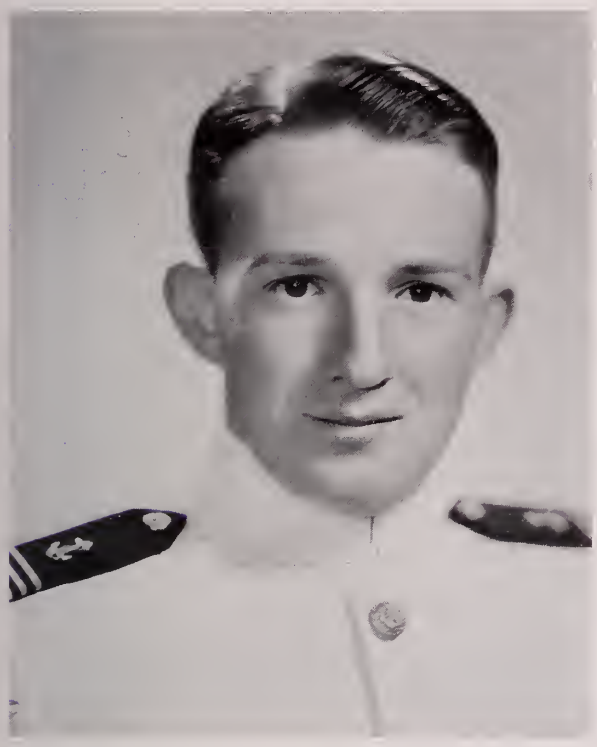
"Just let the d—n thing sit and we'll let Swede fix it." Without Swede to fix our gadgets and lend us beeswax, string, or tools, we would never have made first class year. It takes stilts to make him tall physically, but his nimble brain will keep him out in front where he can't get stepped on. His patience served him well in his hobbies of wood carving and model building, and his temper cannot be aroused unless his pipe collection is belittled. Milt's ready grin and cheerful nature will make his ship a happy one. The captain ought to sleep soundly when Swede has the deck.



Herbert Kaminer Manship

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

"Hey, mister, which team won the Big Ten Championship last year?" Mac's aim here was to see that no one was so uneducated that he had never heard of Minnesota and the Golden Gophers. When not boosting Minnesota, Mac was always ready to talk sailing and to back his arguments with plenty of experiences. Almost any night found him making a mad dash from the "dink" float to the shower. Bancroft will seem quiet when Mac's "Hello, Joe, old man!" no longer rings through the corridors. Mac takes to the fleet a combination of spirit, enthusiasm, and a heart of gold that will be hard to beat.



Donald Wans McCarthy

Minneapolis, Minnesota

James Edward McCauley

Hamden, Connecticut

"Madame, I have here a very handy brush, and . . . " You see, Mac was a door-bell dingler before his Annapolis opportunity presented itself. After a taste of Navy life as a member of the enlisted Reserves, he set about to secure advancement and parked his Model "A" for an appointment. Thrift was his byword, and you could always count on him to have that needed "buck" at the end of the month. Leaving athletics to huskier chaps, Mac got his exercise following the muscle men as a member of the Press Detail. Aggressive and efficient, Mac possesses the ability to give the sea another "Captain from Connecticut."

Paul Carlton McNiel, Jr.

Baltimore, Maryland

Pete is the pride of our academic system. His uncanny ability to make a good 2.6 average has kept him with us for these three years. He has done a fine job as business manager of *Reef Points* and as a ketch captain. A true son of Maryland, it was rumored that it was he who formulated the answer to "How cold is it in Maryland?" one morning as he sat shivering on a radiator, with only a sweat suit, two blankets, and a bathrobe to keep him warm. His ambition is to be a good officer and a likable shipmate. With his personality he'll get along well.

Ralph Frederick Merrill

Boston, Massachusetts

A yankee Navy junior with a preference for Southern belles, Doc spent too much time in Guantanamo, Norfolk, and Washington to acquire that accent of Boston, whence he hails. As a Plebe he was quite an athlete, winning his "44" on the gym team; but youngster year he forewent his career on the parallel bars to enjoy more fully the privilege of his "sack." He did, however, find time to join the Reception Committee and point out the virtues of U.S.N.A. to members of visiting teams. With his happy faculty of making friends wherever he goes, Doc will find the same welcome in the fleet he found in the Regiment.

James Robert Methvin, Jr.

Plant City, Florida

Bob's home is in sunny (so he insisted) Florida, but the three years previous to his entering the Academy were spent at the Citadel in South Carolina. Another year there and he would have had his commission in the Army, but Bob preferred the Navy. Not big enough for crew or football, Bob still made himself well known in these sports as coxswain and assistant football manager during plebe and youngster years. As for academics, Bob has never had much trouble, nor has he permitted them to interfere at all with his reading or cross-word puzzles. Bob hopes for either the Marines or the submarines.

Frederick William Miehe, Jr.

Staten Island, New York

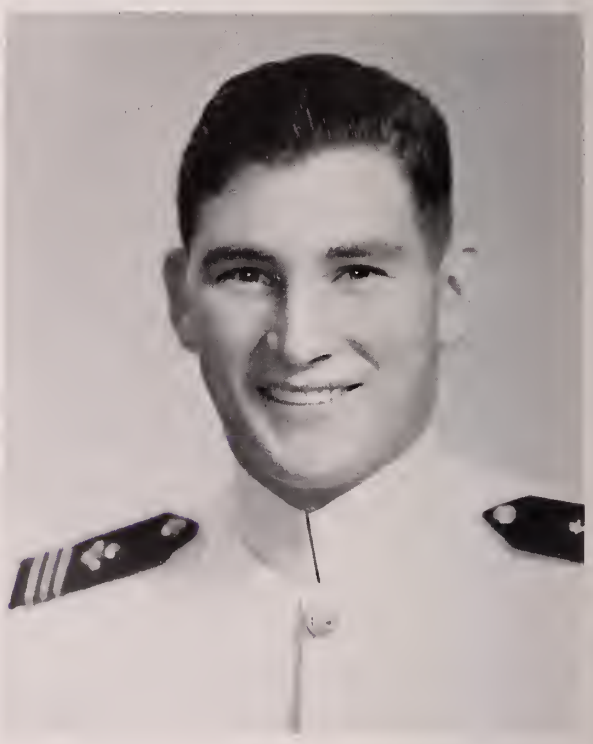
A yankee with a magnificent bass voice and a love for argument, Fred remained horizontal as much as possible. In this position he argued best, read fastest, wrote his sweetest letters, slept longest and studied least. In spite of the foregoing, "Mee-hee" found time for Glee Club, choir, battalion crew, company volleyball and basketball, and youngster cruise. Along with these accomplishments it should be mentioned that he was a "star" man. Fortunately, Fred has kept his congeniality on a par with his intellectualism. Result: a classmate and shipmate to be proud of.

"Pass some more chow!" Yes, 'twas the booming voice of big Jim, hard at work on his favorite pastime. His belief that physical fitness should be the prime concern of every Naval Officer explained his active participation in football, wrestling and shot putting. "Mule" acted on the theory that the training received on the playing fields provides excellent preparation for the tasks to come later. His big weakness was argumentation, and following closely came leave and June weeks. Jim also has a keen sense of righteousness: so don't ever let his gruff voice fool you, because a closer inspection will reveal a heart all gold and a yard wide.

Charles Lockett Miller

New Orleans, Louisiana

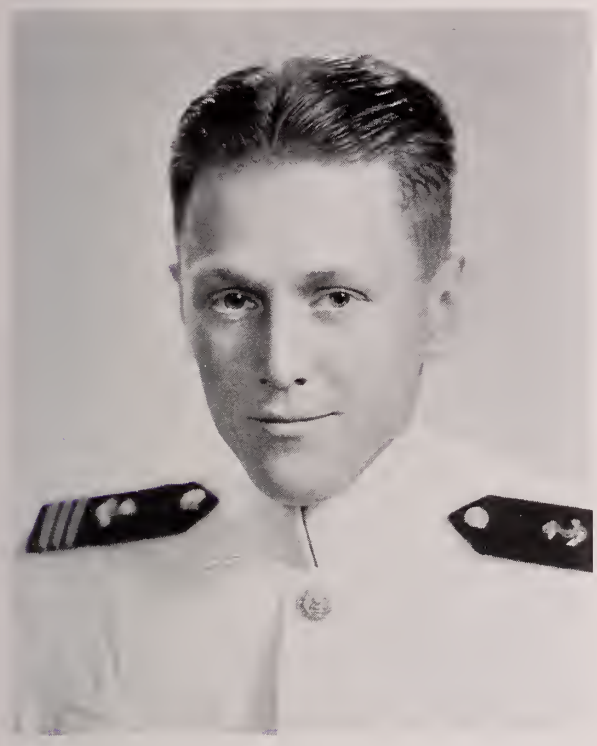
The land of Mardi Gras had another "favorite son" in Charlie. Overcoming pneumonia his first year, after making his debut as a boxer, "Chuck" came back strong with '44 and displayed the perception and determination that were to mark him later as a leader. Possessing a fund of general knowledge and great personal charm, Charlie was a welcome addition to any gathering, especially with the fairer sex. He placed a fine physique at the Regiment's disposal during soccer and track seasons, and lessons learned on the athletic field will serve him well in his chosen career. On sea or in the air, it's the Navy all the way.



James Miller

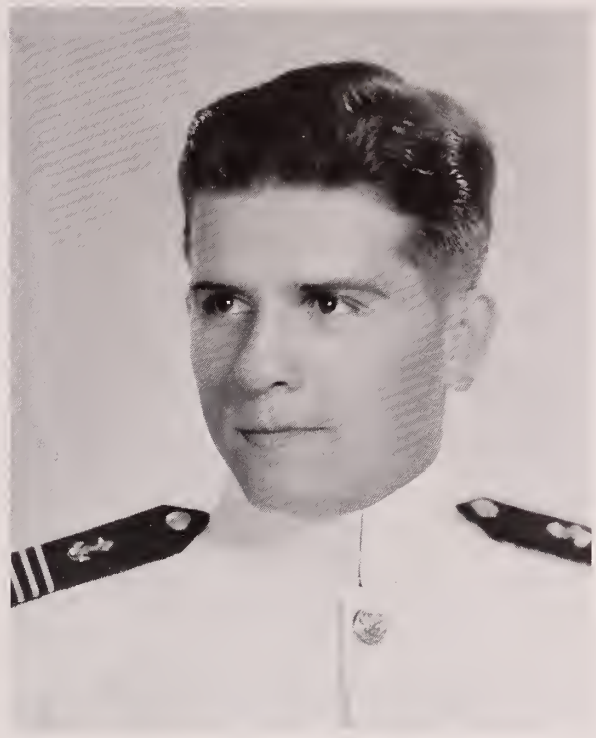
Lynbrook, New York

Don came from Minneapolis believing that anyone from Minnesota rated being spooned on. He arrived directly from high school, and while he hasn't set any academic records, he hasn't hit many "trees." He had an uncanny ability to stay safely over the sat line. He was small, lithe, and fast, like the "cans" he hopes to command. Winter sports, the Ice Follies particularly, were his favorites, with tennis a close second. His favorite expression was "Well, how'd we do on the mail, men?" usually heard two seconds after he entered his room. His aggressiveness and acumen will certainly stand him in good stead in the fight ahead of us.



Donald Jacques Moe

Minneapolis, Minnesota



George Powell Montgomery, Jr.

Yazoo City, Mississippi

Yazoo City's gift to the Navy was a typical easy-going Southerner and a true rebel. Undaunted by the Civil War, "Monty" came here eager to learn the mysteries of the deep. Marked by his deep drawl, good nature, and grand personality, he was a real fellow. Whether it was a "bull session," an athletic contest, or a good hop, "Monty" was equally enthusiastic. Dragging was secondary for "Mo," but not girls. Appreciation of "beauty" was one of his greatest assets. Never missing a movie or comic book, "Mo" found his biggest interest in lacrosse. He will excel in any field, just as he has in being a real friend.

James David Mooney, Jr.

Oyster Bay, New York

After a rather tortuous educational career in England and America, "J. D." finally settled down at Ye Olde Naval School to make a career. Typified by his Rugby accent, which won over many a sweet young thing, Jim's first love was The Stork. Never one to slave over academics, Steam and "Bull" almost detached him for duty on the U. S. S. Outside. A re-exam or a "gravy" term pulled him through, however, and Jim reached the comparative safety of first class year, a year filled with thrills and chills. Always willing to give his shirt to anyone, Jim goes to the Fleet with many fast friends.

Edmund Roy Morgan

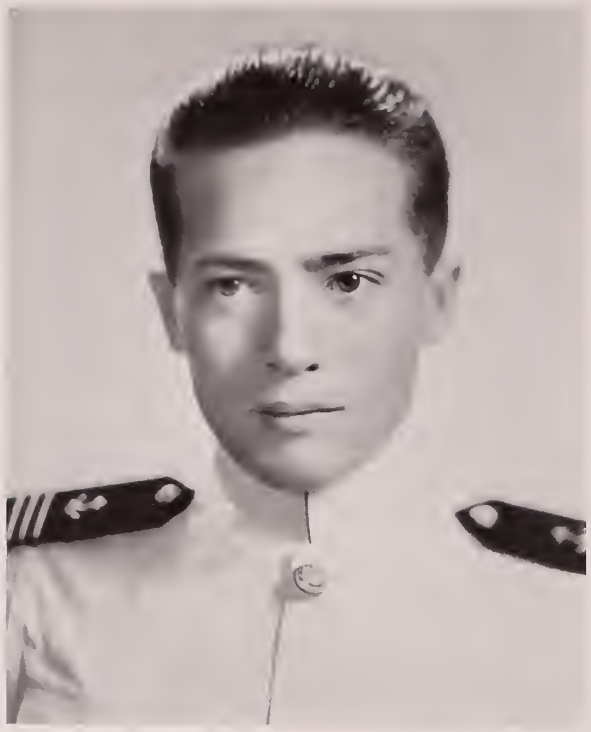
Newton, Massachusetts

Edmund was immediately changed to "Slip" at the Academy. Slip was well known, but Edmund was never heard. Slip hailed from Boston, and became attached to the sea early in life; consequently, crew was his favorite sport. As most of his time was occupied with his inventions, or an involved tactical maneuver by which a destroyer could capture a battleship or straightening out his many drags, he did not get around to worrying about "stripes." Slip possessed a tremendous amount of energy, initiative, and originality. He was able to think and arrive at logical solutions for almost any problem. These qualities should make him succeed at anything he undertakes.

Lawrence Vail Mowell

PROSPECT PARK, NEW JERSEY

When you first see this savoir, you will, in all probability, consider him a rather bashful "Red Mike." You will usually find he strongly disclaims being a ladies' man, but whenever he dragged, one saw a queen. Larry was ever quiet and unassuming, but when he spoke you could stake your life that he was correct. Always ready to help any lad who dropped in with a problem, always a good man to get as an extra for sailing, he fitted any group. We will remember his claims of the futility of the flying squadron, not mentioning how well he flew down Maryland Avenue many early Sunday mornings.



William Niles Nelson, Jr.

MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS

When the ole fourth deck rang with an argument about the Chicago Cubs, the mighty Bears or the Windy City in general, we knew Bill was "blowing" about his home town again. Whether it was handling a yawl, fencing, or keeping the plebes under control, you could bet Junior was there giving his best. Bill won top honors as a knobturner and his success with the fair sex was proven by his engagement to his dream girl from home. Though occasionally a little ratey, Junior was true "Blue and Gold" and when the shooting's over, it's a safe bet that Junior will come out on top.

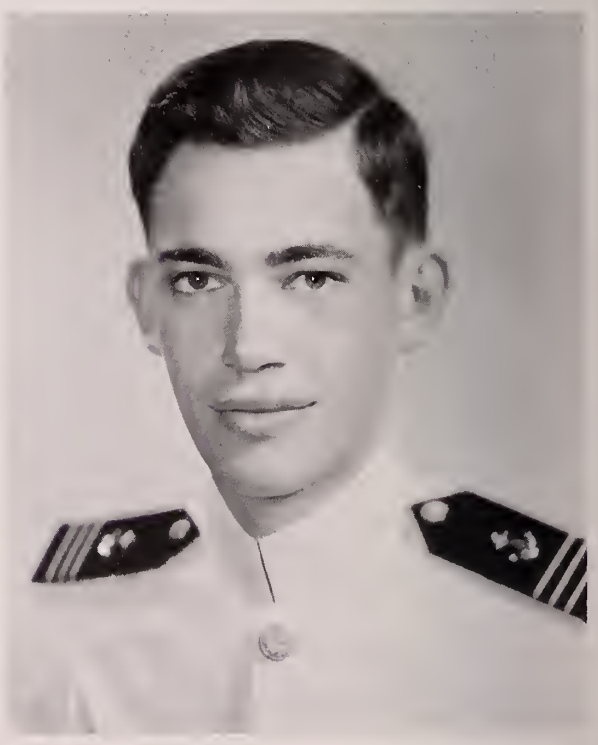
Art hails from one of the minor suburbs of Boston, namely Rhode Island. On June 17, 1940, this carbon copy of Ichabod Crane entered the ivy-covered walls of Bancroft. Studies never worried him. He would have been a star man had it not been for the coercive measures used by the Executive Department to persuade him to conform to the standards of the "Reg Book." His unremitting efforts to provoke an argument or play some practical joke always kept things lively. Art will soon be claimed by Missy, the girl he left behind, and his present wife will be left with only happy remembrances and an empty billfold.

Robert John Newcomb

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Far from being a "Spanish Athlete," "The Newc" rounded out each year with various intramural sports, making up what he lacked in height with speed and determination. Whenever a basketball game was started, Bob was in it. While others might dismiss their lesson with the exclamation "Fruit!", conscientious Newc always studied his carefully. What little trouble he did have in academics was overcome by this habit of applying himself.

Many were inclined to think that Bob disregarded the fairer sex. A few of us, however, knew that "the" girl was back in Wisconsin. Quiet and agreeable, Bob made many friends here, and will certainly make many more after he leaves.

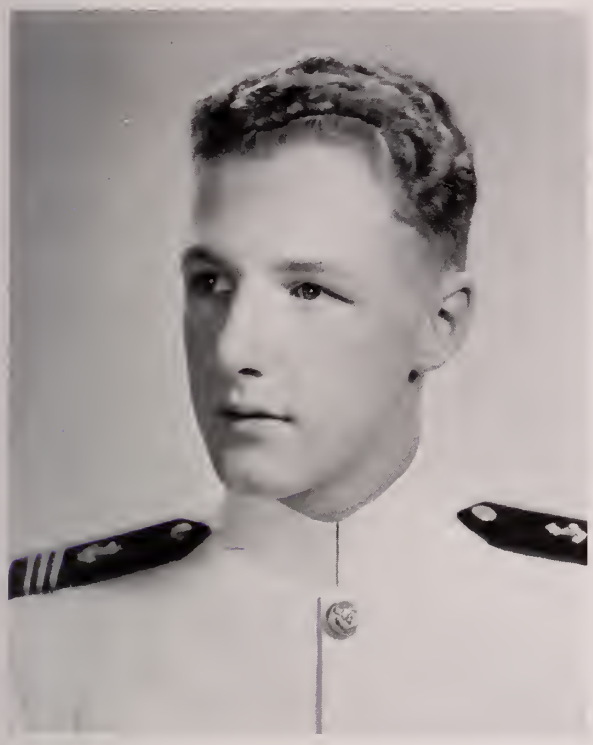


Arthur Charles O'Leary Jr.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

After four years of military training at Staunton, "Ollie" decided to try Navy life. Never one to let studying interfere with his pleasure, he used to amaze upperclassmen by the letters he wrote and magazines he read during study hours. Nevertheless, his name has always been near the top of his class academically.

Of his two hobbies, bridge and phonograph records, it was hard to say which he preferred. In the afternoons he often dashed into town only to find that there weren't any new records. Then in the evenings he was playing bridge. Never complaining, and with a desire for practical knowledge and adventure, he is seaward bound.



William Henry Olsen

Elyria, Ohio

Arthur Herbert Osgood

Claremont, New Hampshire

From the iciness of New Hampshire Ozzie blew in one hot summer, loaded down with toboggan, snow shoes, ice skates, and four cases of beer. He soon proved himself a regular guy (Witness the number of his friends). Fine fellow that he was, Oz was a member of the "Unholy Sextet" (not a singing society) which rampaged the yard, East Coast cities, and the "pap" sheet for three years. Ozzie kept body and soul together by afternoons on the track, in the gym, in the pool, or in his sack and by a philosophy wonderfully contrived of strict monogamy, "2.5," and the theory of the Conservation of Energy.

Prescott Whitaker Palmer, Jr.

Rockville Center, New York

"Point!" screamed a member of furious '42, and dutifully Prescott, loyal Long Islander, arose to the occasion. Henceforth "Birddog" was a marked man. Conscientious table-punching and slide rule slipping kept "the Dog" on the blue side of the ledger. On academic demand, Scott could shift to high gear with minimum grinding, making the slope with speed to spare. One of '44's more ardent junior birdmen, "Birddog" continually expounded pertinent data on the world's aircraft to weary classmates. Famed for gastronomical excesses and inexhaustible stories, shaggy and otherwise, few suspected the keen professional interest that in three years left few of Professor Mixer's naval and military volumes untouched.

Emil Adam Ozimek

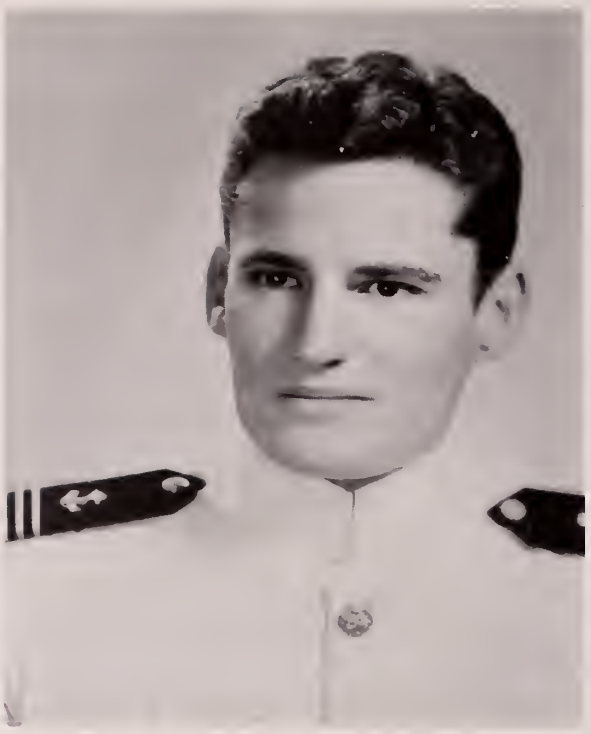
Newark, New Jersey

Did you ever read John Masefield's "Sea Fever?" That's the fever Ozzie had after spending two years in the Navy as a gob, and he was eager to get back out there. Ozzie's interesting sea stories, his cheerfulness, and his all-around personality won him many friends. The ketches caught his interest when he entered, and they occupied much of his time. All his athletic activity took place on the wrestling mat. Every man has a weak point, and Ozzie's "Achilles' heel" was a redhead. Few hops or weekends went by of which he didn't take full advantage. Wherever he may be Ozzie's character will serve him well.

Dominic Anthony Paolucci

Buffalo, New York

One month out of a Buffalo high school Dom was walking extra duty. Although averse to hard work, Dom had no trouble with academics. He was always ready to show classmates how simple Math and Skinny could be. Plebe year Dom tried battalion athletics. Taking time away from his many books, he was content to gain his stamina in the gym. When liberty sounded he was ever ready to taste the pleasure of life. The interests of his leisure here were short blondes and brunettes. His ambition: to be senior on a bridge of a destroyer. Who could be more capable for such a noteworthy career?

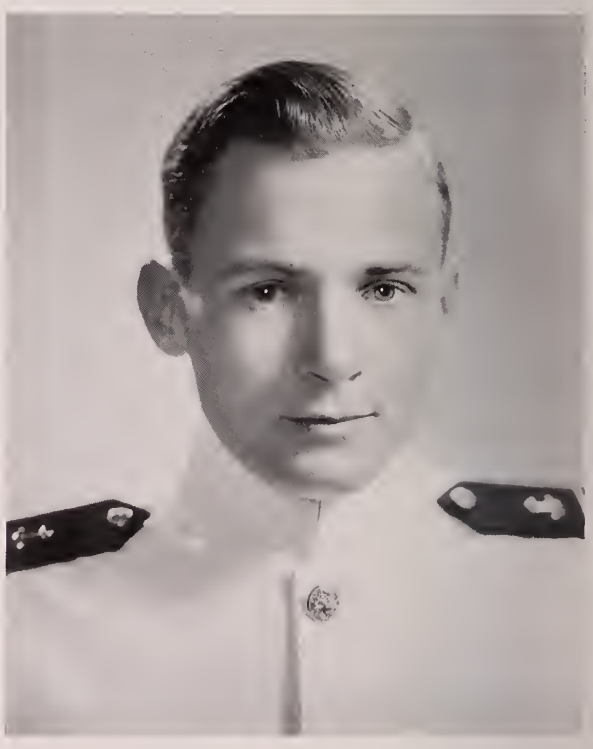


Benjamin F. Park

Kansas City, Missouri

The Kansas plains reluctantly gave Ben to the Navy after he decided to wash the "Dust Bowl" from his hair with salt water. Two years at the U. of Kansas gave Ben a good start. Once started, even his efforts to get a flash bulb to work with his super-camera, his faithful diary-keeping, or his being in love, couldn't stop him. Plebe year found him on the soccer team, and the track team became acquainted with him. His willingness to accept responsibilities and his earnestness brought him election as track manager first class year. These characteristics, blended with a sense of humor, show why Ben was so popular.

All hands stand by! Here comes the sheriff's son from Tennessee with another Southern belle! "Hap" was always in evidence, whether in front of his company or struttin' at the hops. Much of the success of our Ring Dance and Regimental hops was due to Hap's efforts. And on Friday afternoons he could be seen pounding his head for ideas for the pep rally that night. You might also have seen him flashing his best on the tennis courts and softball diamond, and he was really good—just ask him! Like his namesake, Oliver contributes his famous words of wisdom: "A nickel sure goes when you break it."



Oliver Hazard Perry, Jr.

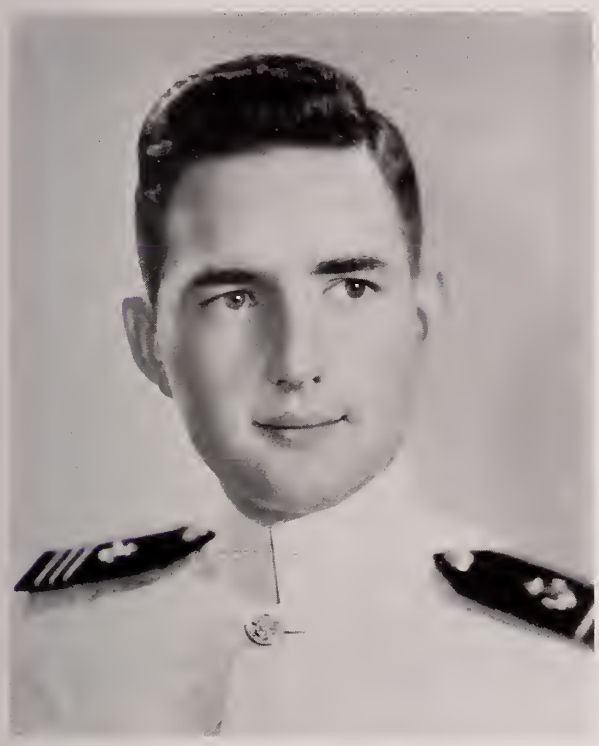
Memphis, Tennessee

William Eugene Payne, Jr.

Arlington, Virginia

A quiet, easy-going gent from Virginia; that was "Wild Bill." Quite in contrast with his nickname, his ability to do his stuff quietly and yet excel was a constant source of envy to us. He was a rifle expert, having been an outstanding member of the small bore team since plebe year. His interests, other than shooting, consisted of boxing, handball, dragging his O.A.O. and sailing, to say nothing of plebe year activity on the sub squad. His father's footsteps lead him toward aviation and previous experience in the Marine Reserve serves as a stepping stone. Future shipmates will find Bill a willing friend, a determined officer.

"But sir, I thought—!!" Famous last words for this whaleboat coxswain, sailing on the wrong end of a collision course. However, he soon learned the Navy's ways. This proud and rugged son of Ohio led a flexible life. Carefree and cheerful, "Put" was far removed from the sterner realities of life; wine, women and song were his ideals. His weaknesses included June Weeks, leaves, and chow. A sincere proponent of physical culture, Bob loved golf, soccer, track and gym. Brainy and full of encouragement, if a thing could be done he'd lend a helping hand. Everything adds up to a strong character plus conscientious determination, which equals a successful naval career.



Robert Buell Pettitt

Akron, Ohio

Harold Belmont Price

Eugene, Oregon

Through these portals pass many blind mortals equipped with a memorized set of formulas and a smoky slide rule. Since Hal was one of those painstaking souls who took the time and trouble to find out why those formulas worked, he is well-equipped for solving the shipboard "probs" with which he may tangle. Not inclined towards frivolous week ends, this man from Oregon passed most of his leisure moments whipping off eight page letters to Ohio, going to the movies, or working out with the crew. Three years of perfect harmony with his wives was ample proof that Hal was considerate, fair-minded, and self-sufficient.

William Bible Prigmore

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Fate, I guess, had Glenn Miller introduce "Chattanooga Choo Choo" when he did. It was fate surely, for at that time Bill was a midshipman, and what manner of human makes better use of a tune complimentary to his home. Bill entered with four great loves: Chattanooga, refighting the Civil War, women and sleep. He refought the War continuously, did well with the women and managed to sleep—enough. Prig brought several traits which all admired. One in particular was his distinctness in elocution. He used this well many times in making his point, but we will all remember his main point, the desire to be a successful naval officer.

John Morris Prosser

Bellaire, Ohio

"Hey, Prosser, my radio is out of whack. Will you fix it?" That wasn't an uncommon plea around Bancroft Hall. Morris has designed and built efficient radio receivers and has rebuilt standard sets to his own specifications. The inner workings and hidden mechanisms of the modern radio are an open book to Morris. Why it was "Morris" and "John" we couldn't understand; it was just his personal preference. Almost every liberty saw him heading across town, drawn by a very special Annapolis girl. Gold stars on his collar attested to his keen mind which cut through the academic courses with remarkably little trouble and study.

James Mackie Reyback

New York, New York

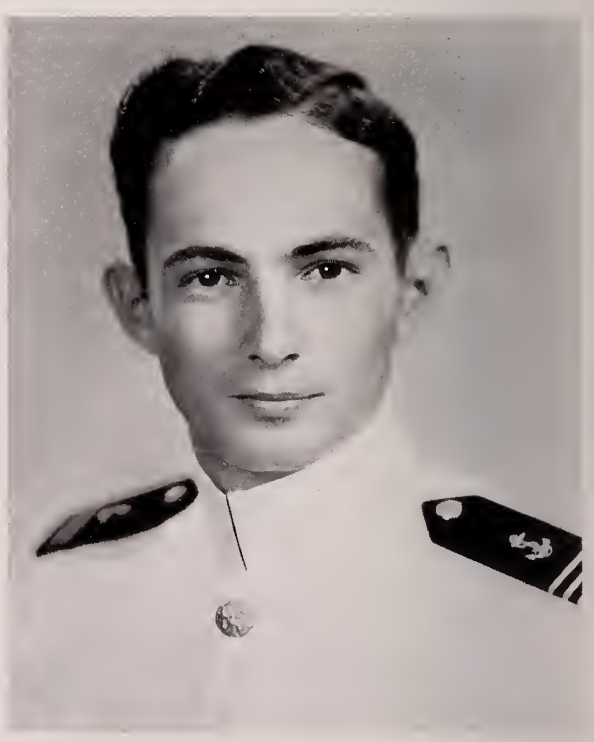
Always fond of his bunk, Jim was somewhat thwarted as a plebe, but caught up youngster year. Studies never particularly bothered him; he took them as they came. When spring rolled around, Jim would grab his glove and trot out to the softball diamond, where he was known and feared as a powerful "switch" hitter and a whale of a left fielder. To the Naval Academy Jim brought many new and interesting ideas. His dominant trait was a healthy sense of fun. Everybody was a potential source of amusement to Jim. But behind his easy-going attitude was hidden a keen, sharp mind. Jim was a rare and valuable friend.

Thomas Robert Rhees

Sidney, Ohio

Here's a toast to being shipmates again with Tom. His mild temperament and likable personality will not be soon forgotten by those who knew him here. Loyal, willing and able, Tom will be a valuable addition to the Fleet. His photographic mind retained small facts as well as those of importance. During the three short years here, he gained the reputation for being a steady point winner on the track team, and won his "N" youngster year against Army. Through his efforts on the Reception Committee many teams enjoyed their stay at the Academy. Looking forward, his two stripes were only a small indication of greater things to come.

Stout contender that "you all" is used strictly in the plural, Charlie hailed from the state of "Gawjuh." His voice could be heard every Sunday above the roar of the rest of the choir. He didn't limit his vocal ventures to the choir alone, however, but was also a member of the Glee Club, wielding the baton in that organization first class year. Quiet, firm, always exercising seriously, every inch a leader, Charlie's ability was duly recognized by the Executive Department with three stripes. "Rozy" was a "Red Mike" except on those rare occasions when his "woman in white" could make the long journey to Crabtown.



Charles Preston Rozier

Sparta, Georgia

Theodore Crosman Rice

Buffalo, New York

When Ted wasn't busy with extra-curricular activities, he sometimes found time for his academics. However, after two years of Cornell his attitude toward studies was properly nonchalant. If you needed some one for the Glee Club, Reception Committee, or what-have-you, and it didn't conflict with sailing, Teddy was your man. Plebe year saw him on the Chesapeake regularly in the *Vamarie* crew, and youngster year he became firmly established as its sailing master, despite objections from the first class. After a disastrous love affair plebe year, Ted dragged the field until a home town girl won him. He surprised everyone his last year when he became battalion adjutant.

18/20. . .19/20. . .20/20 and finally Bob came in! Once here he kept the situation well in hand. His recreation through it all was derived from shooting, swimming and track. The latter, ostensibly for keeping ahead of the system, really proved to be for keeping ahead of us in the race ashore at liberty call. Plebe Steam was "fruit" and so unique that Bob will never forget its full flavor. 1406-1406½ proved an unbeatable team and finished plebe year "cooking with gas" on all burners to carry on through youngster year. First class year brought more difficult studies, and Bob worked with grimmer intent, ever inspired by "Semper Fidelis."

Robert Laurence Rubel

Washington, D. C.

Alfred George Russillo

North Pelham, New York

In walked a quiet little man, announcing himself with, "Have you heard the one about ——?" Meet the man who is giving Bob Hope a close race. Nobody could figure out quite how he did it—maybe it was his early training in beautiful Westchester, or possibly he was practicing for the long dreary watches on a sub. His first acquaintance with the Navy came through the Naval Reserve. Later in the Academy he scorned impractical subjects such as math and Skinny, preferring to concentrate his energy upon the more serious things in life such as being happy and spreading that happiness among his many friends.

Edgar Budd Salsig

Fort Bragg, California

From the shadow of her giant Sequoias, California sent another favored son to spread her gospel. By no means the least of a long line of California men, Budd contributed more than his share to Academy life. Fall found him on the gridiron, spring in a shell somewhere on the Severn with Buck Walsh's "Hubbard Hermits." Budd's unlimited capacity for hard work gave him stars and "N's"; his keen sense of humor and ability to be one of the boys brought him many friends and the crew captaincy. Anyone who knew "Abe" will never forget his ready grin and hearty, infectious laugh, nor will they forget that they've known a man.

Otho Clarence Sappenfield

Bedford, Indiana

When Steve came from the Hoosier State, he left good old Indiana University high and dry for a career in Uncle Sam's Navy. Right now the "apple of his eye" is flight training with its reward of "Wings of Gold." In academics "Sappo" has had more than his share of troubles. He never faced the Academic Board, but he often spent considerable time "pulling sat" in one or another subject. Despite his academic tussles, "Sappo" found ample time for athletics and won his numerals in fencing. Choir, Glee Club, and photography kept him busy but his constant dragging did most to bring out the best in "Sappo."

Robert Henry Schulz

St. Louis, Missouri

"Hey, Milt . . . come over for a jam session, and bring your skags!" That was "Dutch" preparing to indulge in one of his passions. He had three: music, athletics, and the fair sex. Simultaneously happy-go-lucky and ambitious, "Dutch" paradoxically combined a love for bunk drill with a body-building program. His accordion cheered many a heart weary of academics, and some of the most pleasant memories of academy days will be of the Saturday afternoons spent with a room full of chow and music from "Dutch's" accordion. He takes everything in his stride, and nothing can keep his spirits low. It is men like Bob who make life pleasant.

Joseph Francis Sharkey

Lynn, Massachusetts

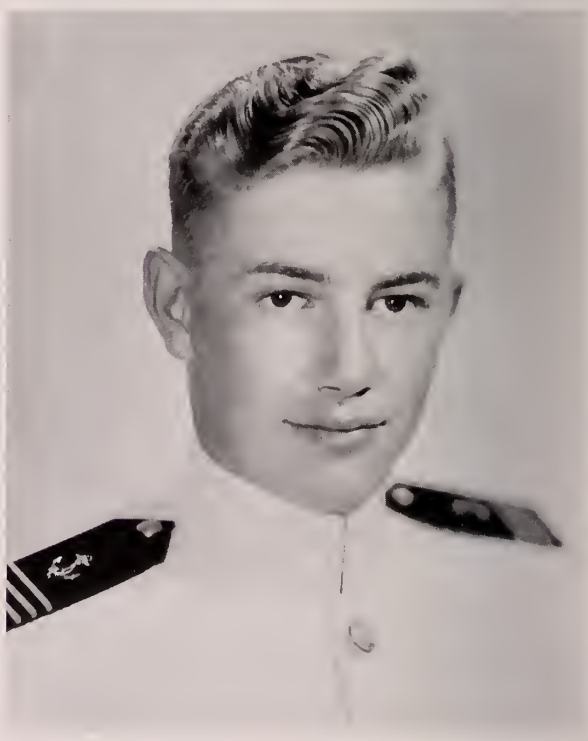
Joe was a red-headed Irishman from Massachusetts. He had the fiery disposition which usually accompanies red hair; but through the iron hand of the Executive Department, he learned to control it somewhat. Joe's life at the Academy was one constant struggle with the Academic and Executive Departments. Although an ardent book-lover, he was definitely not a member of the radiator squad. He earned his numerals in battalion cross country and could often be found in the gymnasium during recreation hours. The feminine species definitely attracted him, but in his last year Joe devoted all his interests to a very attractive young lady from Crabtown, his O.A.O.

Smitty, a quiet, good-looking Virginian was one of those lads with a wealth of practical sense. A hard worker, he had no frivolous unconcerned attitude in life. His was definitely a matured outlook towards life's many complexities. Others may have starred (he gave up after the first day of plebe year) but Smitty was merely awaiting the day when he could don the big stripe and get to sea. We will meet him later in the Fleet, but we'll miss the helping hand he gave us though we know he'll be giving it to the Navy. He is tops and others will learn that in the future.

Coleman Wolcott Sims

Waxahachie, Texas

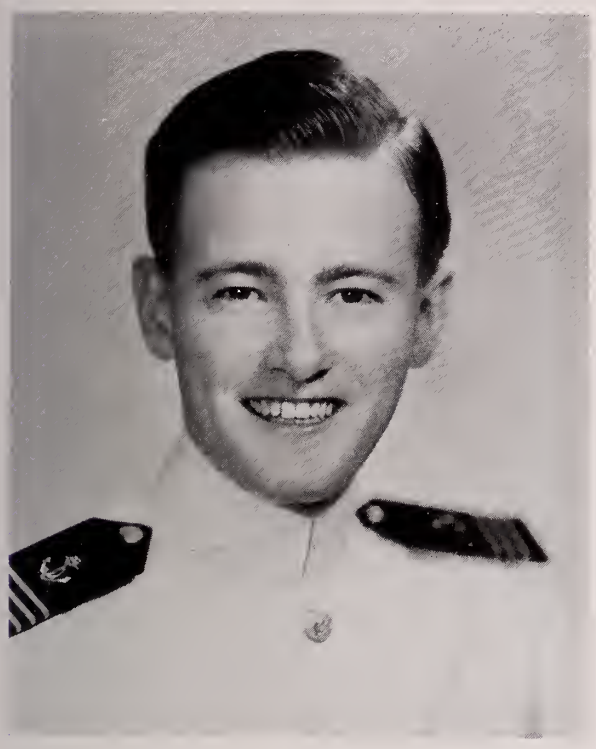
The dust from the barren wastes of Texas was still on the bronzed face of "Pappy" Sims, as he lurched into Bancroft Hall just five days before the beginning of academic year. From the day of his admission "Pappy" steadily plugged away in his own serious, quiet manner. Therefore his career here has been one of constant progress. When not around a big steaming radiator, "C.W." was usually to be found dominating the soft-ball diamond—lustily slicing the ozone with his soft-ball bat. A consistent fellow, always trying, always moving forward, Pappy can be depended upon to be right there in a pinch.



Augustine Washington Smith

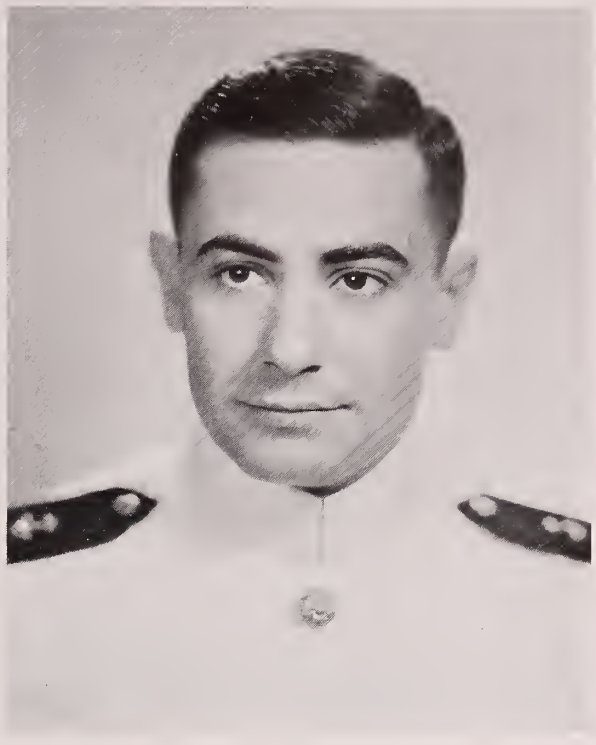
Gloucester, Virginia

He came from Jersey City via the University of Michigan with two loves: blue-eyed blondes and chow. Youngster year he broke out his deicer gouge and blue-eyed blondes who could "Lindy" came into their own. Academics were "fruit" for Ken. First class year he was seen leading his platoon and sparking the wrestling team; anyone saying a bad word against the "champs" had him to contend with. Between seasons "X" roamed the hills for the battalion cross-country team. Ken has a fanatic aversion to cold, so we expect to find him in the Pacific on a destroyer where the weather and action are hottest.



Kenneth Francis Xavier Smith

Bridgeport, Connecticut



Thomas Athanasios Sofos

Queens, New York

An effervescent cauldron of irrepressible energy, Tom never was known to be unhappy except on the receipt of C.I.S. chits, of which he has received many. Those who knew him, however, found his engaging personality and his genial disposition irresistible, and the number of people for miles around with whom Tom isn't acquainted can be counted on the fingers of one hand. No matter how dull the gathering, the pearls of wit which fell from his lips invariably transformed any occasion into one of gaiety and revelry for, as a true philosopher and unselfish friend, his creed was "Smile, and the word smiles with you; weep, and you weep alone."

William Brinkler Stanard

Huntington, West Virginia

"Give me a tall ship and a star to steer her by . . . " Coming from West Virginia, with little knowledge of ships and the Navy, Bill enthusiastically jumped into the life of a midshipman with a yearning to learn the ways of the seas. Not being "savvy," but possessing natural ability, he gave little thought to books and spent much of his time developing into a competent skipper. Few hops passed without Bill and one of his lovely drags in attendance. Characterized by a friendly and easy-going disposition, Bill won many friends among his classmates. Give this fellow a pipe and a helm in his hand, and contentment is his.

Roy Earl Standard

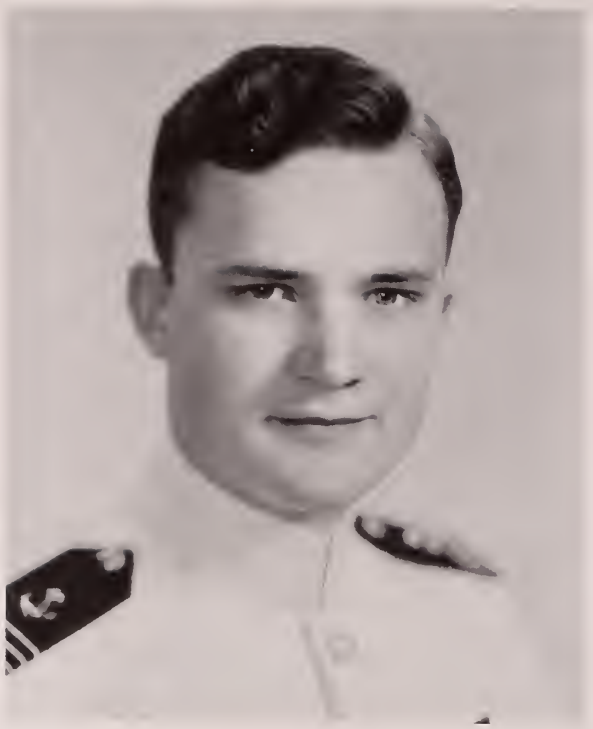
Houston, Texas

After nineteen years in "God's Country," "Tex" gave up his spurs and saddle for a pair of "sea legs." From the Battle Fleet Roy came to Annapolis with jet-black hair and the broadest grin in seven states. Three years of ups and downs haven't in the least changed his easy-going and carefree nature. Believing in a well-rounded life, he never took his academics too seriously. Afternoons he spent stroking the battalion crew to victory and weekends found him dragging his latest love. His excellent sense of humor, a zest for excitement, and a willingness to try anything once should make his career highly interesting.

Norman Rush Stanford

PETERSHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Norm's two years' service in the Marines instilled in him a holy belief in the Corps that remained unshaken throughout the turbulent period of his naval indoctrination. Armed with sheer determination and his biting New England sense of humor, he engaged the Academic Departments in a bitter action without quarter. Where not too harried by the "profs," Norm pursued the strenuous life of the cross-country man and the gymnast. Equally heated was his pursuit of culture at Vassar and Wellesley. The route-march back to the Halls of Montezuma from the Halls of Bancroft was long and fervently pursued by this lad who "proudly claims the title of United States Marine."



John Martin Stanko

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

From "Gem City of the Great Lakes" came our John, stern of purpose, square of jaw, with a goodly portion of the old "Blue and Gold," and a few inhibitions withal. Three years wrought a wondrous change. By graduation we found ourselves living with a debonair chappie for whom weekends meant only one thing. An adroitly handled slide-rule and *Useful Tables* thwarted the Academic Departments, although we suspect that a youngster Steam course, which shall be nameless, will long rankle in his bosom. Strong in his professional interests, with ability to reach a set goal, we expect John to collect lots of gold on his sleeves.

Before plebe summer was over, Al's magnetic personality—a smile when a scowl would have been more self-satisfying, a wisecrack when a gripe would have been more expected—had won for him a host of friends which his sincerity and loyalty retained and augmented. When it's time to work, work hard; when it's time to play, play harder was Stinky's solution to life. Its simplicity and application, assured him success in whatever activity he took part, whether a Juice "prob" or infantry drill, a football trip or a hop. The luck we wish him in the Fleet will be needless, for here's a man who can't be stopped.

Albert Louis Stickles, 11

LA JUNTA, COLORADO

James Herbert Stevens, Jr.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Golf, and bunk drills—for these Steve existed. A master of both, a good bit of his time at the Academy was spent playing golf. He was the proud possessor of two N-stars, rewards for his constant low 70 games. Best able to do his studying in the prone position, Steve was an ardent sports fan, a non-dragger and an easy victim for *Cosmo* and *S.E.P.*, with studies on the side. Naturally a quick thinker, he played a bang-up game of bridge. Though plagued by the rope climb and never bothered too much by the system, Steve leaves his alma "mammy" with all the requisites of a good officer. Good luck, Ace!

Dancing, sports, and women were his hobbies, and he could handle them all. This happy-go-lucky kid from Oklahoma devoted but part of his time to these pursuits; the rest he spent in total war with the Academic Departments. He finally won, but the decision was close. Stocky (5 feet, 6 inches) had many moods, sometime blue, often happy, and even at times slightly insane. When he became angry, he flared up like a flash bulb, violently, and as quickly calmed down. He's an incurable romantic, with love of excitement foremost in his nature. Stocky is the type of guy that everyone likes at first sight.

Jackson Allison Stockton

Ada, Oklahoma

Charles Raudle Stokes

Corinth, Mississippi

Charlie bade farewell to college joys at Mississippi State to begin his career in the Navy. The first sight of a sailboat on the Severn increased his desire for the sea, and to that end he strove. Plebe year was busy for Charlie, with his efforts directed toward boxing and trying to master Spanish, a subject he felt might well have been omitted. Without "Dago," youngster year was smooth sailing and provided more time for life's lighter things, particularly dragging. A good "bull session" or quiet game of bridge, whatever it was, received Stokes' undivided attention and support. Wherever good fellows meet, Charlie will always be welcome.

John Wright Stribling, Jr.

Norfolk, Virginia

Three Julys ago part of the Old South arrived in Annapolis from "down Winch'ster way," bringing with him the innate characteristics of Virginia—geniality, humor, eternal fatigue, and a love for the Blue Ridge. Since that day Strib proved his worth by winning his letter in track, wearing a sleeve-full of gold, and receiving volumes of mail from a southern belle. Long John's good fortune of having his family on Maryland Avenue afforded many of his classmates a pleasant escape from Academy routine. His trait that will remain longest with us—one that he may not now employ for some time—was his habitual "Aw, let's turn in."

Raymond William Strassle

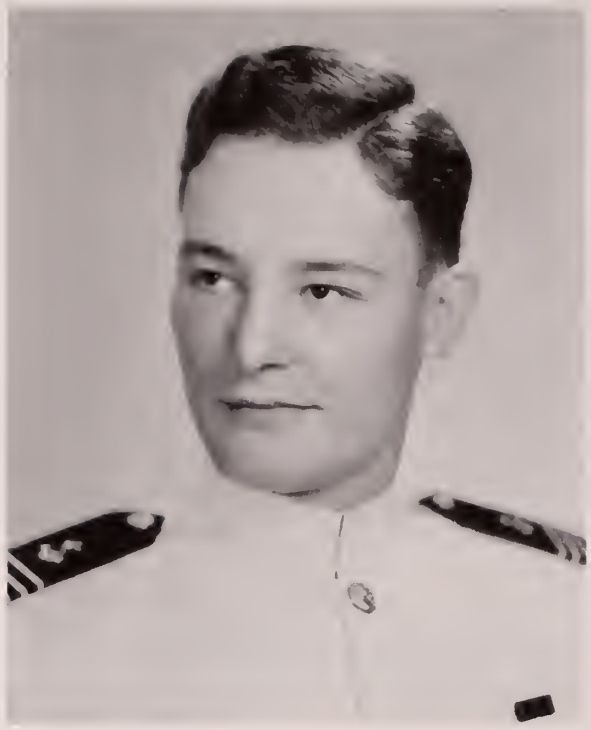
Bloomingdale, New Jersey

Ray was one of our finest athletes and stripers, but we will remember him best for the "jive" he was "hep" to and his brunette from Jersey. The fine sense of humor that springs from the plains of Paterson and Passaic carried him unperturbed through the dust of soccer and lacrosse scrimmages and the chalk-dust of the classroom. When we want to meet Ray after the war, we'll search among the Manhattan night spots. He will be remembered, too, for his part in designing the class crest and ring, and for the "Blue and Gold" in his nature that lay even deeper than his love of living.

Alvin Taylor Stubel

Fairview, New Jersey

Since Al was a man of varied talents, his afternoons always provided a problem. He might go over to the gym, take a few turns around the track, or even study Steam. Steam, of course, was easily eliminated because he knew that a person either "gets steam or he doesn't," and since Al definitely didn't, why bother with it at all? The track scenery got too monotonous, so that was out also. Consequently around 5 o'clock, Stub would grab his boxing gear and head for the gym. Just how he managed to accumulate all the sweat no one knows.



Wayne Douglas Surface

Des Moines, Iowa

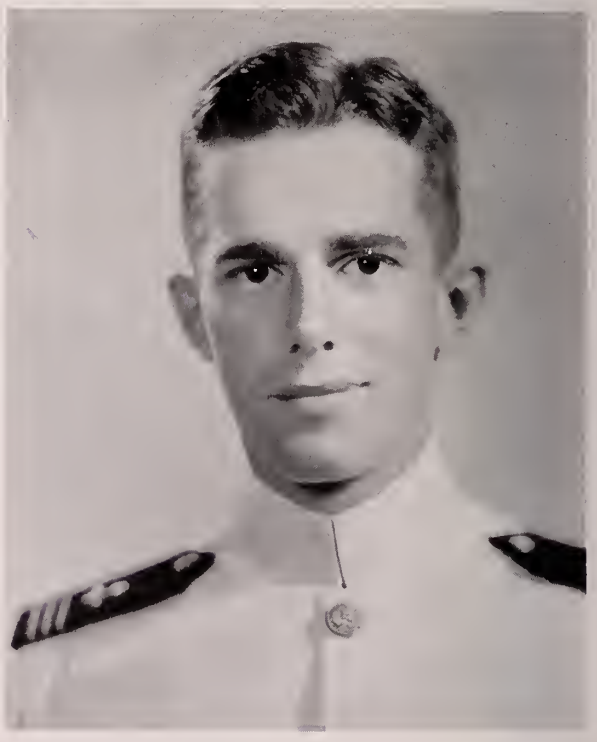
"Where? I can't see it!" was Wayne's common response. After every physical he returned from Sick Bay wearing dark glasses. Being a product of the middle west, he helped prove the maxim "Absence makes the heart wander" by draping his O.A.O.'s picture with black crepe in the middle of plebe year. Afterwards he found safety in numbers. Doug was a quiet chap with much thoughtfulness and reserve. These qualities won him many true friends. A confirmed Spanish athlete, he derived his exercise from letter-writing, liberty and bunk drill. Academics never presented any difficulty to this fun-loving fellow. If his eyes improve, the Air Corps is his goal.

We called him Chuck or Tip and will remember him for his ability to put out the straight dope. In the one place in the world where scuttle-butt runs rampant, we were fortunate to have a man to calm our fears and ease our hearts with the simple phrase: "Munkle says there's nothing to it." He liked sports for the pure enjoyment he derived from them. Sailing he loved, and this activity took much of his time his last year. Then, too, he was one of the men who worked to make this *Lucky Bag* what it is. Quiet, serious, dependable, he's the kind of guy you want around.

Ejnar N. C. Thompson

Ardmore, Oklahoma

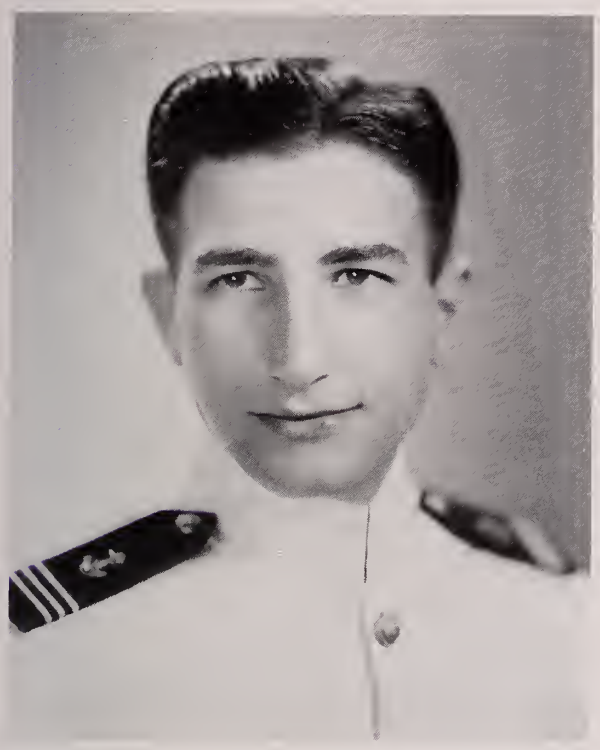
This Oklahoma edition of "Flip Corkin" entered the Academy via the Navy, where he learned some of the rudiments of his chosen profession. Tommy (nobody knew what the E. N. C. stood for) was well known for his unfailing good humor, a caustic tongue which pricked many bubbles of conceit and excessive dignity, and an inherent willingness to take either side of any question whereon he had convictions. "Oklahoma" fostered a great love and a great ambition, and these have been his life. The former is to result in the first ceremony in the Naval Academy chapel on Graduation Day, and the latter is to continue throughout the years.



Charles Henry Tisdale, Jr.

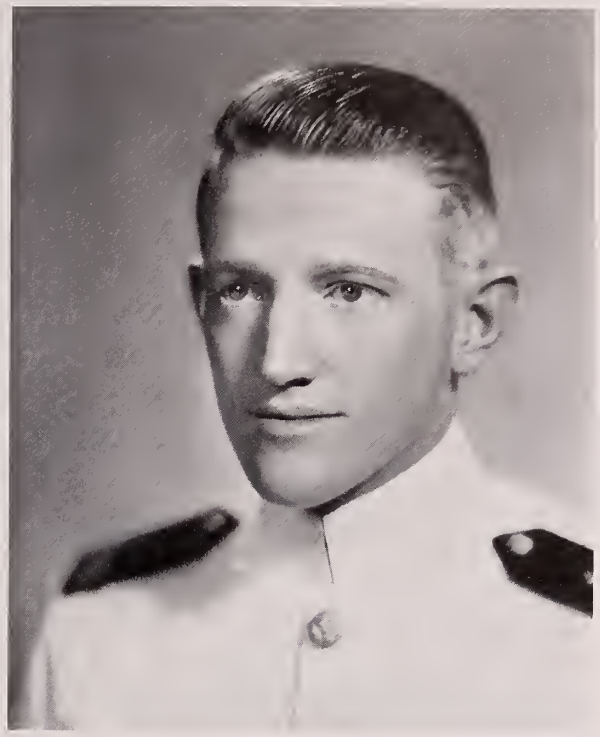
Portland, Oregon

Sam's New England-Italian accent will cause few of us to recall him without a chuckle. His humorous quips, worded as only Sam could word them and delivered in his unique dialect, brightened many a day. A positive giant at home, Sam was a little awed to find himself one of the sandblowers in the Regiment. Though size thus limited his participation in Navy athletics, few afternoons found him warming the radiator. Sam's pet pride is Lawrence, his home-town. Derision of Lawrence was always enough cause to start an argument. Firm in his convictions, sincere, earnest, and industrious, Sam has what it takes to make a good naval officer.



Salvatore Joseph Trapani

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS



Charles Eldred Tucker, Jr.

RONCEVERTE, WEST VIRGINIA

Three loves had Tucker—women, basketball, and chow. Usually when one has more than one love, one has troubles. Red was no exception. His study hours were spent in slapping out those flaming bits of literature to his many O.A.O.'s or in hashing over the day's game. Fortunately blessed with a fair memory, Tuck succeeded in out-running the academic departments. 'Twas said that Tuck kept the Midshipmen's Store out of hock, for a day never dawned which didn't, at sometime, find him stocking up. Never too savvy in "Nav," Tuck lapped up Buckley's method and set his course for P.T.'s despite their lack of a basketball court.

Charles Robert Tucker

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO

"Tuck" entered the Main Gate one July morning three years ago, a total stranger from a western world. Before that busy summer ended, however, his sincere and unassuming manner put him in solidly with everybody. Usually quiet during the week, his enthusiasm at the football games was amazing. "Tuck" had that uncanny way of getting a maximum output of work from a minimum input. A strenuous sleeper, his athletic interests suffered a curtailment. He did, however, make an extensive research into that field of literature embodying *Astounding Stories* and fiction. "Tuck" is headed for submarines, and we consider any sub skipper very fortunate in getting this level-headed, likable chap.

Ernest Watson Tyler

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

"Me and John Paul Jones. . . . " was a phrase that Tim used often when playing the role of master strategist and tactician. His theories on war policy, running the Academy and other topics, many times provoked heated discussions, but never to the point of endangering a friendship. Filled with the traditions of a southern gentleman, Tim was ever ready to defend the South, women, and the pleasures of an easy-going life. His odd hours were spent as a rifleman, on the Chesapeake in anything from a star boat to a yawl, or "just a-takin' it easy." Academics weren't his forte, merely because he preferred writing letters or dreaming of his O.A.O.

Albert VanAcker

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

Winnetka, Illinois, sent us a very conscientious young man. Van arrived with his own slipstick and University of Michigan background in top trim to bowl over academics. Plebe year he tried all the activities he could crowd in: soccer, boxing and lacrosse. Lacrosse turned out to be the sport he stuck to for the next two years. He even found time to add a little discord to the Glee Club. Van's favorite pastime was arguing, and the contour of his chin indicated why he seldom lost. Energy, enthusiasm for the Navy, and common sense have given Van three stripes, many good friends, and a fine start in his career.

Benjamin Decherd Vaughan

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

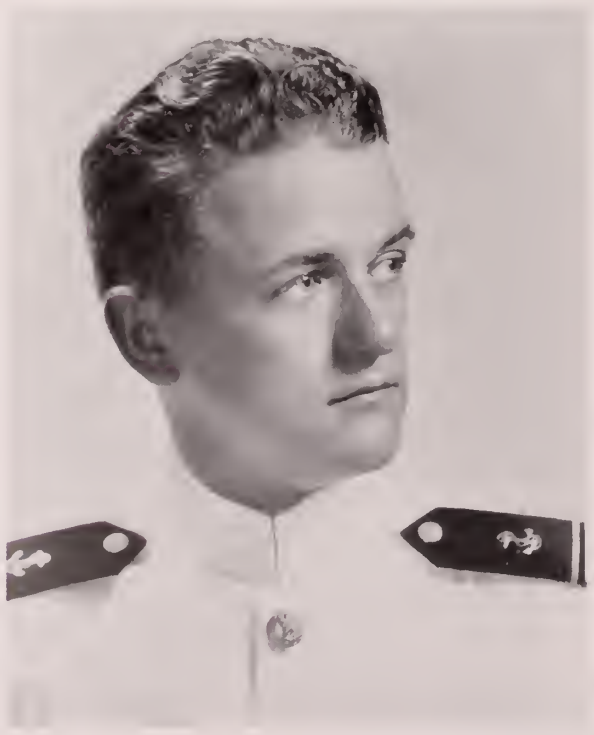
Acutely Southern, and sensibly good-humored, Ben had no trouble in getting along with everybody, except when they couldn't decipher his Tennessee drawl. His long, drawn-out "yassuh" astonished many a "prof" in the section room, and he was seldom asked from what part of the country he came. "Blondie" lived a quiet life in Bancroft, and no one can claim that he was liberty hound or chow hound or any kind of hound. His "N" in gym and his Radio and Model Club Activity kept him well out of the shadows of obscurity. The fourth platoon will miss Vaughan; the Fleet will undoubtedly be glad to have him around.

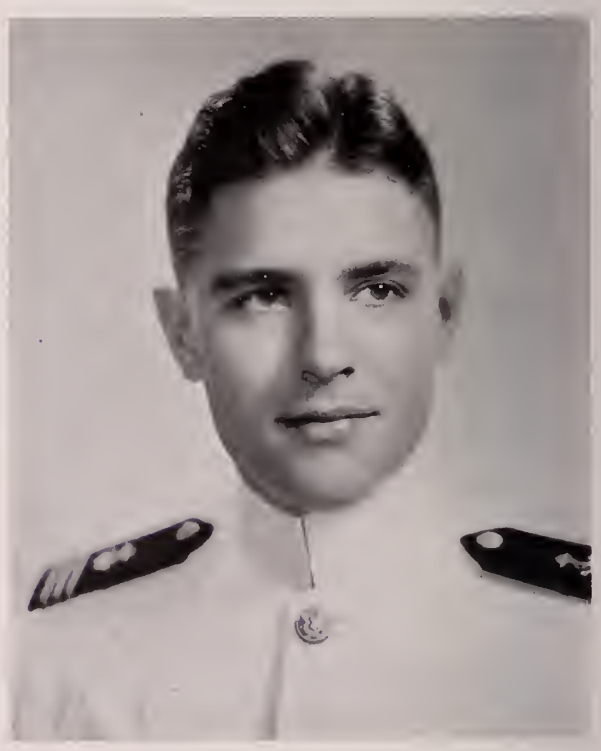
Rrrrr-zoom-rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-zoom! Before Charlie ever stenciled his first jumper, his heart had been up in the blue sky knocking down Japs. Known as "Golden Boy," he helped punch the plebe third company to victory, and later exercised the battalion wrestling squad. Plebe math was "fruit," and so delicious that "Nic" will never lose its lingering taste. An old salt of long standing, Y.P. cruising was a joyous activity for this little sailor. But unlike his classmates, he had only one girl and she stayed in one port—home. First class year found Charlie seriously and anxiously awaiting his goal—wings of gold!

Frank Arthur Wadsworth

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Paradoxical perhaps, yet quite true, in Art we have both the realist and dreamer. One wonders whether all those moments of reverie were spent in thoughts of his feminine acquaintances or in just trying to prove the theory that "the picture works the 'prob'." Art quickly won and continued to hold the good graces of the academic departments. For him working problems correctly was a specialty. In the classroom, in the swimming pool, and with the boys," Art starred. His genial personality, stable disposition and practical ideas will not fail him. Comes easy, goes easy, but still it always "on the ball" that's Art!





Charles William Wakefield

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

We all know the Lord makes lazy men, but have you ever lived with the laziest man in the world? The only work that Bucky was known to do was to sweep the room for three whole years. He had the honor of never having attended a hop, but to hear him tell it, he was a killer with the women on leave. With crew his form of athletic diversion, leave his favorite pastime, and sleep his usual occupation, Bucky, nevertheless, more than held his own with the Academic and Executive Departments. His one desire was to slow the system down to meet the requirements of a gentleman from the deep South.

Hilmon Eugene Walters, Jr.

Waynesboro, Mississippi

Thomas Grant Ware, Jr.

Spokane, Washington

"Sam, that's the most beautiful country in the world. You should see those snow-capped mountains, those crystal lakes, those. . . . " Thus Tom would spend odd moments telling us about his beloved Washington. Tom was perpetual motion personified. There were few minutes of any day that he did not fill with sixty seconds of activity. Amiable and energetic, Tommy was well satisfied with the shortened academic course. To him it meant getting into action a year sooner, and nothing pleased him more. When not studying, "Silver" was often engaged in swimming, sailing, softball, tennis, singing in the Glee Club, or dragging. With his ready smile, Tom is prepared for action.

Paul Mitchell Warrington

Carmel, California

When "Hey, Jake, get off that bicycle," was heard in ranks, one knew that Jake was blissfully bouncing along to class. He was an easy-going guy with a great love for his O.A.O., sunny California, and his bunk. Jake was plenty "savvy," too; if he hadn't spent so much time on his sack or come to the aid of his wives so often, he would have "starred" easily. When one could lure him to the gym, Jake showed himself to be a competent swimmer and wrestler. Jake could expound for hours on the wonders of California or astound you with one of his Goldberg inventions.

David Andre Webster

Fresno, California

"If Web said so, it must be right." Efficient "Dan'l" Webster was born in Wisconsin and later moved to "Sunny" California; however, he never lost his love of winter sports and weather. After one year at Fresno State College, Web entered the fleet where the habits he acquired stood him in good stead at the Naval Academy. The "Oracle" starred during the course and was a member of the Reception Committee. Web had the reputation of being meticulous and exact. While a member of the Ring Committee he demonstrated his ability to get things accomplished. Judging from his past record, his many friends have no doubt of his future success.

Robert Davis Weimer

NEWARK, DELAWARE

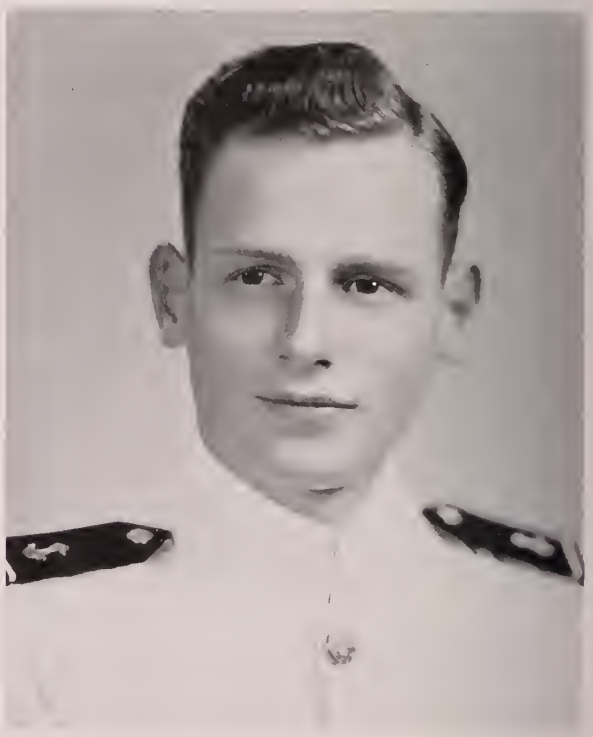
With his agrarian background, Bob was an ideal target for the upperclass plebe year. He proved more than once a match for them, however, for he could run anyone and everyone, which fact became increasingly apparent. The Sunday night "Happy Hour" was an ideal instrument for such talent, and with it he struck savagely at second class prestige. Well remembered are those gripping dramas copiously sprinkled with humiliating prophecies and inevitably terminated with an aqueous flourish. "Skipper" was no "Red Mike," for many a Delaware lass couldn't resist that striking smile and warm personality. These qualities plus a keen professional interest will make him a welcome companion and an invaluable officer.

Leslie Elmo White

STEWART, OHIO

Les came to Annapolis with much enthusiasm, a love for baseball, and a desire to become a submariner. Three hard years here did nothing to change those tastes. Though not a baseball star, he was out every day throwing his curve and doing his best. He was a close follower of all the sports and could quote statistics for any of them. Each year Les lost a wife until only one from his original room remained. He claimed that the last was his year to go; but, although he occasionally had his troubles with the Academic Department, it's a safe bet that he'll soon be wearing his "Dolphins."

"Anybody seen 'Willy'?" "Yeah, he's in his room holding bunk drill." When Corky wasn't sleeping he was expounding on the glories of old Virginia, and, more especially, Hampden-Sydney College. Popularity here at the Academy requires that "certain something," and the result was that Gordon was a natural leader. Witness the fact that he was chosen to serve on our Hop Committee and the Regimental Activities Committee. When anything happened, he was there doing his bit. Somehow, he managed to keep smiling when the going got tough; perhaps it was his mature view of life. He is the kind of guy we're proud to know and claim as a friend.



Gordon Churchill Willis

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Leo George Dewey Wiemer, Jr.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

"Dutch" entered with but one aim—"to become the best damn 'gyrene' ever to plague the Navy." The "Dutchess" and academics caused him to lose sight of that now and then, but only as a means to an end. An injury prevented him from playing soccer first class year, but didn't dampen his spirit. Always a sympathetic listener, he'd hear anybody's tale of woe, and many a plebe has been helped over the hump by the "Dutchman." His cheerfulness and persistence in the face of those academic odds, plus a witty remark for any occasion, made him a man worth having for a wife. The Marines did it again.

John Windheim, Jr.

NUTLEY, NEW JERSEY

John by record, Jack to his mother, "Windum" to the "Baze," "Truman the Terrible" to the "Axle," "Juanito" to me, but mostly "Windy" to everyone else. His likes included golf, brunettes, books, exercises, pipes, the system, writing memos to himself, and Scotch and water. In fact, anything not too sweet found Windy interested and enthusiastic. Despite all his likes, he was always willing to argue anything whether it was the merits of a kindergarten education or the marvels of Nutley. He wore two stripes, stood in the first third, and won letters in lacrosse and cross country. Yes, indeed, Windy was a great guy.

James Robert Wishlinske

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"Wish," the lad who made Milwaukee famous, was always able to make a hit with the girls, but present information indicates he is still unattached. Women provided lots of trouble for "Wish," which might account for the fact that he "starred" plebe year only. Yep, it was women and not *Cosmo*. "Wish" may be forgotten by some who didn't know him well, but we'll remember him for two things: the wonderful work he did in helping select the Class Crest and Ring, and his attempts, although futile, to explain to us buckets the theory of magnetic flux! The Japs will really have met a live wire when they meet "Wish"!

Garwood Roan Wolff

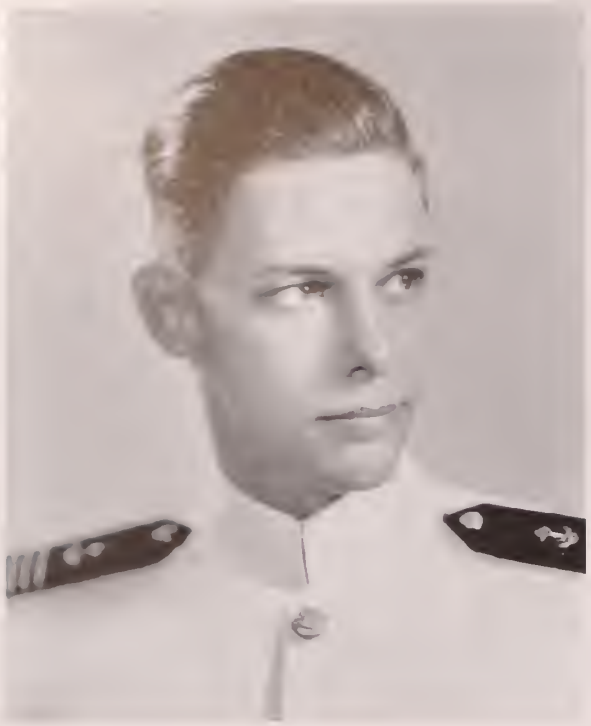
RYE, NEW YORK

A swell guy and a fine shipmate, Garwood boned his way to Crabtown via Cochran Bryan. He didn't star, but then he stayed around for three years. What he may have lacked in "savvy," he made up for in common sense. As a member of the Boat Club, he proved his ability as a sailor. He knew every inlet and bar on Chesapeake Bay. He was on the *Trident* staff and pulled stroke oar for his battalion crew. His motto was, "Enjoy life to the limit." The only time he ever spent a dull weekend was the time he was confined. Characteristically a leader, he'll do well in the fleet.

Harold Allan Wright

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

A blustery "Where'm I from, Mister?" will long be remembered by the many bewildered plebes whom Baldy enlightened during his tour at the Academy. A mighty chest, salty uniforms, and his famous "lace skivvies" were easily recognised—as well as the receding hairline—as Al bluffed the "Ac" Departments several years for a choice multiple. Innumerable friends and contacts were easy for Hal, and there was time for the Crest Committee, business gang, Reception Committee, and the *Lucky Bag*. No stranger in the ring or on the battalion football field, Al took his daily dozen conscientiously. Graduation brings two thrills: a commission in Dahlgren—and Ruthie in the Chapel.



George Monroe Wrocklage

Hackensack, New Jersey

"Maybe 'Wrock' will explain it to me" has been a standard phrase at the Academy for the past three years. That was no idle statement either, for Wrock managed to "star" consistently, and, at the same time, keep a large number of his classmates away from the Academic Board. The apparent ease with which he worked problems that stumped most of us can be accredited to his exceptionally clear and active mind. He will always be remembered by us because of his willingness to help others, his cheerfulness, good sense of humor, and his remarkable record of beginning and ending his Academy career with the same O.A.O.

Donald Ledyard Wyckoff

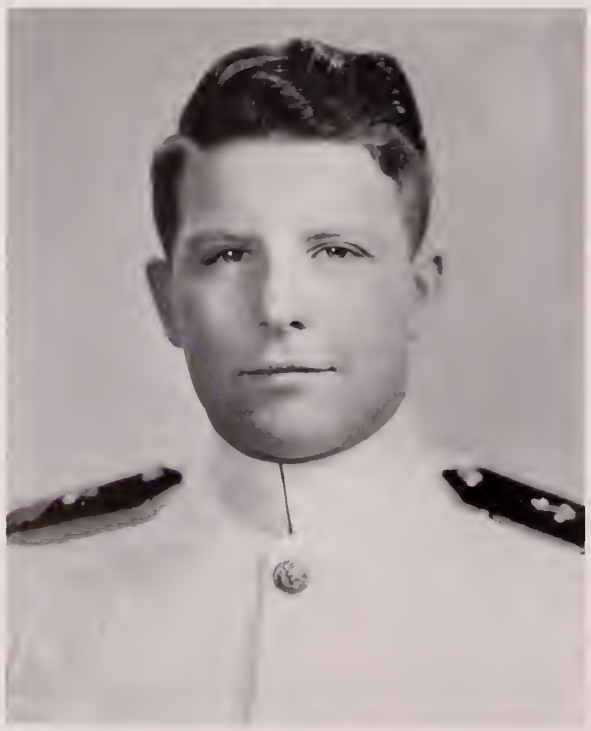
Copake Falls, New York

The Copake Falls local gave a warning shriek. "Goodbye, Mom!" The words floated over the station and were lost as wheels clicked against steel. Young Don was on his way! Leaving the heart of old Knickerbocker where his only contact with water came in the form of a Saturday bath, "Dimitri" set his course for Annapolis and a career on the sea. Characterized by his warning "Women are a snare and a delusion," Wycke frequently stepped out of character and feminine hearts throbbed joyously. Their joy was short-lived, for Monday always found him back in character. Conscientious, studious yet affable, Don holds a Royal Flush in the game of life.

When the confusion of plebe summer was dispelled, we looked around and there was Hank. Definitely one of the mob, his willing and able manner, and easy-going outlook on women and the Executive Department were transcended only by his inimitable Irish-clog. Given a pipe, a box of chow, and a 2.5 to bite into, the world was in Bick's lap. He learned to roll a "skag" and soaked up salt with the best youngster summer. He "Red Miked" a lot, but when the Youngstown beauties came to Crabtown, he used smoother tactics. Failing eyesight forced Hank to leave us at the end of youngster year.

Henry August Bickel

Youngstown, Ohio

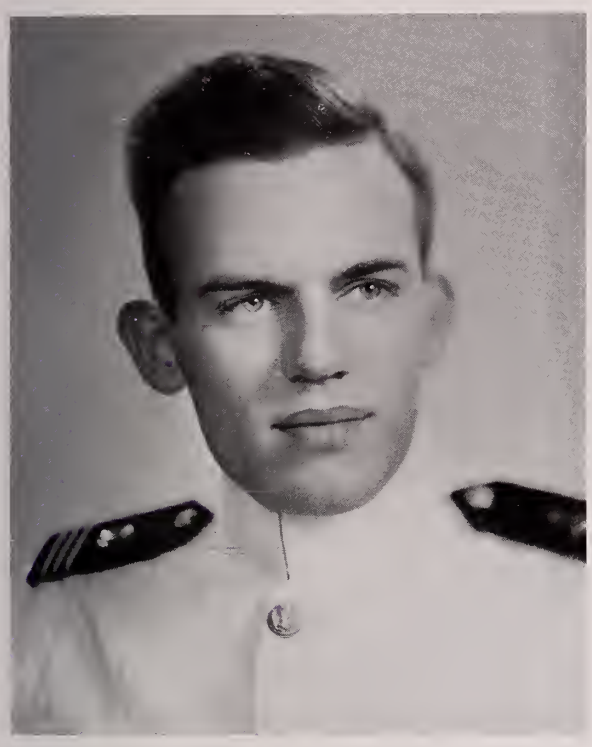


Alan Brian Alter

Johnstown, Pennsylvania

"Algie" came here from Valley Forge Military Academy, choosing the Navy over the Army. A chubby little guy, he waded successfully through the academic snares, playing softball and touch football in his off time. Most of us didn't realize that he was quite a Casanova also, doing remarkably well with the femmes. It looks as if the Army wanted "Shorty," however, for the system got his eyes in the spring of youngster year, and he left to face the draft in June, '42. He is now in the ordnance department, U. S. Army, and has been drawing his Second Lieutenant's pay a full year ahead of the rest of us.

"Baby Doll" was from Mobile, Alabama, and proud of it—in fact he never referred to the three Kentuckians in the room in any manner but "them damn yankees." A plebe sailor and battalion boxer, he delighted in rough and tumble bouts with bigger men. Bob was savvy in academics, but his eyes were never very strong. The day he got his glasses he attended a Skinny lecture and returned to remark, "You know, that's the first time I ever knew those meters were up theah on the wall." "Baby Doll" will be remembered for his poetry recitations, his consistent optimism and his fighting spirit.



William Robert Norton

Mobile, Alabama

Frank Lyons Rose, Jr.

Fort Worth, Texas

Although in our class only a few months, Frank will be remembered by all who knew him as a sincere fellow who wanted to get the most from life, work or no work. Transferred from the class of '43 after a brush with "Nav," he came to the Third Battalion where he stayed until June of 1942. Hard luck again plagued him in the shape of a medical discharge for bad eyes. Frank returned to his home state, Texas, where he received an Army commission. We're sorry we won't be able to serve with Frank, but we know that those who do will have the finest kind of shipmate.

Burnham Fowler Walraven

Decatur, Illinois

From the very outset, Bunky displayed qualities of a real officer, and his attitude and intelligence soon took him up near the head of the class. "Bunky" enjoyed all sports, particularly baseball. Other spare moments he spent over a deck of cards, or occasionally, dragging. Despite the fact that he studied only an average amount, he had all that was necessary to keep him well at the top academically. "Bunky" left our ranks at the close of youngster year because of physical disability. Those of us who knew him realize that we lost a splendid classmate. Yet, with the same spirit he displayed here, "Bunky" is certain to succeed elsewhere.

Richard Paul West

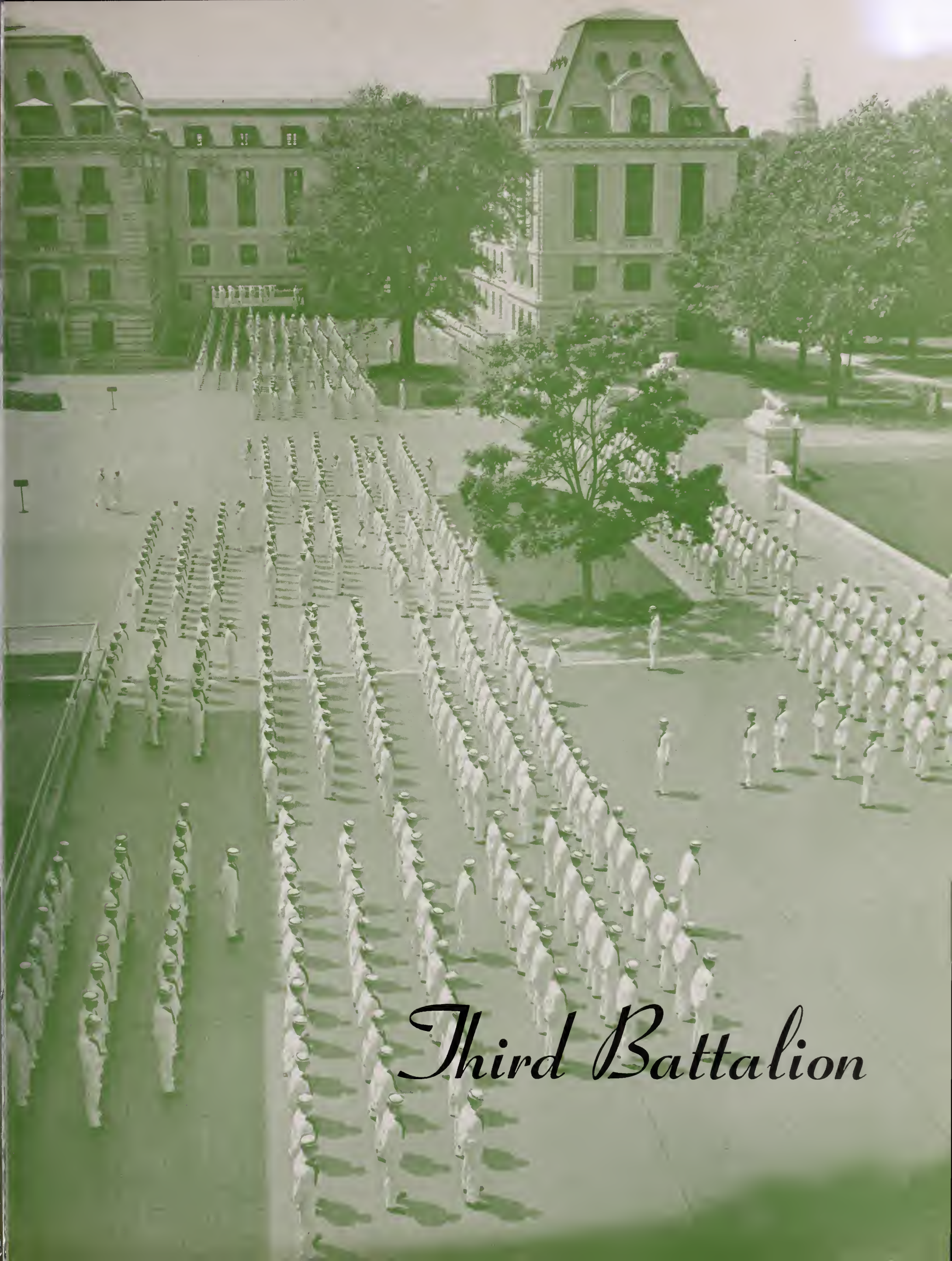
Asbury Park, New Jersey

Dick was always ready for a frolic or a fray. Possessed with the finest sense of humor and a flashing wit, he was a welcome addition to any crowd. With him around there was ever laughter and fun; it couldn't have been otherwise. A lacrosse stick was a mean weapon in his hands and he has demonstrated his worth on the football field and wrestling mat. At the end of youngster year, Rip left because of poor eyesight, and transferred to Lehigh University, where he joined the V-7 and is in charge of their Physical Education Department there. He will receive his commission in the Reserve shortly.

THERE were close to a thousand of us when we entered in June of 1940 and formed the new fourth class, the class of 1944. Now, as we graduate one year ahead of time, there are less than eight hundred. But we who go to join the active services are sure in our minds that our friends of fourth class summer who have left us at various stages of the course will find their place in the American Victory Machine, rolling relentlessly on to a triumph over the forces of evil that threaten the life and liberty we all hold so dear.

Gone » » » But Ne'er Forgotten

Adams, Benjamin Warren
Alter, Alan Brian
Anania, Vincent Joseph
Annawalt, Donn Winston
Atkinson, Wilton Lee
Barnhart, Robert Chauncey
Bayless, Horace Lornax
Beckman, Kenneth Norman
Bennett, Arthur King
Bennett, William Ames
Bergen, James Harold
Bernett, Harry Robert
Bethea, William Thaddeus
Bickel, Henry August
Binford, Lloyd Tilghman, Jr.
Bishop, William Harvard
Blair, John Purdy
Blake, William Gardner
Boelens, John Harvard
Bonelli, John Parish
Boswell, Harold James
Brannom, Thomas Miller, Jr.
Brown, Jacob Ralston
Bruce, Dean Wilbur
Caldwell, Glenn Crittenden
Callis, John Harlan
Campbell, Michael Thomas
Carey, Bernard Patrick, Jr.
Cassidy, Lewis Eugene
Chapman, J. W. III
Chestney, Browne Ruffin, Jr.
Clark, W. M.
Clary, James Richard, Jr.
Cockrill, James Tate
Cocks, Samuel Webster
Coffin, John Shirk
Cook, James Mitchell
Cook, James Russell
Cooper, Charles Herbert
Court, Arthur Robert
Craig, James Charles
Crimmins, Michael Joseph
Crutcher, William Robert
Culbreath, Hugh Lee, Jr.
Daniels, John Stevens, Jr.
Davis, William Odia
Dederick, James Henry, Jr.
DeLany, Jack Laverne
Dodd, Asa Leonard, Jr.
Doubt, William Albert, Jr.
Drake, Warren Wallace
Ducey, David Francis
Duggan, George Lawrence
du Mazuel, Jean
Durr, Richard Henry
Dziadkowicz, Ambrose Andrew
Edmonds, Leroy Scott
Elrod, Julius Mitchell
Emmons, Douglas Barnhart
Evans, Robert Charles
Evans, Thomas Green, Jr.
Everts, John Charles
Faherty, Edward Joseph
Fallon, Eugene Brady
Farrar, Maurice Edward
Fearon, Edward John
Finney, Harold Thomas
Fisher, Franklin Smith
Frost, Almon Joseph
Gallagher, Mark John
Garceau, Henry George, Jr.
Girardet, Davis Lloyd
Goodwin, Jarrell Bland, Jr.
Greely, Robert
Haines, Frank Leland
Hammond, Nelson Browne
Harris, William Paul
Hartlage, Carl Thomas
Haselwood, Scotty
Hawley, William Bonner
Hayler, William Birch
Head, James Warren
Hefferman, Paul Thomas
Henry, Charles Thomas
Hilliard, John Robert
Holt, Louis Kenneth
Holzmueller, Charles Donnan, Jr.
Horn, John Oliver
Horrigan, David Edward
Hyman, J.
Ingram, William Gilman
Irwin, Lee Vonia, Jr.
Izac, Edward Victor Michel
Jacobsen, Robert Clarence
Jagiello, Walter Albert
Johnson, Donald Wayne
Johnson, Robert Ridgely
Jones, Friou Payne
Jones, Robert Louis
Kane, John Patrick
Katz, John Augustus
Keeney, Fred Crutchfield
Kennedy, James Stewart
Kessler, Richard John
Kinnear, John Brackenridge
Kirshner, Robert Lawrence
Kleist, Dwight Esward
Klemens, Ernest John
Kloetzli, Walter, Jr.
Kluener, Robert George
Koenigsmark, Paul Morris
Lawson, Walter Eastby
Learned, Noel Fairfax
Lessman, Walter George
Letz, George Peter
Levy, Sydney Daniel, Jr.
Lewis, John Francis
Little, Fred Eugene, Jr.
Losure, John Edwin
Lynch, Joseph William
Mooney, James David
MacArthur, Robert William
Mac Ewan, Clarence Leon, Jr.
Martin, Richard Edward
McBride, Howard Aubrey
McCoy, John Jerome
McDermott, Francis Martin
McKinley, Johnson Bennett
McManus, R. L.
McNally, Charles Lloyd, Jr.
Miller, Roy Henry
Miller, Robert Thorn
Mohr, Glenn Irwin
Morgan, James Francis
Mormino, Raymond Rose
Morrison, Park
Moyer, Frank Edward, Jr.
Murphy, Robert James
Murphy, Thomas Francis, Jr.
Murray, Delbert Neil
Norton, William Robert
Nugent, Corliss Robinson
O'Malley, James Matthew
Orbeton, Maurice Cleveland, Jr.
Orndorff, Wilfield Scott, Jr.
Payson, George Marshall
Pease, Herbert LeRoy
Peavy, Asa Gibson
Pledger, William Gilbert
Ploszay, Charles Anthony
Puckett, Paul Brooks
Rennington, Edward Wade
Reynolds, Benjamin Joseph, Jr.
Rixey, Palmer Herndon
Roberts, Jack William
Rose, Donald Carl
Rose, Frank Lyons, Jr.
Row, Henry Cordes, Jr.
Sahlman, Harry Fred, Jr.
Schwirtz, Benjamin Alfred
Seipp, John Carl
Serkedakis, Anthony Constantine
Settle, Robert Eulace, Jr.
Shaw, Robert John
Shippen, William Joseph
Shropshire, Grover Craig
Sloan, Jack Richard
Small, Jay Arthur, Jr.
Smith, John Malcolm
Southard, Harold Carleton
Sperry, Phillip Eugene
Spillman, Frank Leroy, Jr.
Stanton, Robert Franklin
Steere, Lucius Esek
Strong, Robert Wallace
Studer, Gordon Philip
Swenson, Christopher Joseph
Taylor, Richard Walter
Traynor, William James
Turley, Sam Louis
Vann, Robert Lee
Vannais, William George
Versaggi, Dominic Anthony
Voyce, Charles, Jr.
Wachsler, William John
Wagner, Merrill Edwin
Wagner, Harold Lee
Wall, Pemberton Brown
Walraven, Burnham Fowler
Walter, Eugene LeRoy
Warren, Royer
Warren, Rowland Luther
Weaver, John Frederick
Wells, William Henry
West, Richard Paul
Whiteman, Donald Rex
Whitney, Richard Ellsworth
Wickham, Lawrence Vernon Miller
Willey, John Scott
Williams, Justin Cadwalader
Williams, Martin Teter
Wischerth, George Edward
Woods, Robert Evans
Zilligen, Grady Joseph



Third Battalion

Ollie Buford Adams

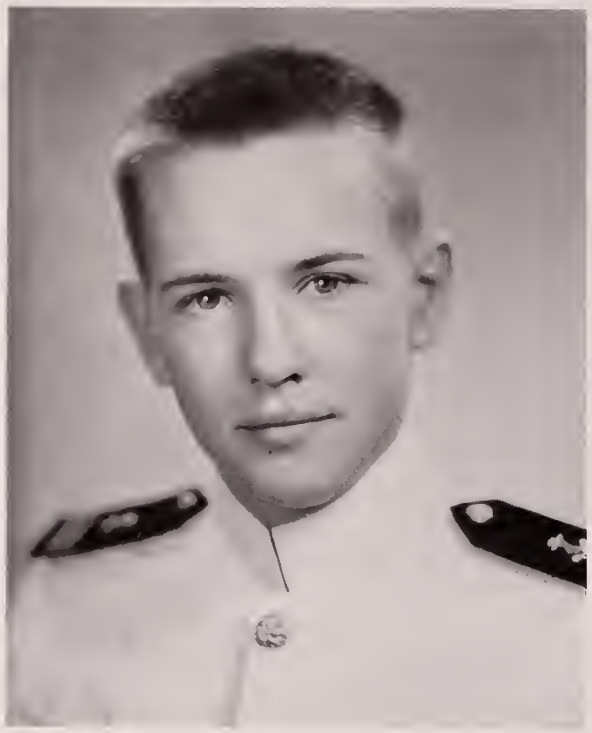
Ashland, Kentucky

"The gentleman from Kentucky" transferred his abilities from Berea to the U. S. N. A. to the Academy's advantage. Arriving with a sack full of medals for military efficiency and shooting, "MA" continued to add to his collection. As boxing manager, Buford ducked through plebe year unscathed. Youngster year he spent in pursuit of that certain "femme." Gulf Park mail increased greatly, due solely to "Ma's" efforts, for writing "billets doux" was his specialty. To "Obie" study hours meant an opportunity to play the "juke box." Still he has been very successful in keeping well up on his academics. This same success, we are sure, will follow him wherever he goes

Baret Vahan Ajemian

Boston, Massachusetts

From up North in Boston "Bud" came to the Naval Academy. From the start he has been a quiet, easy-going sort of fellow. After a year at M I.T., academics never gave him too much trouble. You could always find him either stretched out on his bunk or next door looking for a little excitement. Every once in a while "Bud" would decide he needed a little exercise, and off he would go into the great out-of-doors. Since the war started, he has had one constant desire—to get out where the action is. He has been a swell pal and a true shipmate Good luck, "Bud."



Delano Ames, III

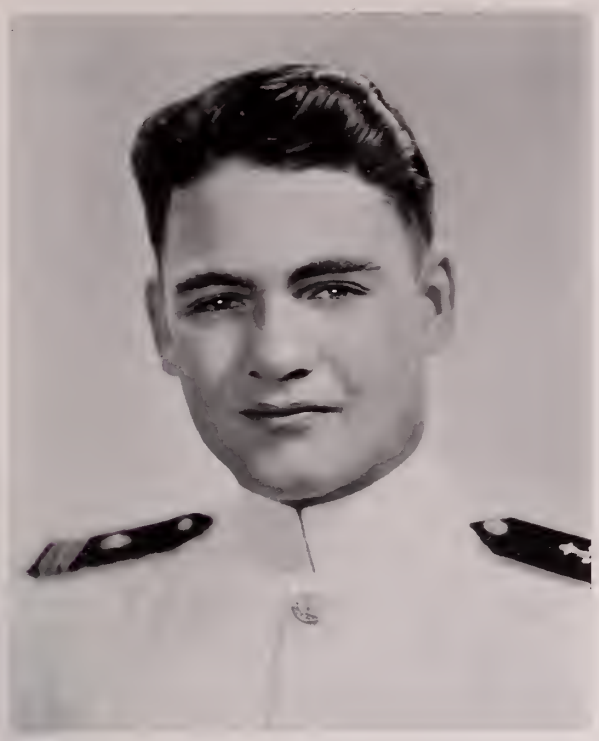
Baltimore, Maryland

"Del" didn't have far to go from home to the Academy, but he certainly went far after he got here. He ranked high in academics, successfully steered the *Log* as editor-in-chief, and was a member of the '44 Class Crest Committee and Ring Committee. Despite his numerous extra-curricular interests, "Del" found plenty of time for relaxation and recreation. He was a little on the serious side but possessed a good sense of humor. The former accounted for his success as a midshipman and will see him tops in any enterprise; the latter, with his ever-present smile and friendly nature, accounted for his attractive personality and popularity.

William Clyde Amick, Jr.

Jacksonville, Florida

Bill started out to be a lawyer, but instead he wound up at the Naval Academy. He brought with him from Washington and Lee his cosmopolitan manners, an unusual wit, many interesting stories, and a knack for accomplishing the maximum with a minimum of effort. Outside of bunk drills, canteen visits, sailing, and an occasional game of tennis, Bill's favorite pastime was starting arguments, which he usually won. This tall, dark Southerner was Florida's gift to the Navy, and we all know that when Bill's senior officers aboard his ship hand him a job to do, they will be able to count on getting action.



Jerome Lyon Ashcroft, Jr.

Webster Groves, Missouri

The saying goes that when "Jerry" reached the tender age of six, he was given a blood test which showed a content of twenty per cent salt. As he was born a thousand miles inland, the only explanation was that here was a natural born sailor. To know him was to want to be his friend. A casual acquaintance perhaps revealed a seemingly easy-going lad from Missouri, but we who really knew him were not deceived by this thin crust beneath which lay a true devotion to the Service and his country, for whose freedom he must now fight. Here's hoping we ship with him again someday.

Robert King Awtrey, Jr.

Marietta, Georgia

Bob, a Navy junior, came to the Academy blessed with an understanding of the sea. Racing the yawls on weekends and wrestling on weekdays were his chief occupations. During spare moments in the room, Bob was either designing some sailboat, pouring over a chart, or perusing a book on ships. During his last year, however, academics forced him to let many a copy of *Yachting* go unread. A walking Jane's *Fighting Ships*, Bob could give us the dope on any man-o-war afloat. We see him, a hard-worker with lots of imagination, as the future tactician, leading his squadron on swift forays through enemy waters.

Americus V. H. Bacon, Jr.

Tacoma, Washington

"Bake" spent a year at the College of Puget Sound but put aside the carefree campus life with its fraternities and sororities to come East and prepare for a life on the sea. The studies were more difficult at the Academy than they had been in college, but he soon took a firm hold and rose close to the ranks of the star men. "Bake" was rather small for varsity sports, but he was an outstanding man in intramural competition. We shall never forget his cheerful spirit, his ready wit, and his jocular sense of humor. His sterling character will be his greatest asset as a submariner.

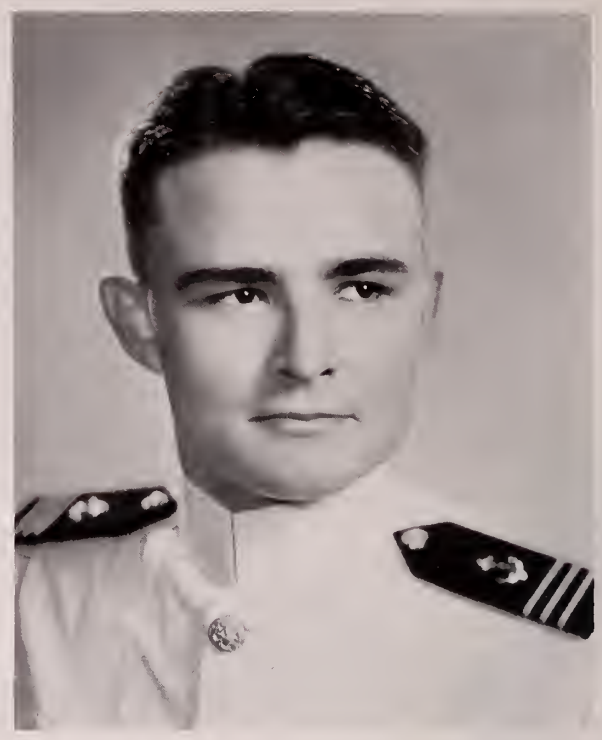
Robert Gray Bagby

New Haven, Missouri

All hands knew smiling Bagby when he spent his "duration" in Bancroft Hall. Nothing could suppress his happy manner and ever-present interest in helping others. Veteran of many seasons on the lacrosse field, Bob wielded a mighty club for Navy's first squad. However those awards on his bathrobe were not all from lacrosse; he had a hand in countless battalion victories, too. Bob showed a serious side when there was cause; his determination and keenness assured us that he was a good man to have fighting on our side. As the fourth in his family to leave the Academy, Bagby will surely find his place in subs, along with the rest of his sailor kin.

John Adams Ballard, Jr.

Indianapolis, Indiana

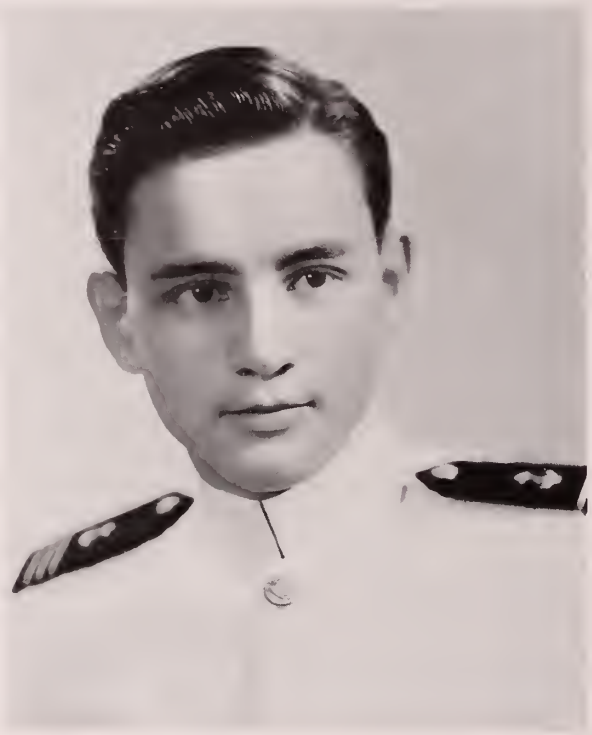


When confronted with the plebe question, "Where ya' from, Mister," Jack never had to repeat an answer, for he came from an army family. With him he brought much of its efficiency and distinguishness. Jack spent much time with books, but evaded the radiator squad by brisk workouts in the gym or natatorium, not to mention strenuous sunbaths during the summer. 'Twas said he jumped out of a second story window at the tender age of four to evade a young lass. We readily believe that, for he never did allow women to worry him. His staid qualities and reserved manner, along with his exceptional wit, disclose a distinct individual.

Bernard Benedict Barila, Jr.

Las Vegas, New Mexico

When "Bernie" arrived, his eyes were in the sky, but his appointment was not the only reason. He had just become a private pilot, and he was firmly convinced that his Navy career must be in the Air Corps. During the winter months he used his shooting eye to pull down high scores for the pistol team. Romance played a great part in his life at Annapolis, a casual date the day before entering had its culmination in a wedding the day after graduation. Not one to take things too seriously, he lived for to-day and in that found his secret of happiness which marks him for continued success.



Robert Paul Bartlett

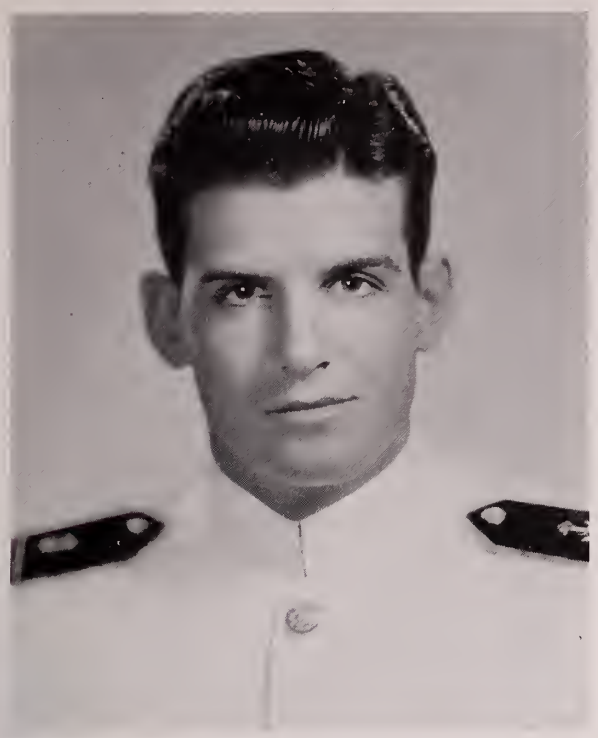
San Diego, California

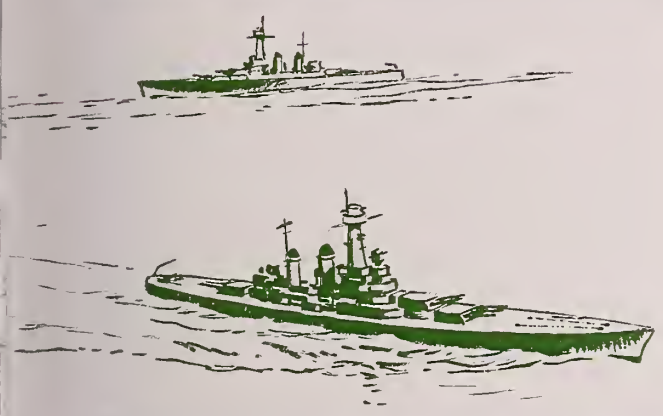
"Bart" hailed from the wide open spaces where all men are men. Ever ready for an argument, "Short-shunt" won many of them with that voice that sounded like a whisper at a mile. In the messhall he showed remarkable co-ordination between hand and jaw, to the marvel of his classmates and the consternation of others. Gifted with an active and robust sense of humor, the little man deserves to become a legend of the sea, and if any foe crosses his bow, we would like to be around to hold his straight jacket. Take heed, Yamamoto; Bob may pop in on you any day.

Francis David Barton

Albuquerque, New Mexico

His name is Francis, but don't let it fool you. "Bart" was a man of action. Except for an occasional afternoon siesta, he was continually busy. Boxing served as an outlet for his surplus energy. His ring career at the Naval Academy, with never a loss, won for him the title of Regimental Champion. "Bart's" two years in the fleet gave him a practical beginning. His personality, his ability to make friends, and his will to win should carry him through to the very top. When he decided to spend his life on the seven seas rather than on the mesa, it was New Mexico's loss and Navy's gain.

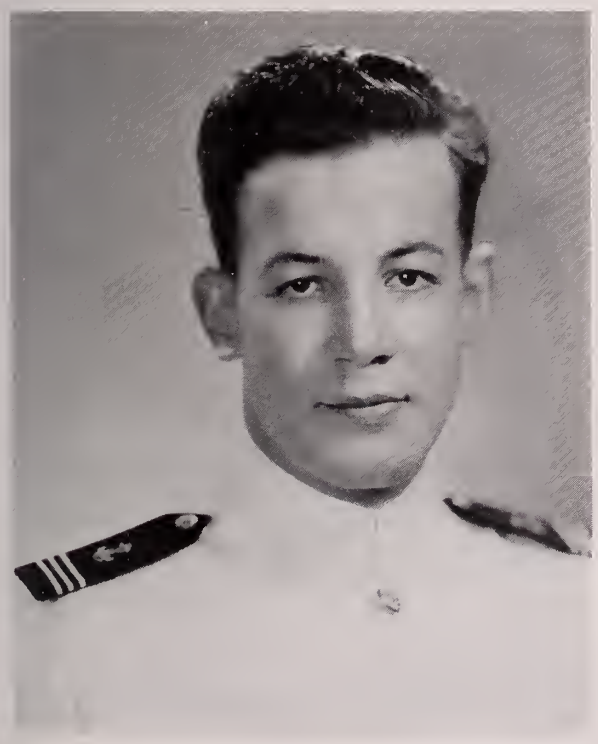




Charles Becker

Kaufman, Texas

It was late in Plebe Summer when Bob stepped off the Washington bus to take over here as he always had down in Texas. Surprisingly enough, he has succeeded very well. Plebe football introduced him, and soon his buoyant good nature gained him numerous close friends. Upperclassmen and plebes alike flocked to his room to enjoy his genial humor and pleasing Texas drawl. Youngster cruise found his acquaintances multiplied and his friendships quickly spreading. Several battalion sports and Reception Committee work later aided him in his success. During first class year he was the idol of the underclasses and the helpful associate of all classmates.



John Wesley Beckett Jr.

Heppner, Oregon

"Jarring John" will probably be best remembered as the fellow who got the most done with the least amount of work. In his never-ending brushes with the duty officers, "Horsecollar" ran into many difficulties, but he never failed to find a solution for every problem. His great abundance of natural ability made him outstanding on the gridiron and in a variety of activities. By no means a "Red Mike," John could often be seen with a "cute number" from Philadelphia, and he would rather have been shot than to be found in Bancroft Hall on Saturday night. In John the service will have a top-notch officer.

George Osborne Bennett

Poland, Ohio

One July day in '40 a dapper young civilian entered the Academy, endowed with a rollicking sense of humor and well supplied with myriads of stories of brighter days at Cornell. Straight-thinking, common sense and a tremendous capacity for hard work carried George a long way in the three years that followed. Though a battalion crew man and a basketball star of no mean ability, hours of studying to stay on the "velvet side" of plebe "math" pushed varsity sports into the background. Bennett's good nature and keen mind will make him welcome wherever he goes, and his shipmates will always agree that Ohio sent the Navy her best.

Joseph Louis Berry

Greensboro, North Carolina

"Number one son of America's number one mother," was the title given to Joe the eventful night that he received the news of his mother's selection as *American Mother of 1942*. This tall Southern boy with a Northern education and a broad smile to match his shoulders was someone hard to beat. Having had earlier experience on Notre Dame's freshman eleven, Joe brought added hope to Navy's football aspirations. Several years in the North did not take from Joe his typical Southern manner, and we suspected his heart was below the Mason-Dixon line. His exceptional good luck with "blind drags" left a record which will take many years to surpass.

Robert Charles Biché

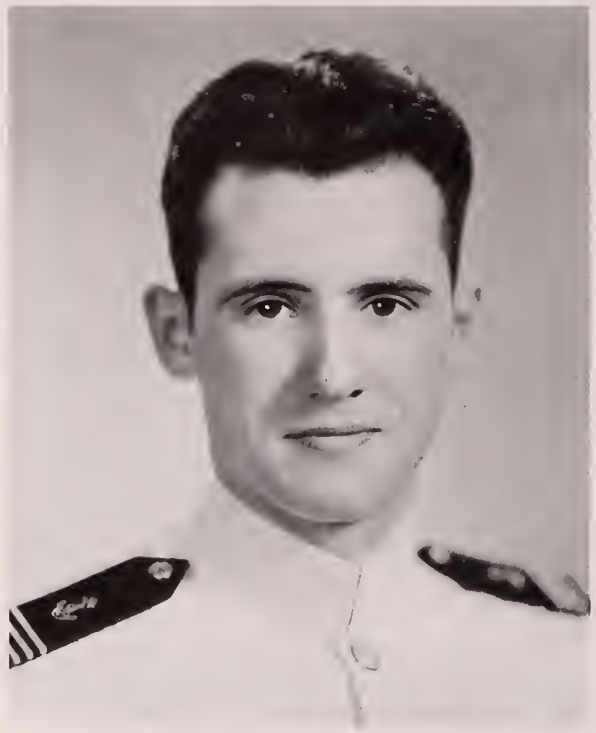
Syracuse, New York

A year at Syracuse, two more years in the fleet, and Bob was ready to tackle the Naval Academy. Quiet and reserved, yet with a devilish gleam in his eye, Bob came through with scarcely a scratch. He had an easy going attitude, the ability to take things as they came, and, above all, a knack for making friends. Gymnastics and battalion lacrosse occupied some of his time; letters home and to several of the fairer sex plus an occasional drag filled the rest. Bob hopes to get his wings some day. Meanwhile he will enjoy life and plug on beyond that long coveted half inch stripe.

Francis Norbert Biewer

Dresden, North Dakota

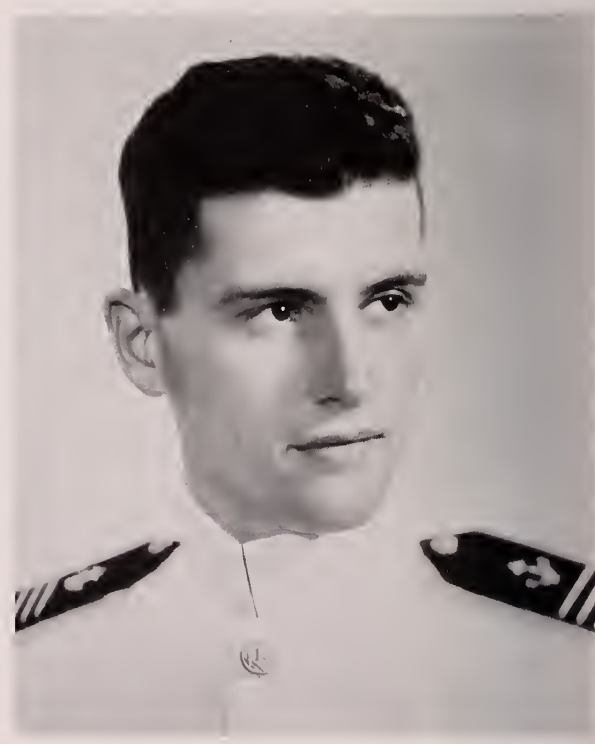
"Frank, how about dragging this weekend?" "Absolutely, what's her name?" He was off with another blind date, invariably a queen. But dragging did not deter him from other activities. Despite his lubberly background of North Dakota, sailing caught Frank's fancy and he went out for the team. Bridge, another of his prevailing pastimes, occupied many of those "in-between hours." At any time he would entertain lavishly with yarns of college days. Academics, excepting "Dago," were a snap. Although athletics did not appeal much to him, he was never threatened with the sub or weak squad. As long as we have memories, Frank will be among the foremost.



Robert Allison Bird

Detroit, Michigan

Coming from Michigan with a pipe and a will to learn, "Dicky" brought a sense of steadiness to our room. During plebe year he concentrated on battalion wrestling and academics. Although he was thrown in wrestling, he managed to throw the academics by application of hard work. During youngster leave, while the orchestra played "A Chicken Ain't Nothing But a Bird," Bob lost his heart and later a ring to that certain one. Thenceforth he existed through the weeks and lived during the weekends. On Sundays he sang in the choir. Quiet, reserved, and modest, he will succeed quite well in performing whatever duty comes his way.



Russell Edward Blalack

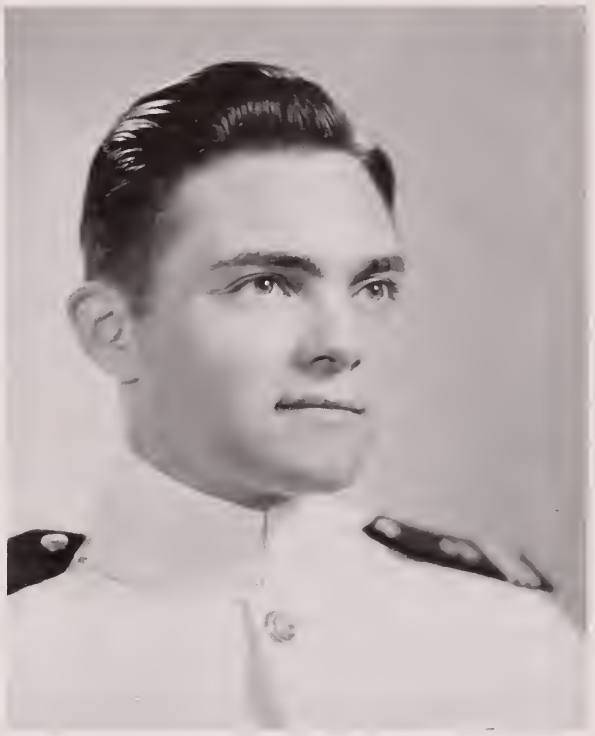
Sidney, Ohio

A real "snake" in any gal's language! Such was Russ, that handsome devil from Ohio. Although retiring as a plebe, he developed into an exacting first classman—a terror to all unwary plebes who failed to tread the straight and narrow. His interests were widely varied. Aside from studying occasionally, his principal diversion by far was girls. Of somewhat less vital interest were the Varsity Fencing Team, sailing, photography and a first-rate stamp collection. He displayed an insatiable craving for classical records, because they seemed to soothe his fevered brow. Russ played hard and worked even harder. He will go far in the Navy with his determination and personality.

Raymond Edwin Bock

Wadpole, Massachusetts

From the wilderness of one of our larger Northern cities, Boston, this lanky Yankee lugged his bag to the Academy along with a well-developed taste for the classics both in music and literature. Plebe summer was long, and he cast a speculative eye upon all Navy sports before deciding to become a "Spanish athlete," a veritable denizen of the "sack." Sailing claimed much of his time, and well suited it was to this quiet, philosophical midshipman whose imperturbability was an ever-stabilizing force. "Ray" was always there for the nightly "bull sessions," and we will long remember those endearing terms he reserved for his wives.



Robert Joseph Booze

Baltimore, Maryland

Don't let Bobby's five feet eight inches and innocent expression fool you. His ultimate captaincy of the lacrosse team was assured plebe year by his outstanding ability in the game, but it was not ability alone which made opposing teams anxious to stay out of his reach. During the fall he kept in shape with soccer and, in his first two years, with extra duty. Perhaps it was due to former experiences as a life guard, but Bob's interest in the fair sex was spasmodic. We look forward to seeing much of Bob in the years to come, for where he is there will be success and laughter.

Robert Arnold Boscole

Seattle, Washington

Ready for an argument on either side of any subject, so eager to tutor his classmates that he all but let his own studies ride, and ready to expound on the glories of his home state, Washington, "Healthy" Bob came East with a sharp stock of brains and a good stock of Health Foods. Between his prunes, figs, raisins, dried pears, apples, carrots, vitamin pills, and soy beans, Bob conducted nightly classes for not-so-brainy midshipmen, managed varsity swimming, played plebe football, and finished in the upper five percent of his class. A brawny scholar was "Connie," and a "particularly desired" Junior Officer will he be.

Robert Lewis Bothwell

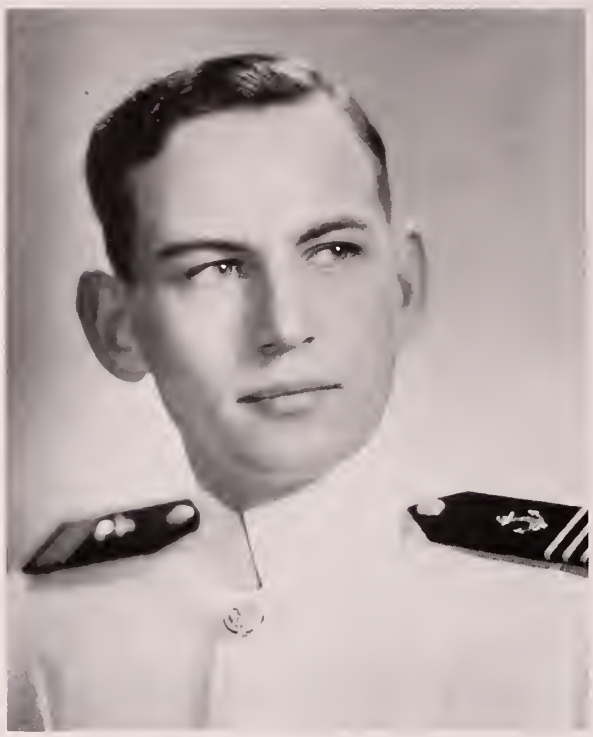
Leominster, Massachusetts

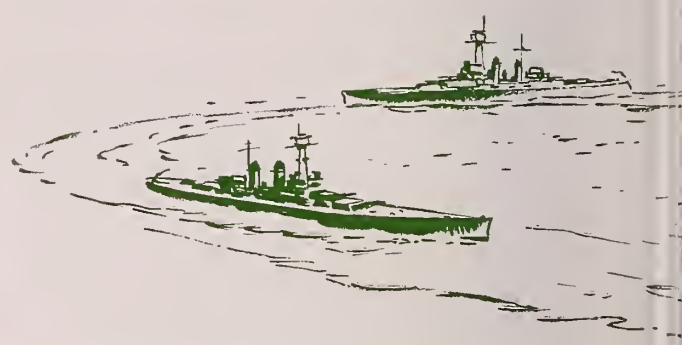
"The General" was at home anywhere on the East Coast. For serving an enlistment in the Army and "prepping" for West Point, he gained the army nickname; fate, however, sent him to the Naval Academy. Valuable experience as a side show barker combined with an agile mind made him a top-flight debater in the Quarterdeck Society. Although his technique was not as smooth with the Executive Department as it was with the fairer sex, he found a natural outlet for his talents in being company representative. His keen wit and ready smile made him welcome anywhere. In a tight spot, Bob will always be found an invaluable aid.

Laurel Barnett Boyd

Holly Springs, Mississippi

Ready, willing, and able" describes Pete perfectly. Whether it was a "Juice" problem, a golf game, a liberty, or a "bull session," we could always count on his participation. He found academics easy and lived for that next leave when he could head for the South and "the little woman" who sent him that airmail letter everyday. Running a classmate or one of his "profs" was one of his favorite diversions. Possessed with a broad sense of humor, he will let nothing disturb or interrupt his happy life. With his excellent start and a flair for making friends, Pete will go on to a noteworthy and successful career.





Clarence Columbus Brock, Jr.

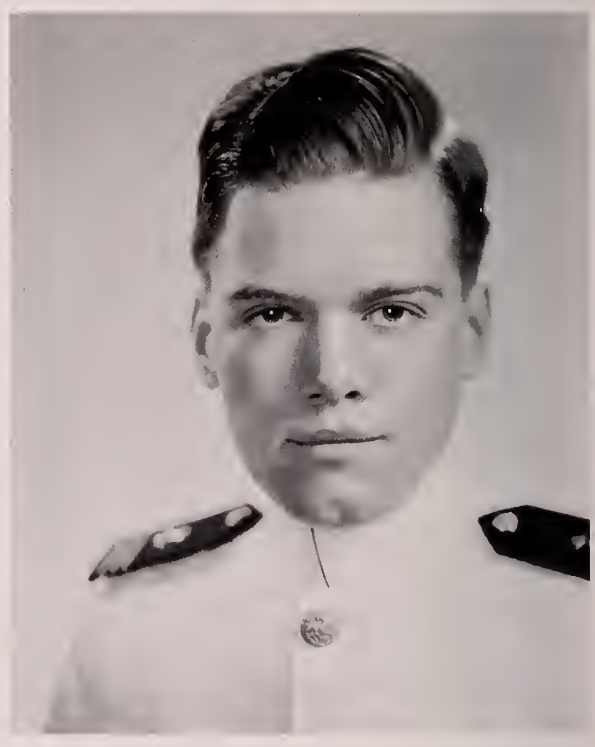
Bristol, Virginia

"C. C." hailed from exclusive south-west Virginia, where he left his accent and brought along his ability for "snaking." "Shoulders" has never been without the feminine touch, but bunk drill and plebe "Steam" were his biggest pitfalls, although we're glad to say he overcame the latter. Managing to do very little studying, "C-square's" main interests centered about letter writing and receiving that blue envelope every morning. Although he had the distinction of sleeping in sky top all first class year, pay and a half, plus a wife, will probably induce him to enter "pigboats." Here's hoping that he always counts ten and comes up on the third count.

Raymond Weldon Burk

Phoenix, Arizona

From his sunny Arizona home, Ray left for the fleet in 1938. After a year of sea duty, he entered the Naval Preparatory School and there gained his appointment as a midshipman. For three years he managed the swimming team. While not a varsity athlete, he could always be counted on for a fast game of touch or a workout in the gym. He claimed that academics were a nightmare, but when the grades were posted, his name always appeared toward the top of his class. One of the outstanding "stripers" of '44, Ray will make as fine a commissioned officer as he did a midshipman officer.



Thomas Paul Burke

Coxsackie, New York

"T. P.", genial buddy from Coxsackie, came south to try the climate on the banks of the Severn at the tender age of nineteen. During plebe year, Tom took the naturally democratic attitude that if the upper class would not bother him, he would not bother them. However, not everyone saw eye to eye with him on this score. Outside of academics, which never offered an appreciable obstacle, he indulged in occasional tennis, squash, swimming, Saturday night hamburger fests, and a bit of dragging now and then. His only regret was the Academy's lack of untainted lakes and forests.

Warren Lee Caldwell

Chevy Chase, Maryland

"Big Mike" was a familiar figure around the Naval Academy, well known for both his size and good nature. Football was his major interest, and his friends managed to keep track of practice by the number of battle scars on his face. Occasionally rough weather in the Academic Department made him settle down to work, but he never seemed dangerously close to shoals. He has been heard to say that his sole ambition is to out-live the "Bull" Department. Well-liked, he was elected Company Representative youngster year. There will always be somebody around to listen eagerly to salty sea stories about "Mike's" days in the Navy.

William Clark Campbell

Spokane, Washington

From the West came this blue-eyed man with a salty string of tales that ranged from Canada to Mexico, from California to old New York. Be it sailing, swimming, dancing, hiking or "dragging", "Willie the Cam" was right there. Personality plus. Secret? He never forgets a name or a face. Bill was never without his grin, which tough breaks could never erase. That desire to forge ahead, so characteristic of our Western pioneers, carried Bill to the heights of popularity. Never one to permit lessons to dominate his life here, Bill could always find time to join in these extra-curricular affairs: Masqueraders, *Log* and the *Vamarie*.

Fred Miller Cameron, Jr.

Winchester, Massachusetts

"The Operator" was a nickname which perfectly described Fred. Two years in New York convinced this Bostonite that it's not true what they say about the Big City, although he migrated south to spend three winters in "quaint old Annapolis." Here his activity shamed that of former years. In our vernacular, he "got this stuff" and was able to devote much time to various pursuits. Whether boxing, directing the sound unit, or acting with the Masqueraders, Fred was always foremost in extra-curricular activities. A "Big Time Operator" to the last, he captured the heart of a prominent Baltimore belle while roaming about obtaining dope for his *Log* columns.

Norman Francis Campbell

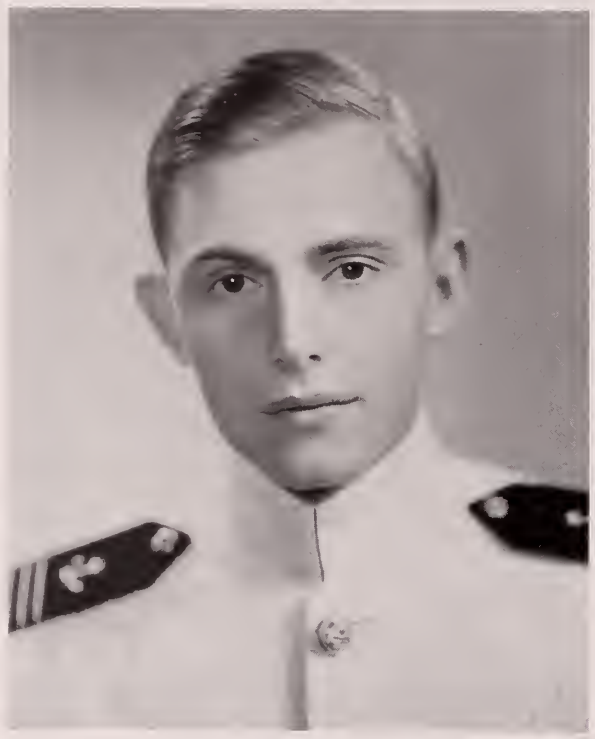
San Diego, California

Instead of walking in the main gate, "Soupy" entered by the nautical route via the fleet. Five years in the Navy Blue brought Norman knowledge, experience, and friends. To lead this sort of navy life Norman left "God's country and the woman." He broke all traditions by remaining true to his O.A.O. We smiled at his threats to exterminate the mate for not bringing the "little woman's" daily letter. He will fight his country's battles until they are won, and then he will fulfill his ambition to enjoy life. Straightforward, frank, and sincere, Norman was a person that anyone would be proud to call "Shipmate."

Thomas Leo Carlin

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Out of the pine-filled Northland Tom came to the Naval Academy bringing with him a firm determination, a friendly smile and an ability to make lasting friendships. Characterized by broad interests and a fine sense of balance, he preferred to dabble in the various activities of Academy life rather than concentrate on any one thing. His record collection par excellence attested to his love for music, which ranged from Strauss to "Basin Street." Coupled with his real interest in sports was his extensive knowledge of them. Never one to be swayed easily by the feminine gender, he dragged for quality rather than for quantity.



Robert Turner Carr

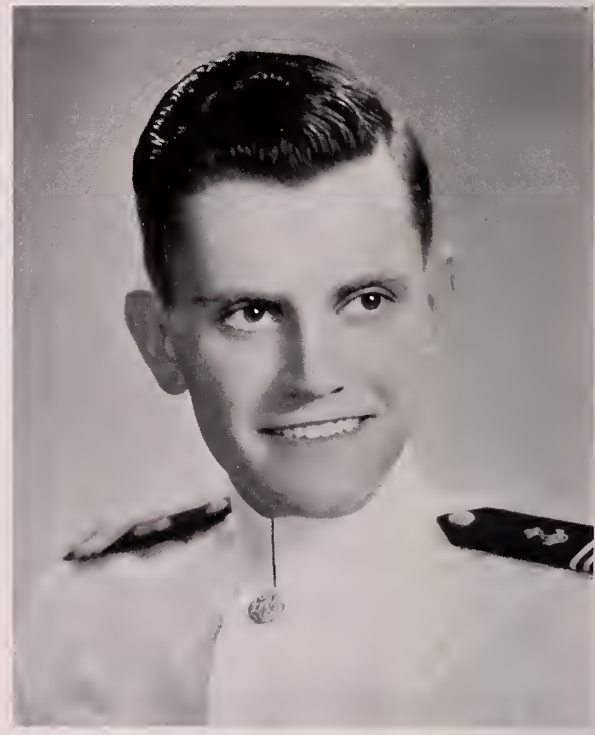
Fairhaven, Massachusetts

From "Baw Hawbaw" way came this smiling yankee lad to follow the way of the sea. However, after three years at the Academy, Bob has set his sights on a new goal—"Navy Wings." A keen mind has put stars on his collar and earned the gratitude of many of his classmates for his ever-ready helping hand. We wouldn't call him exactly a "snake," but there weren't many hops that our "li'l" Bobby missed. Liberty also received its share of attention from "R.T."—just ask him about those football trips. When Bob stands out to sea, lucky will be that ship which has him aboard.

Albert Cunningham Carson

Starkville, Mississippi

"Want to drag blind?" "Let's turn in early tonight." "Do you want to read my *Astounding* or *Unknown* magazines?" Bridge? Chess? Poker? "Kit" could never say "no" to such suggestions. Plebe year he made himself famous by singing in the shower before reveille and by having the smallest head in our class. Youngster year it was the 4.0 "Math P-works." First class year it was daily letters from his O.A.O. His pet hates were swimming drills and studying. Even so, he managed to stand well up among the "savoirs." Knowing his ability to get things done and to make friends, we shall be able to say, "I knew him when . . ."



Hal Cushman Castle

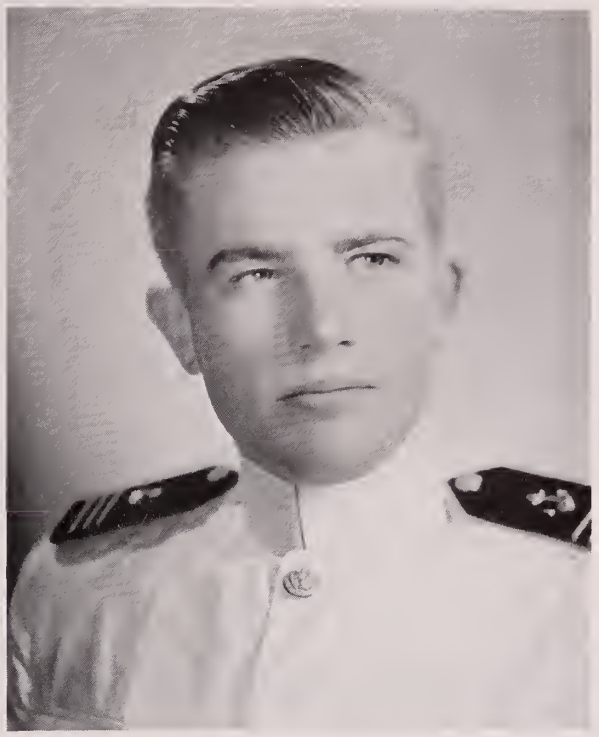
Chicago, Illinois

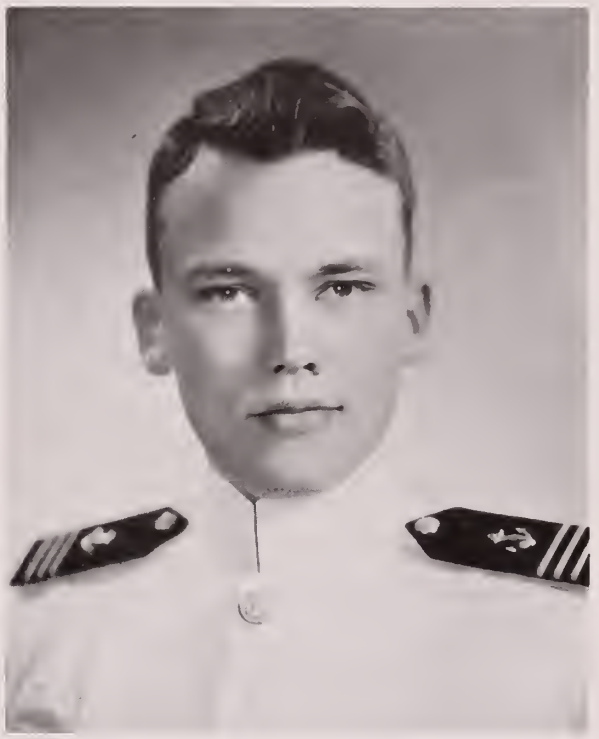
"Fearless" has turned up at every hop but one since '44 became free men and always with the same girl. This fact may help to explain his unfailing cheerfulness. No one has ever known Hal to be unhappy. "Fearless" boasts of a tremendous voice, an unbelievable appetite, a fair degree of "savviness," and a remarkable and baffling love for the Windy City. Mention Chicago or something to eat, and he will light up like a Christmas tree. Hal was by no means a hugger of radiators. He was interested in all sports and active in many. Cheerful, energetic, and versatile, "Fearless" will get along anywhere.

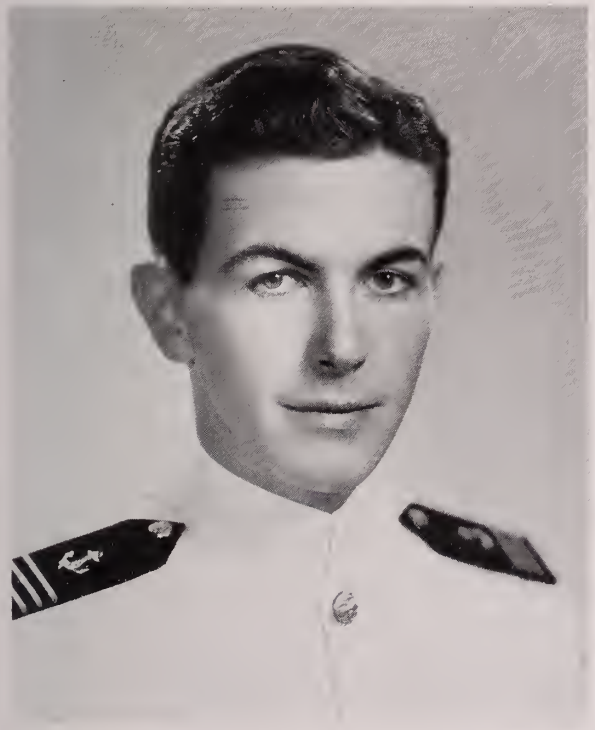
Arthur Dannel Challacombe

EVERETT, WASHINGTON

One chap who never blew his own horn was self-effacing "Chally," but the Executive Department will not soon forget the boisterous "Joy Boy" as he was euphemistically known. Born in Cuba, this modest "Marine brat" could boast (though he never would) of wide and extensive travel. His Academy interests were threefold: he shyly admitted being a duffer at golf; miscalculated himself the Regiment's worst bridge player; and was champion of the "sack." Tall, towheaded, with baby blue eyes, he esteemed himself the perfect drag for many skeptical beauties. Above all he was a "solid gent" who had the ability to absorb all problems with a typical philosophical smile.







Thomas Jackson Christman

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

"No lie, Boy! This is the way I figure," his favorite saying; "Singapore Sling," his favorite drink; "Perfection," his motto; and "I don't know—I just don't know," his line for femmes. Yes, that was our Thomas Jackson. On leave in Miami it was "Jack" who took the spotlight, keeping alive the dawn as naughty fellows love to do. Strangely enough, it was "Tom" who blazed trails of outstanding glory. The latter brought from Florida University three ambitions. Two materialized. He stood in the upper ten in academics and was our varsity crew manager. The other is for the future. Next—well, we'll see you then, fellow.

Robert Wynandus Clack

ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS

He denied it, but when Wynandus left Kansas in favor of the Academy, he believed that at last he could catch up on his sleep. Sadly disillusioned, he struggled bravely to accustom himself to a mere eight hours of sleep a night. During plebe year he and the Mathematics Department differed on the solution of certain problems. For recreation he enjoyed a set of tennis, a hand of bridge, or a swim. Wynandus expects to go into aviation, but he has never lost his love for the life of a farmer. If he ever leaves the Navy, he will probably be found growing wheat back on the prairie.

James Joseph Clancy

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

If you don't believe that Chicago is the center of the universe, just ask Jim. We first heard about its amazing wonders during the summer of 1940. A big, good-natured grin always accompanied these accounts. One of his greatest passions was delivering lectures on physical culture to an unresponsive audience. This mania was carried over even into the section room where it was evident in his muscular efforts to speak German. While he always took a serious interest in academics, Jim still had time enough to compile an imposing list of "drags." It must have been his wavy hair and peaches and cream complexion that got them.

William P. O. Clarke, Jr.

Annapolis, Maryland

From plebe summer on, Bill had little trouble in weathering the storms of Bancroft. Plebe summer he went out for crew and set his sights on a crew "N." Size handicapped him, but hard work proved his worth, he climaxed the second season with a Navy "N" award. Bill spent his idle hours sailing. He was on the crew that won the regimental yawl championship. With reasonable effort Bill worked into the upper third of the class. A certain young lady monopolized his "dragging" weekends, and a miniature was the outcome. We don't have to wish Bill "bon voyage," because he is a natural for the Navy.

Frank Walter Clift III

Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

It is vital that we should first mention Frank's long, honorable career in the Naval Reserve, a career highlighted with a salty two weeks on a destroyer. Besides the vast fund of information gleaned from the engine room of the *U.S.S. Barry*, Frank brought an eye for women, a perpetual smile, and no little athletic talent. Aside from soccer, fencing, and track, "Tiger" managed to "cut a mean rug" at practically every hop, and through his drag-rotation program acquired the reputation of being somewhat of a "snake." Frank was serious about the Navy though, and there will be plenty of room in it for his sincerity, ability and personality.

Creighton William Cook

Syracuse, New York

"Good sense and good nature are seldom parted,"—add a keen sense of humor, a fighting spirit, and you have "Creight." As president of the Masqueraders he spent many thankless hours in Mahan Hall coaching his actors and trying his best to convert awkward, hairy midshipmen into "dainty damsels." During spring months, aided by past experience on the battalion football team, "C.W." maintained his physical prowess by playing goalie on "Dinty's stick swingers." An enthusiastic "sub" man, "Creight" will be hoping to acquire an early "sub" command. Having been a consistent plugger, and possessing a fighter's spirit, he will undoubtedly carve a distinctive place for himself in our Navy.

Robert Harry Cook

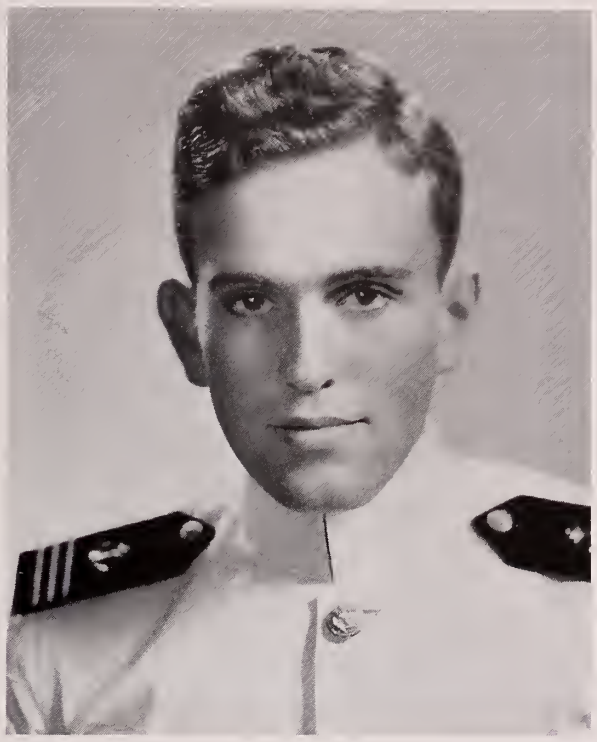
Vallejo, California

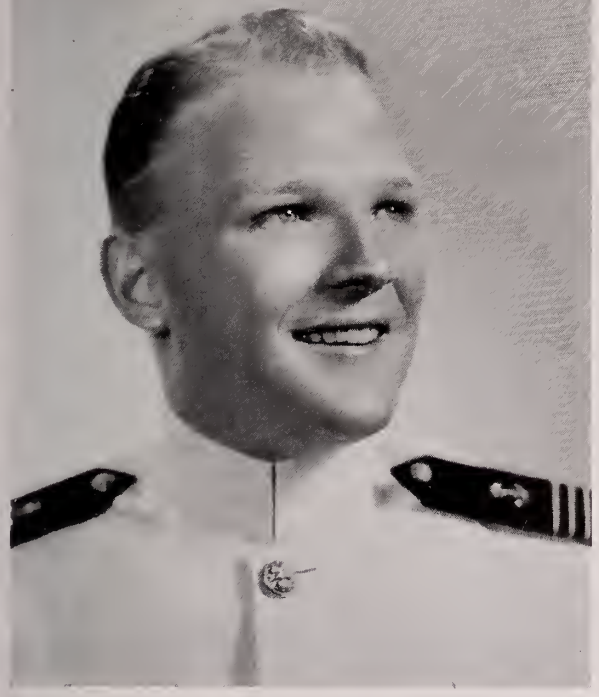
Like Lochinvar Bob came riding out of the West, his eyes a gleam with "Blue and Gold," which has matured but not dimmed under the "system." In the fleet "Cookie" served aboard the *Nevada*; at the Academy he still enjoyed the water, first rowing with Navy's crew, then sailing the *Vamarie* on the bounding Chesapeake. Smooth sailing was his ashore, also. The Academic Department "trees" and "J.V. bushes" that terrorized some less gifted classmates held no fears for the bald Californian. In fact, he regularly took time from his own work to crack stiff "probs" for his wives. Here's hoping that he cracks even stiffer "probs" in the fleet.

Ernest Sylvester Cornwall, Jr.

Washington, D. C.

Ernie came to the Academy with a vague idea of the Navy, but he determined to seek and to conquer. He has led the "profs" a merry chase from "tree" to "tree" but has always come down the stretch with sails trimmed ready for the next trip. "Corny's" athletics have always been confined to battalion lacrosse, soccer, and strenuous workouts. It will be a good man who can crowd Ernie out of the liberty boat and a better man who can beat him with his sure plugging. So, Ernie, we'll see you and your sweet little blonde in the fleet some day, and it will be a happy reunion.





Theodore Alonzo Coronel

Raton, New Mexico

"Ted," indeed, made great personal sacrifices when he left the wholesome climate of New Mexico to explore new horizons. A true Westerner from his "mountain climbing" stride to his friendly, modest manner, he nonchalantly took life as it came. He gave "dragging" a fair try youngster year but has evidently joined the stag line for the duration, not necessarily because he would be a "Red Mike" but rather because he hasn't forgotten that certain something about Western girls. Despite a liking for books, except those with "probs" at the end of each chapter, undoubtedly his only regret in leaving will be that he can't take his camera aboard ship.

Donald Vance Cox

Farragut, Iowa

Vance's greatest triumph as a midshipman came when a mid-western snowstorm delayed his return from youngster Christmas leave. Hailing from Iowa, he soon convinced everybody that corn was not the only product of which the Haweye State could boast. Fencing and academic stars were two of his myriad accomplishments, while the Art Club and Quarterdeck Society benefited much from his leadership. With Vance, dragging was not all-important, but he found it hard to resist blind dates. That goes for good music, too. Where quick decisions, clear thinking are needed, he will be at his best. Where the Navy needs a stout heart, a good officer, he will be invaluable.

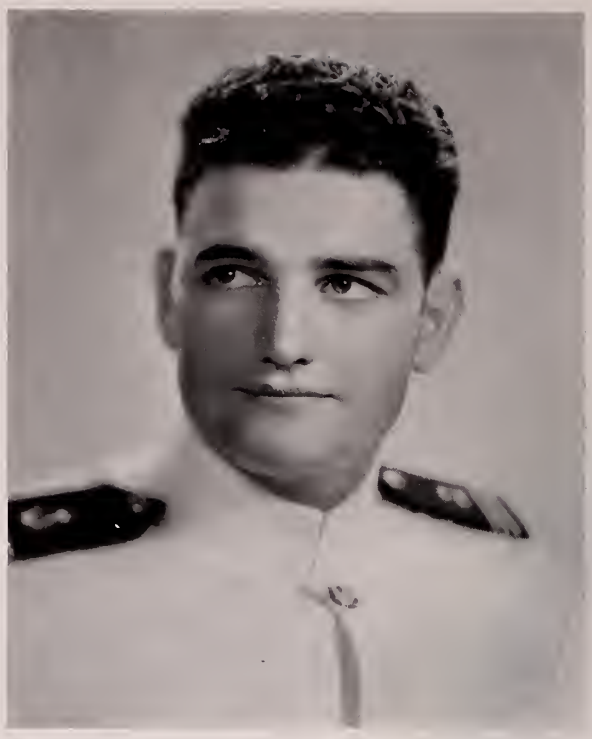
Samuel Fleming Crawford Jr.

Forest Hills, Long Island, New York

When Sam left the complicated ways of the big city, everyone but the "Little Flower" found time to bid him goodbye in Pennsylvania Station. Sam alternately rode and bucked the academic waves but always managed to come out on top. There was never a day that Sam could not see the bright side of any situation, and his humorous chuckle brought a smile to many a haggard face. A bad knee kept "dead-eye" Crawford off the basketball team, but he put in a lot of time giving the "boys" a workout. With his smile and sense of humor Sam will be welcome aboard any ship.

John James Creamer

HOPEDALE, MASSACHUSETTS



The Academic Departments couldn't quite catch "Smiling Jack." Their hot breath was always on his shoulders, but he, an old track man, knew how to keep a lead. Brilliant success or dismal failure were treated alike in Jack's calm philosophy, but under his pleasant exterior lies a fighting Irish heart. Don't expect him to "secure" when a race is half won nor quit when one seems lost. The cross country team thrived on self-inflicted torture, and Jack was their captain. From his personality one saw why both men and women like him. Conversely, he likes both and especially women. But fortunately, or unfortunately, he believed in the safety of numbers.

Henry Otis Cutler

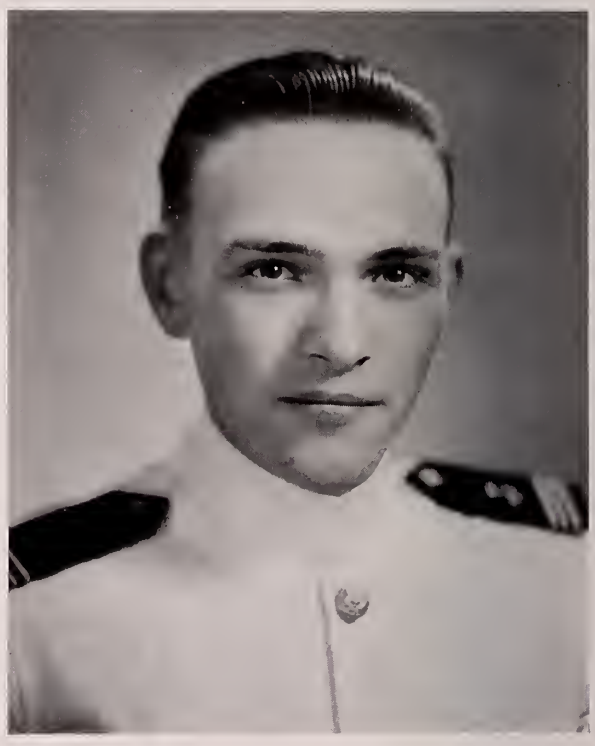
SUFFERN, NEW YORK

From the Ramapo Valley, with a grin on his lips and a gleam in his eye, with hope in his heart and a will for his way, came our "Hank." The Academy soon found a place for this enthusiastic and energetic son of Suffern. Always willing to work, Hank went out for both sides of the athletic question – he ran a fine quarter mile for the track team and turned in a stellar performance as soccer manager for three years. "Savvy" in academics, with a way with his shipmates that equalled his ways with women, Henry will certainly wear again three stripes on his sleeve – but broad ones.

John Franklin Davis

GLENCOE, ILLINOIS

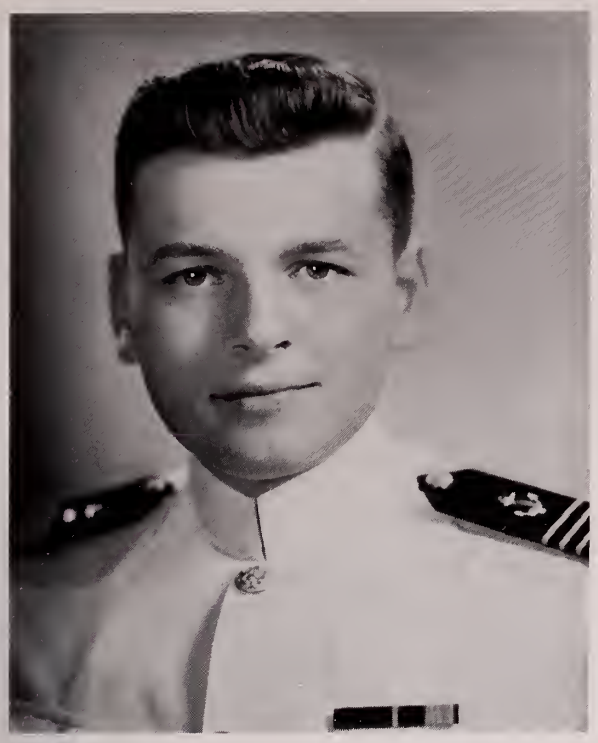
"Jeff" made his mark as president of our class. He lived life with a warm geniality and complete confidence in the future. His ability to lead his class sincerely and efficiently, successfully handle his studies, be a sparkplug in varsity football and baseball, and still be in the arms of Morpheus two hours more per day than the rest of us has won him an enviable host of friends. His enthusiasm for the task at hand, coupled with more than one man's share of ability, assures him of success in any field. We hope to see a lot more of this man's man in the fleet.



Claude Noel DeBuhr

PORT WASHINGTON, WISCONSIN

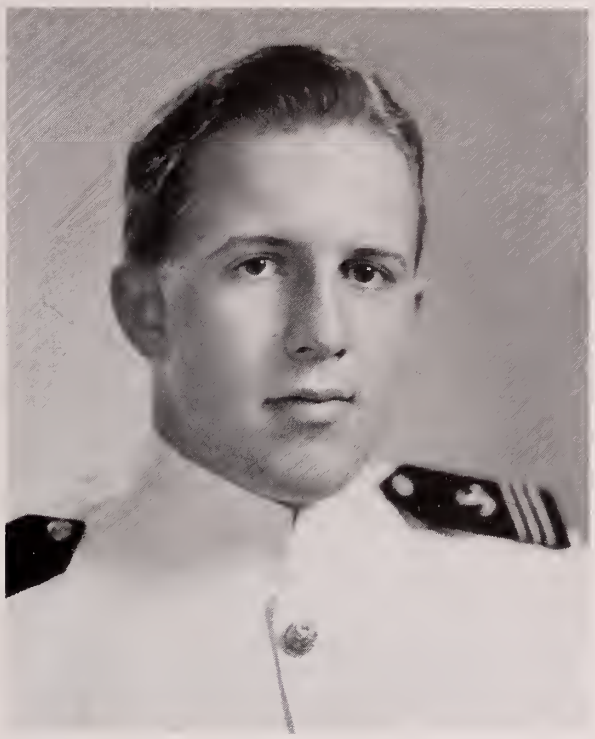
"Where's Rosie?" The answer was always easy; ten to one he could be found on his bunk conducting a "flake-out" drill. "Rosie" breezed through the Academy with a minimum amount of effort. We who didn't understand "Dago" so well always admired his fluent flow of German. Strictly a "Red Mike," DeBuhr confined his interests to classical music, literature and chow. We could always get together on that last item, and many a first rate "bull session" was conducted over those swell boxes of Wisconsin chow. We are sure Rosie's good-natured sarcasm, plus all the energy that he's saved these past three years, will brighten and inspire his ship.

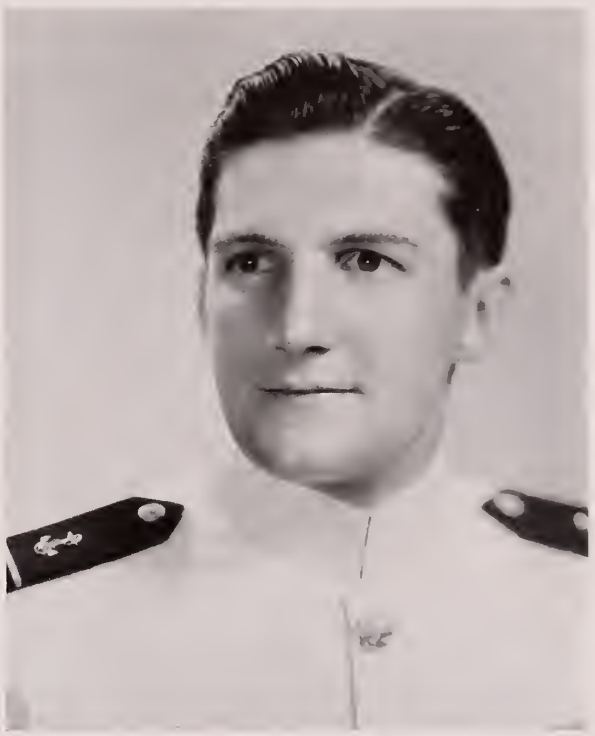


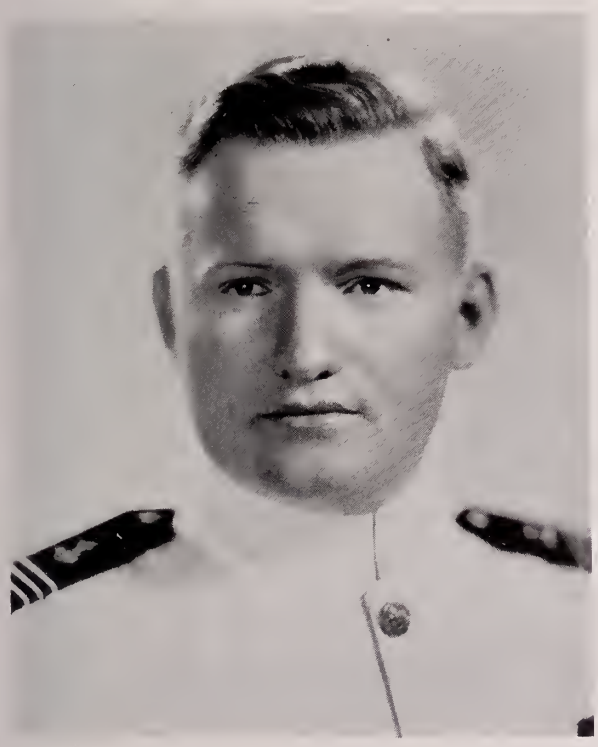
John Francis Donovan

Buffalo, New York

Buffalo politics lost a future mayor when "Jackson" waded into the Navy. While others were pouring over Academy texts, "the Schooner" often read the latest copy of *Cosmo* or the morning funnies—anything to avoid studying. Full of Irish wit and laughter, "Jackson" made friends as easily as he pulled down 4.0's in academics, a Varsity "N" from the rifle team, and two black "N's" from the Executive Department. For two years "Jackson" played the field with the opposite sex, but at last reports he finally confined his attentions to a Philadelphia belle. "Jackson's" friendly manner and ready intelligence will be a welcome addition to any fleet.







Edwin Nelson Drake

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Nels was perhaps best known by his classmates for his variety of talents. He was full of fun but could be serious when the occasion demanded. On the football field as in the classroom he displayed the same determined effort—to say nothing of performances on weekends. It was fun to watch him beam when a classmate confided, "That drag of yours—what a queen!" Nicknames and kidding seemed to come naturally to him, all of which he took with grand humor. An all-around good fellow and shipmate at work and at play was Nels, and we are proud to have been his friends.

Frank Kinzer Duerst

Columbia, Pennsylvania

He was a long way from being the tallest man in the class, but what he lacked in size he made up in his ability to be doing more than any two men twice his size. For the benefit of those few in the class who haven't had the pleasure of knowing him personally, remember to look for a hard working fellow always on the go. A cloud of dust and swish, he's gone! So just shove out a foot and throw a hitch on the nearest portion at hand, and we're sure you'll find a ray of light in that smoke; he'll be laughing, he always was.

Jean Du Mazuel

Washington, D. C.

"There goes the mate with a letter from Washington for Joe." Seldom a day passed that this scene was not enacted. Joe had a titanic struggle with the Executive, Academic, and Physical Departments, and probably worked harder than any two other midshipmen of this or any other class. He attended almost daily some type of extra instruction—especially that given in infantry. Joe's laugh could make even the gloomiest day turn bright, for he was able to laugh and look happy even when the sands of fortune ran against him. If hard, tireless work means anything in obtaining success, Joe is bound to succeed.

Gordon Duncan

LANSDOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA

It was easy to see why "Dunc" could be "pow'ful tired," but how did he manage all that bunkdrill? This loyal member of that nearly extinct group of Philadelphia *Athletics*' fans put all he had into everything that he did whether it was studies, athletics, or extra-curricular activities. "Dunc" played soccer, but track was his sport. The Annapolis weather was never too bad for a few laps around the track. As chairman of the Ring Committee, Gordon did more than his share to produce our ring. Although the *Yam* kept many of his weekends occupied, he managed to get a considerable quantity of punch on Saturday nights.

Alfred George Elpern

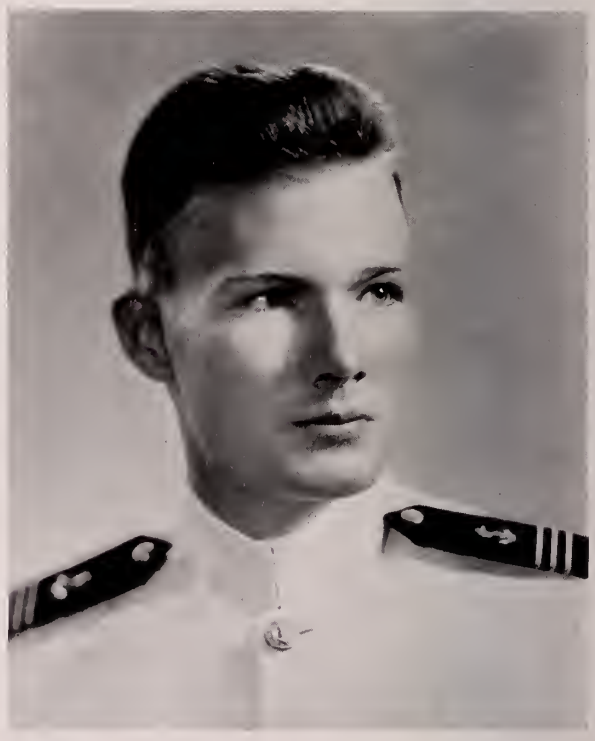
RENO, NEVADA

The Smoky City was his home port, but visions of Navada's sage-brush and sand lingered on. After two years of college at the University of Nevada, Al began his career at the Academy. Sleep was his most enjoyable pastime, but he found enough time for battalion crew and basketball. Al's ability to grasp a subject easily gave him plenty of time for pleasant sleep. Dragging was another highlight for him; with first class year came the chance to display his golfing ability, and he spent afternoons at the course. To him academics were "sheer fruit," and his natural ability will carry him to success.

Junius Paul Epps

SKIPPERS, VIRGINIA

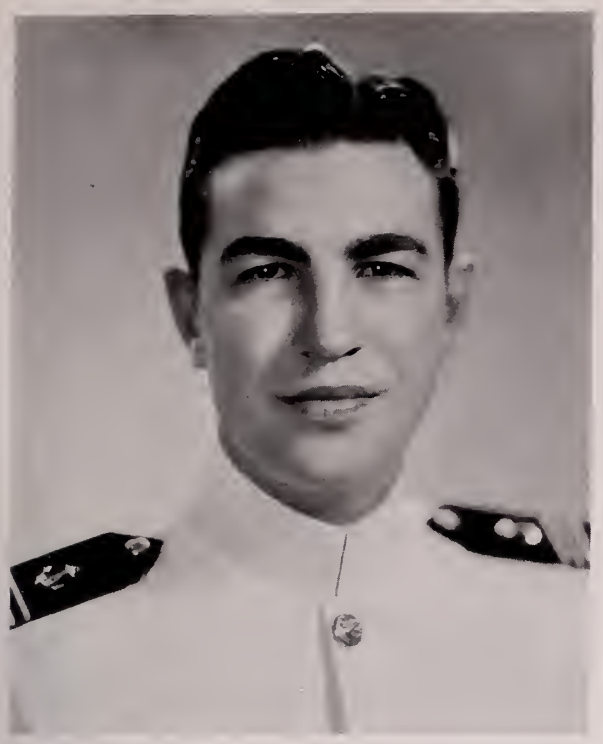
"J.P.," Emporia's pride, has always had the Navy in his blood. After a year at the University of Richmond, he joined Uncle Sam's "pets," leaving his mates at college "to muddle through their studies." A crack on the head helped "Junior" pass his entrance physical examination, but once in the Academy it was impossible to get him out; just ask the Mathematics Department. When not working with a camera, he was a candidate for the presidency of the Radiator Squad, where he never received a burn. But wait until he scorches the enemy. Some day the "Little Admiral" will rate eight side boys and four ruffles.



Ernest Golden Fanning, Jr.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

"Fee-gah-ro! Fee-gah-ro!"—Not a riot, just part of "Red's" repertoire. Outside of such impromptu bursts he was the traditional Southern gentleman, minus the "you-all." The "Redhead" took life as it came, leisurely favoring the world with his *Log* stories and dramatic talent, and he was a promising southpaw on the fencing team until the "Skinny" Department stepped in. His polished manners made his way easy with drags; but long letters, good bridge playing, and his fondness of "bull sessions" took most of his time. "Red's" unfailing good humor and sense of duty will carry him through all tests to come when he rejoins the fleet.



Louis Allen Farber

CORDELL, OKLAHOMA

This happy young giant came out of the West with a splendid reputation as a tennis champion behind him. "Lou" made quite a splash in our puddle too when he was made "five-striper" during our plebe summer. His easy-going joviality, coupled with an inner spark, has always made him a popular leader among his classmates. Without too much effort "Lou" has stood in the upper ninety-nine percent of his class ever since he has been here. Though faced with the imposing problem of Naval Academy restrictions, "Lou" has achieved the impossible by keeping several charming young girls eagerly awaiting his graduation in June.

Henry James Feltus

SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

Coming to us from upstate New York, Jim often let his mind wander back to home. The wild lure of the Finger Lakes called him constantly. Between those long awaited leaves "Felt" slept, "snaked," and in his spare moments checked up on the textbooks. Possessor of a quick mind, Jim accomplished much at the Academy. Ranking high in academics himself, he managed to pull his floundering wives through the engulfing terrors. Athletically inclined, Jim took part in various battalion sports where his natural talent stood him in good stead. In the years to come we shall best remember Jim hard at work at his desk—writing letters!

Emmet Fewell Ferguson, Jr.

DE SOTO, GEORGIA

"Sherman was chased to the sea, and Georgia is the state that did it!" . . . thus began many a "bull-session" in which Emmet admirably upheld the integrity of the South. He quickly won a host of new friends, for his drawl, his extremely congenial nature, and his sincerity established him in the hearts of all who knew him. For extra-curricular activities, he used his literary talents to perfect the *Log* and *Lucky Bag*; for athletics, he made regular treks to the gym; for entertainment, he dragged beautiful girls from near and far. Emmet's judgment, perseverance, and loyalty, plus refinement of manners, make him well suited to serve his country.

Robert Peyton Foreman

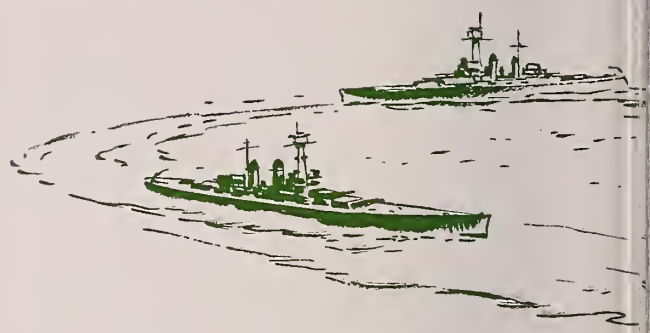
HAZARD, KENTUCKY

A firm believer in the fundamentals of a naval career, "Zeke" began his profession by mastering the finer points of sailing. Starting plebe year on the ketches, he worked up to yawls and to the bigger boats. After raking up practically all the qualifications available, "R.P." "secured" and took to his bunk. Poetry was his contribution to the literary world; his ability in "Bull" helped him in that field. Academics never troubled Bob—only enough to keep him in classes regularly When "Rip" left the "mountains," he started on the rocky road to success well equipped with ability. Knowing him was one of our greatest privileges.

Ralph Wilcutt Frame Jr.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Someone knudge Rollo", he's asleep" or "Frame is studying again" were two sayings that tagged him through the academy. Recitations, drills, and lectures were slumber times to him. When there was studying to do, however, there was only one thing that he did—study. Spring and summer seasons he indulged in his specialty, baseball, just a step behind the first string. Slapping a rugged beat on the big bass fiddle in the N. A.-10 was his favorite pastime. On hop nights one didn't have to look far to see "Rollo" dragging Washington's best. Ralph's ambition and determination will make him an excellent officer.



Edgar Joseph Gerloff Jr.

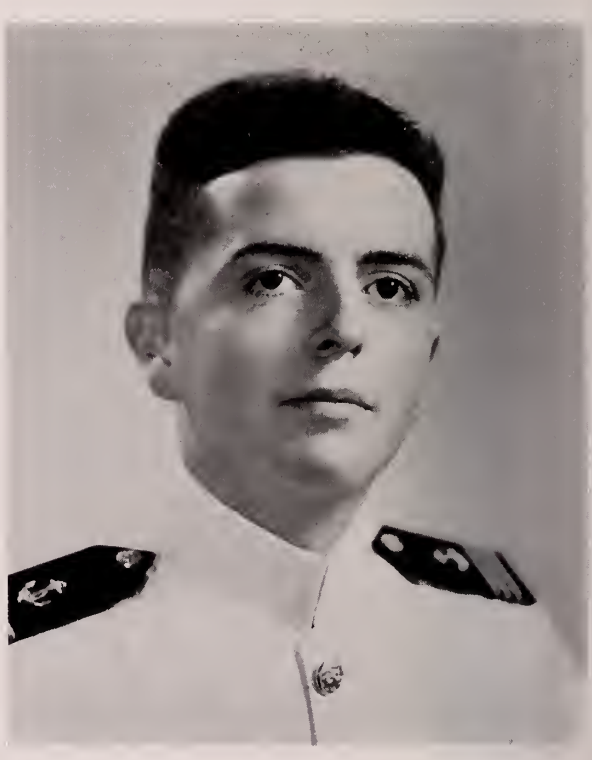
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

To Ed who was born in Norfolk, salt air and the Navy were nothing new. With a perpetual smile and a ready wit he surmounted a "rough" plebe year, academics, sports, and bunk drills with the same conscientious effort. Studies were just something that had to be done so that he could apply himself to the job of writing his O.A.O. Battalion football, handball, and tennis he played with equal proficiency and skill. With an unusual knack of getting to the base of a problem, coupled with his perseverance and his ability to make sound decisions, Ed should do well in his chosen profession.

Edgar Hamilton Gibbons

DENVER, COLORADO

Out of the West came a son of the mountains. "Gib" was raised on fresh water trout and high altitudes. Such does not, however, explain his profound interest in mathematics and radio. Throughout his entire stay, there ran a vein of the ethereal mysticism of the short waves and remote control, which led finally to the presidency of the Radio Club. Besides this indoor work, Ed has spent many hours on the tennis courts, where he has defeated some of the better players. It seemed that "Gib's" all-consuming passion was to speak French, so we hope that he will get a post over there some day.



Robert Carey Gibson

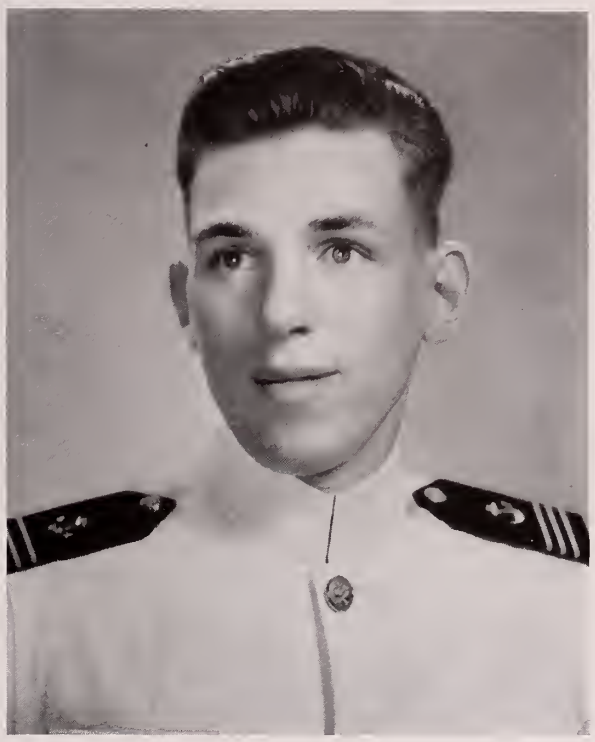
JUNCTION CITY, OREGON

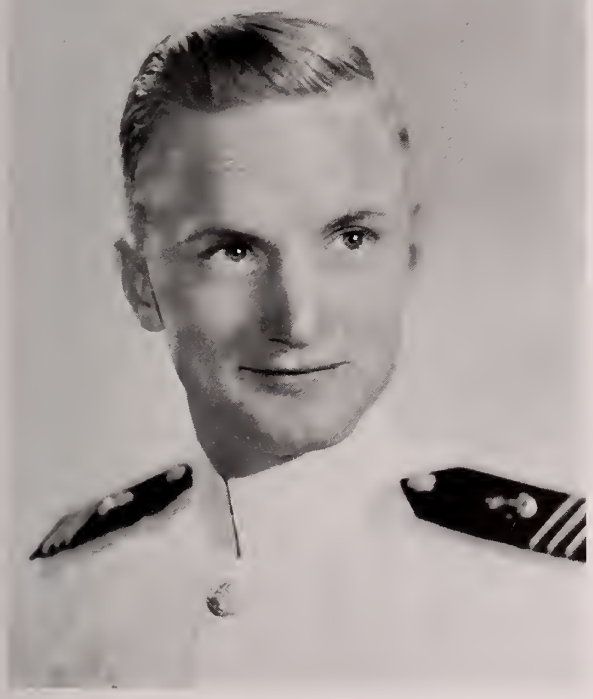
Oregon's loss was our gain. "Gib" never let academics faze him. We often wondered when he studied, for we would always find him with his feet propped up on his desk reading the newspaper. Being a genuine "Red Mike" gave him extra time for *Log* work. Managing the business of the *Log* was not an easy task. Every issue he screamed, "We're going broke," and then, in his reserved manner, he quietly proceeded to balance the ledger on the credit side. Cool and level-headed during excitement and always knowing the right thing to do at the right time, "Gib" will be a success in the Navy wherever he goes.

Arthur Watson Gillis

Raeford, North Carolina

From the University of North Carolina, no stauncher "Tarheel" ever came to Annapolis. His nickname "Schnoze" he acquired from a sun-burned nose on the plebe rifle range. "Gil" was one of our sports enthusiasts. His sparkling play on the plebe baseball team was a prelude to two years of stand-out performances on the varsity. Off-seasons he kept fit with tennis, handball and company volleyball. He rarely missed "dragging" to the hops, and his vibrant personality made him a welcome addition to any gathering. Serious, with dependability and good judgment, "Gil" rapidly developed the cosmopolitan views of a naval officer. Aboard ship he will apply himself conscientiously.





William Louis Glodt

South Edmeston, New York

When you see a long, lanky lad from upstate New York, you will know that he is Bill Glodt. During the week we could find him running on the track or cross country. Bill possessed an inquisitive mind which always wanted to know the "why and wherefore." He found time to frequent the model shop, where a whaleboat or airplane model would help pass the long winter hours. As a clarinetist Bill could compete tolerably with the "longhairs" of the concert, for he tuned up with the Naval Academy orchestra. One will find him a well-rounded officer who is conscientious in all the work he undertakes.

Robert Turner Gregory

Olympia, Washington

Fortified with high ideals, a love of the classical in both music and literature, and a dogged determination to make good, Bob handily won the decision in his bout with the Academic Department. Afternoons and study hours were the same to him—just "bunk drill"! At times, however, the Radio Club or the Photographic Club tore him away from the beloved "sack." The results of his work with the "Sky Buddy" were truly amazing. No "Red Mike," Bob was as serious about his love life as he was about the Navy; both the woman who snags him and the skipper who bags him will win a loyal first mate.

Homer Louis Grosskopf Jr.

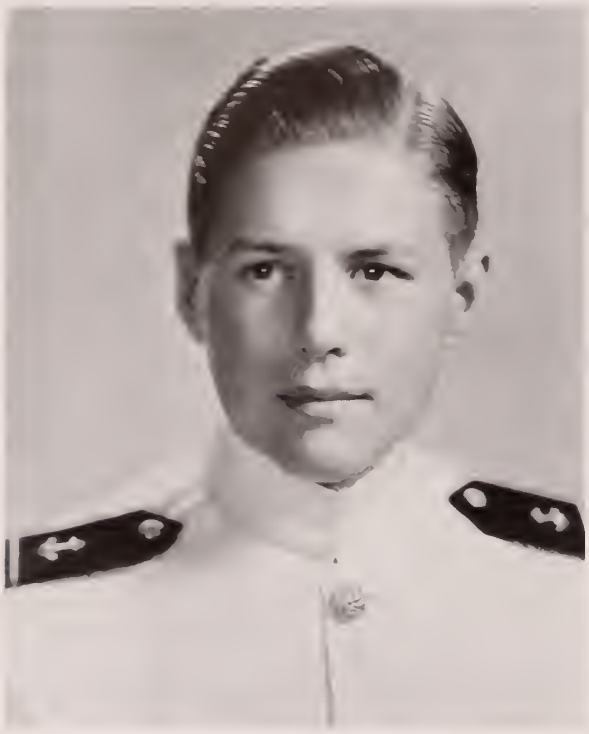
Coronado, California

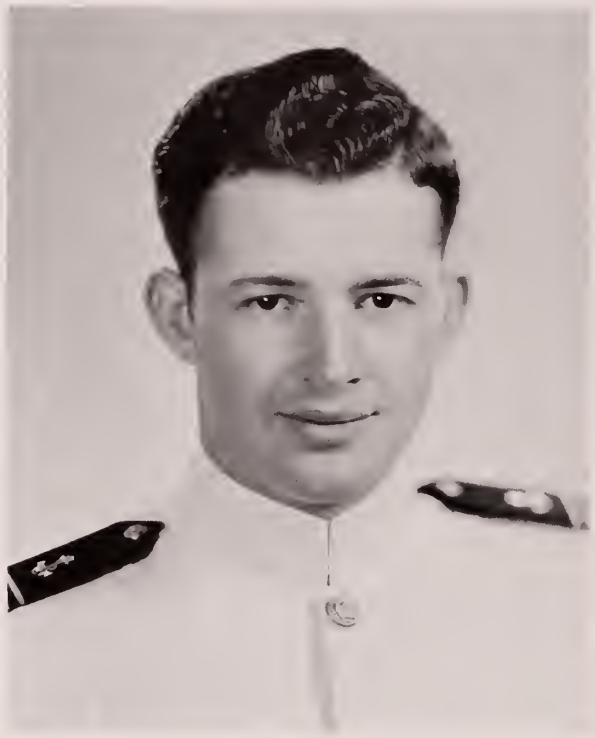
The scene—Manila. The time—Saint Patrick's Day, 1922. The occasion—"Pat" discovered the world! Since then "Pat" has been discovering many of its component parts. However, should you pin him down and ask him where he was from, he would shout "California!" "The Deacon" was one of the boys born with Navy-spirit in his blood. There can be no doubt that he will be a great officer. On the soccer field "Whitey" has been one of our mainstays, and on the golf team he has always been ranked with the best. As we leave for the fleet we say, "may we often be shipmates with 'Pat'!"

Charles Everlin Hamlin

Maplewood, Missouri

"Chuck's" six-foot, four-inch stature put him at the head of every formation and earned him an extra nickname, "Moose." A true son of Missouri, his practical nature will prove an asset when he reaches his goal — the Naval Air Corps. No social butterfly, "Chuck" "dragged" rarely and then always his O.A.O. Sailing trips, swimming, and relaxation filled his few leisure hours. Chuck's size and ability made him a welcome member of the plebe crew and a handy man to have along on the *Freedom*, when the spinnaker or mainsail was set. Straightforward and self-confident in all things, "Chuck" commanded everyone's respect as a dependable, welcome shipmate.





Robert Bruce Harper

Creston, Iowa

Bruce was living proof that good men do come out of the Corn State. He ran them dizzy at battalion basketball and taught them how to pull an ace out of the hole. That little white ball plunking into the cup knew "R. B.'s" ability at golf. Studies? Well, Bruce did not wear stars, but "les arbres" seldom saw him among their grim branches. He had the knack for dodging trouble, and rarely did the little man with the sword have a chance to scream, "Get that man's name and initials." Even women have not been able to confuse Bruce and destroy his quiet amiability.

John Dale Hartley

Kansas City, Missouri

The naval bases at San Diego and Norfolk and the *U.S.S. Maryland* were all a part of "Red's" nautical training. Although not too salty, because most of his time was spent in the "radio shack," he was just salty enough to gather a scale over his brain which some of the academics had trouble penetrating. However, he will be proud that he has traded that white shoulder mark for a half inch of gold. Battalion sports and track occupied his free time. True "Blue and Gold" to the extent that "I love the Navy" was his by-line, "Red" looks forward to his return to the fleet.

Paul Lieder Havenstein

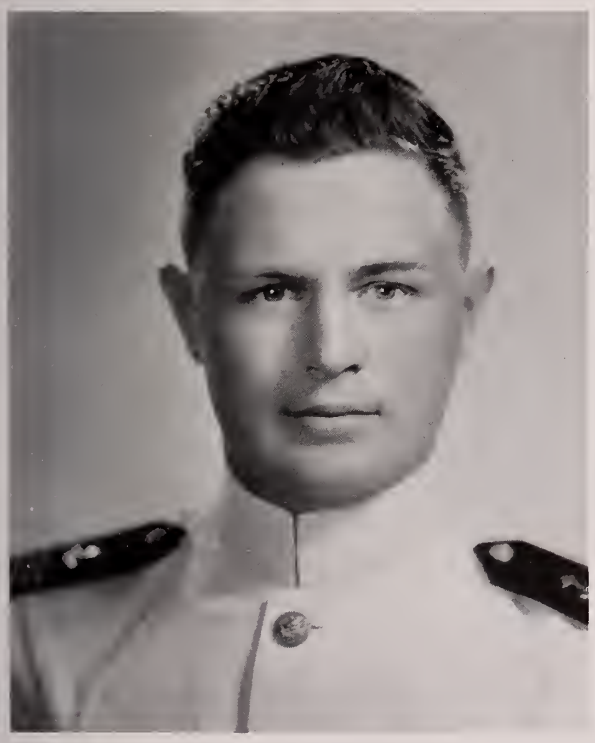
Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

In 1937 "Buster" left Massachusetts and spent a year at Severn, followed by two happier years at old Lehigh. Emphasis should certainly be given to the "happier days" for there he joined as an honorary member the Kappa Beta Phi Fraternity. "Never-crack-a-book Buster" stood in the upper one percent of his class. The old Eleventh Company was very lucky in having "Bus" for its commander and leader during the early part of First Class Year, and he gave a splendid account of himself. We are certain that he will go far in this man's Navy with his professional skill and his inimitable ability to organize.

Charles Leo Hayen

MARION, KANSAS

The system could never catch "Chuck"; he had that very rare gift of absolute self-confidence, which enabled him to take all that the reigning powers could give and still come back for more. "Charlie" was born free, and despite all opposition, he maintained his independence. "N" stars interested him more than academic stars, but only a quirk of fate could have kept him from both. A mainstay in choir and quartet, he was even more to the track squad. As captain he was a sure point winner and an inspiration. We who knew "Charlie" hope to meet him often and continue to enjoy the warmth of his friendship.



Joseph Frank Heald

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

A tall, smooth Westerner, Joe hailed from California of which he proudly boasted. He was quiet and conscientious. His industry was a matter of wonder to those not so inclined. Joe's many loves included sailing and beautiful women. He has been handling the *Highland Light* for three years. The women have been handling him even longer, but none have been able to dent his calm manner. Always cheerful and agreeable, Joe was a very devoted friend. To him we owe deepest thanks for all that he has brought to those of us who were among his friends. He will continue to spread his good will wherever he goes.

John Wade Heintz

WELLS, MICHIGAN

I met John Heintz aboard the *U.S.S. Henderson* en route from San Diego to Norfolk. He was one of some forty men from the fleet who were being sent to the Naval Preparatory School. John left his rolling home aboard the *Indianapolis* for N.P.S., where he stood at the head of his class for entrance to Annapolis. Thus he traded his Radioman third class rating for the stripeless shoulder marks of a plebe. Johnny would look lost without those gold stars on his full dress collar. He was always boxing or swinging a lacrosse stick. A real Company Commander, an all-around man, a cinch for Admiral; that's John Heintz.

Stanley Wadsworth Henderson

NORWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

This lad with the rolling gait came from the sea-swept New England coast. For his unswerving determination and turret-like structure, no better nickname than "Bull" could have been chosen. Although "Stan" was never a star in athletics, he was the kind who turned out for many with that plodding, steady-going spirit that always boosts any team. His free time was devoted to boxing, soccer, swimming, and track. On any weekend "Stan" could be found on the *Freedom* bending his two hundred pounds of muscle to the sheets and halliards. With his sunny disposition and serious bent for the Navy, "Stan" will be a good man "out there."

Thomas Paul Higgins

Boston, Massachusetts

Boston's Irish lost a star member when "Tippy" left home to explore the world via the Naval Academy. Tom worked long and hard to get in, but he did not stop his efforts then. Baseball, regular workouts in the gym, and letter writing occupied his short, sweet hours of recreation. Hearty Irish laughs and oaths rocked the room, as those sky blue eyes sparkled with the life of a good rousing argument. He detested hypocrisy and believed that everyone was as honest and good-hearted as himself. A man's man and true friend, Tom will be a credit to the Service. His grit and hard work will see him through.

Clarence Arthur Hill, Jr.

Short Hills, New Jersey

"C.A." was self-confident, sincere in his convictions and a great talker. Born with a desire to become a Naval officer and with two years at Stevens Institute of Technology behind him, he found the Naval Academy made-to-order. Never troubled by academics, "C.A." spent many a study hour in helping some of his less "savvy" classmates. Soccer, sailing, classical music and entanglements with the gentler sex were his chief extra-curricular activities. However, an uncanny knowledge of history and Naval statistics carried him into many lengthy arguments and "bull sessions." A true friend and always a gentleman, "C.A." will be a welcome addition to the submarine service.

Ernest Calhoun Hipp Jr.

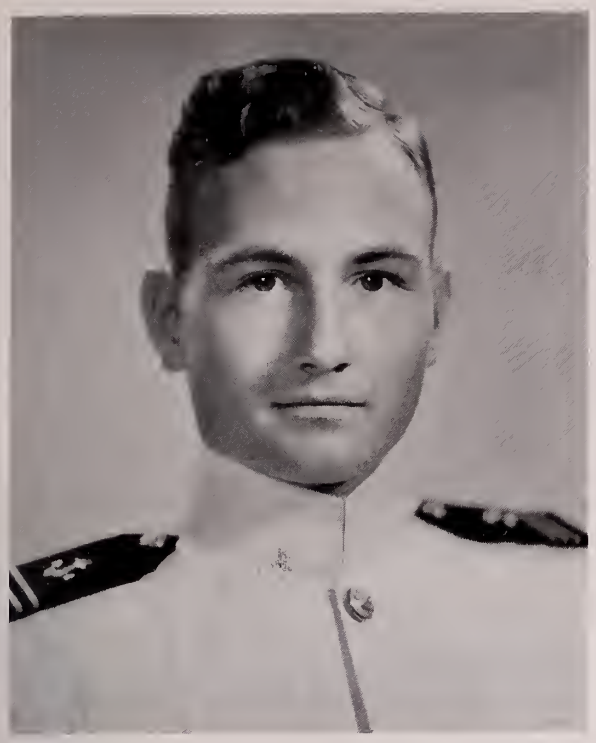
Clinton, South Carolina

"Boy, you ought to sit on the crew training table. We really get away with it" was Ernie's favorite expression plebe year. When he wasn't talking about crew, he would talk about how tall the corn grew in South Carolina. Youngster year we all threatened to step on his excelling shoe shine. Both the unhappiest and happiest spots in his life came near the end of his youngster year. He went into the select group of eye "unsats" and first met "the most beautiful girl in Atlanta." In everything he does, his quiet self-assured air and considerate manners will enable him to make many friends—among either sex.

James Louis Holbrook

Wauwatosa, Wisconsin

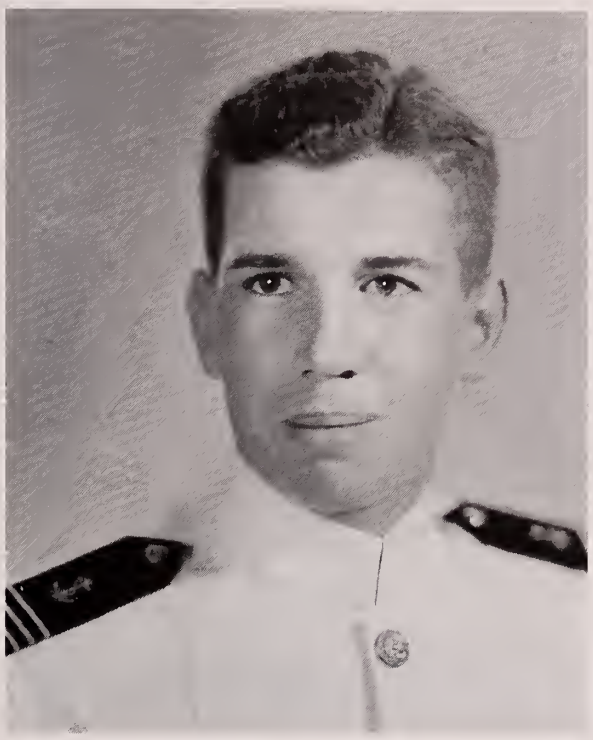
"Give out with the jive, 'Dag'!" Then that gold horn would blast through Smoke Hall, causing everyone but the "D.O." to bounce. This handsome Wisconsin lad produced an N.A.-10 that will live on in the memories of '44. The girls went for "Dagwood," but he seemed to concentrate on only a few. We thanked him for that. Despite constant dragging on weekends and leading the dance band in practice sessions during the week, "Dag" managed to find time to work on the Reception Committee and enjoy plenty of velvet in academics. His life-long dreams have come true; a first-rate officer takes his place in our mighty fleet.

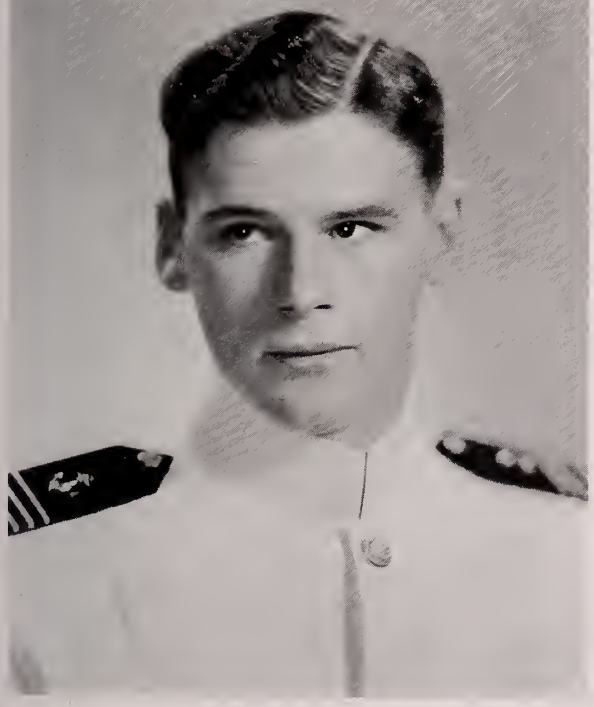


Carl Frederick Holden

Bangor, Maine

While the rest of us were still in the throes of getting a drag for the weekend, you could rest assured that Carl was not in the least perturbed by the problem. His success with the ladies, his exuberant spirit, and his love of life, however, did not conceal his more serious mien. Toward athletics Carl has directed only intermittent efforts, but we wouldn't like to challenge his skill on the squash court or his technique at cheerleading. To meet each situation as it occurred, to throw himself into the spirit of it, was Carl's way of life. Toward any serious problem you can bank on his preserving a cheerful outlook.





Walter Whitaker Honour

East Orange, New Jersey

New Jersey without an accent? Yes, "Wally" spoke perfect English from the day the Marine Corps reluctantly gave another son to the Academy till the day the Spanish course nearly mastered him. Tall and lithe, Walt had little difficulty in making a place for himself on the varsity basketball and soccer teams. Out of season you could usually find him in some pick-up game, providing, however, that he was not dragging that day. "Wally" paid special attention to the infrequent hops, for then the light of his life, the girl to whom he had pledged his heart, would be there to share with him the fleeting hours.

Ernest Walker Holloway

Scarsdale, New York

Rare was the day when Ernie's confident "Where's my mail?" failed to produce at least one letter. Moderate in his dragging, studying, and athletics, "Ern" really went overboard with his prolific correspondence, much to the frustrated envy of his wives. Plebe crew absorbed much time, effort, and enthusiasm, although his ambition to row at Poughkeepsie was never realized. Yawl and ketch sailing later replaced crew on the nautical slate of his activities. Loyal to and enthusiastic about the Navy, Ernie was ever willing to extend to plebes the benefit of his naval knowledge. Reserved, self-reliant and capable, Ernie will carry into the fleet a conscientious attitude toward his duties.

Mac Henry Holliday Holt

Staunton, Virginia

From the Appalachians of Virginia came Mac with all the admirable traits of a true "Southern Gentleman." Academics never troubled him, and most study hours he read the latest magazines and books. Mac's favorite sport was gym; every afternoon after classes he trudged over MacDonough way. His favorite activity was entertaining the fairer sex; his experiences in that field could easily fill three volumes; first class year, however, he settled down to a sweet southern belle. Mac's was a very likable personality which won him innumerable friends and admirers. His "happy-go-lucky" spirit, mixed with self-reliance and devotion to duty, will win honor for himself and his country.

Wilmer Joseph Ilsley, Jr.

Tylertown, Mississippi

"Six more weeks of starvation and we'll all go back to civilization." This was the refrain that "Willy" sang shortly before every leave. Although always anxious for leave, "Willy" never let the Academic Departments give him one of a permanent nature. His was a constant battle with studies but as a rebel who refought the Civil War many times, Bill had no fear of the ultimate outcome. Mississippi's slow-moving Cassanova got underway early youngster year and wrought havoc along the eastern seaboard. However, there was definitely a serious side to Bill. He will long be recalled for his coveted ability to produce when the "chips were down."

Donald Gordon Jackson

Pasadena, California

His popularity and readiness to "go to bat" for his classmates were proved by his election as company representative. He kept in shape with soccer and lacrosse, and the rows of numerals on his bathrobe proudly stated that he played on the teams which won the Regimental championships. "Jack's" favorite remark, "I can't resist women," was a consummate falsehood To be sure, he paid attention to all of the ladies but with the result that none captured his heart, while his long eyelashes made them swoon at his feet. Always honest with himself, Don is certain to make as high a bow wave as have former naval heroes.

Ralph Fielding Jackson

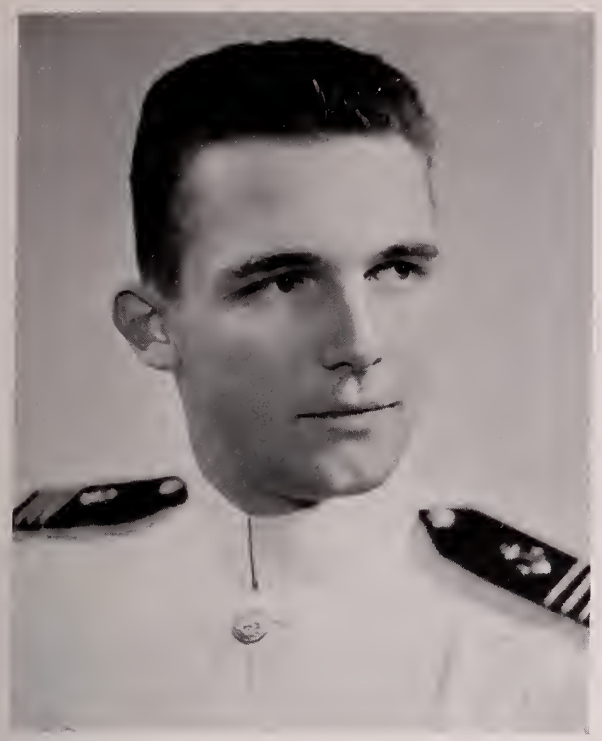
Superior, West Virginia

"Snuffy" set about to prove to the world in general that there is a great difference between a mountainer and a "hillbilly," and he has done a swell job. As a rugged individualist, this boy from the mountains was the type of well-rounded individual that our Navy needed. No sport was foreign to "Snuffy." He worked hard for the *Log* and was a top-notch sports editor. Studies? Well, while he was "just getting by," he managed "to cut a very generous quota of throats." Things never became dull as long as "Snuffy" was within entertaining distance. He will go places in this Navy.

Carl Reed Jennings

Oakmont, Pennsylvania

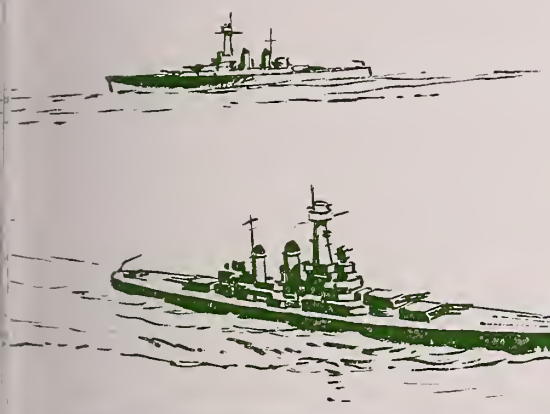
"Oh bats!" was about the biggest rise one could get out of "C.R." "Laissez-faire" was his policy with classmates, and as a result of his quiet, uncritical attitude, this ex-salt was thoroughly liked by all who knew him. Carl worried little about studying, but his yearly standings are fair enough evidence that he fared well. In sports he preferred to battle for the old-battalion and turned in fine performances in both basketball and football. Carl was described as smooth by the women and was a darn good fourth at bridge—after learning not to underbid. His cool-headed balance will certainly bring him outstanding credit one day.

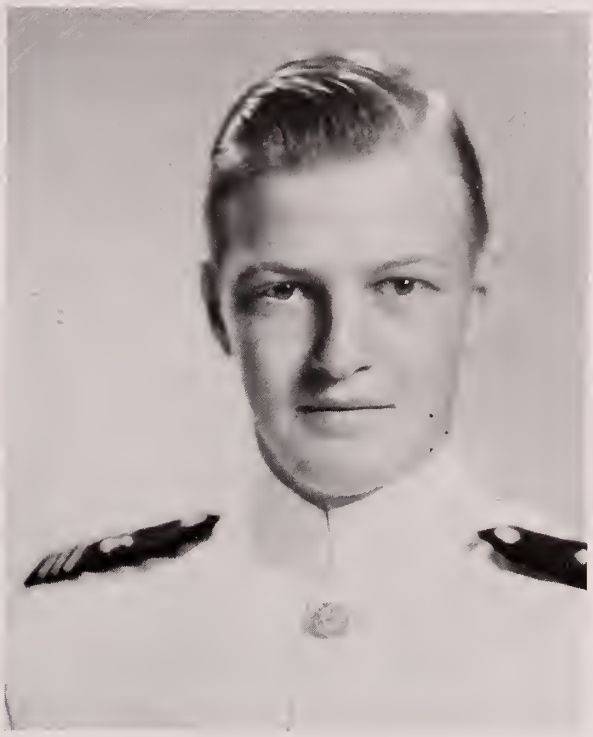


Kenneth H. Johns

San Leandro, California

Adjusting himself to the regimentation of Navy life was easy, for he was a firm believer in having a time and a place for everything. Methodical, exact and punctual, Ken had no trouble living by the clock. An encyclopedic knowledge of ships of the fleet made Ken an authority on those plebe year questions. Since he had the enviable ability for taking academics in his stride without worrying, he found time for workouts in the gym, battalion track and informal athletics. If applied ambition, ability and interest in one's profession mean anything, if loyalty counts, Ken will reach his goal—to become a naval officer equal to the best.





Charles Loring Joslin, Jr.

Baltimore, Maryland

Equipped with red hair and a perpetual grin, "Charlie" came to the Academy one summer day in 1940. He protested loudly to prove that he was of age to the dubious authorities as they looked at his youthful countenance. Working steadily in the wrestling loft, he was soon able to prove his point, for he was on the plebe wrestling team the following winter and won his "N" youngster year. Lacrosse turned out to be another accomplishment. By no means a "Red Mike," "Pinky's" dragging success matched and perhaps was abetted by his wrestling ability. Whatever comes next, there will always be the grin—a fine foundation for success.

Edwin Frank Kallenberg, Jr.

Union City, Tennessee

"Kally" was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, but early in life he turned pure Tennessee rebel. Once in the Academy, he took to academics like a "hippo" to toe dancing, but with much gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair, he finally made the grade. Tall, redhaired, and good natured he has easily acquired a great many friends. The "red dog" played softball, boxed for his battalion, and spent the rest of his "spare" time wishing that he were in Tennessee—or that *she* were here! We hope he gets his much desired commission in the Marines, but we hate to see him leave us and the Navy.

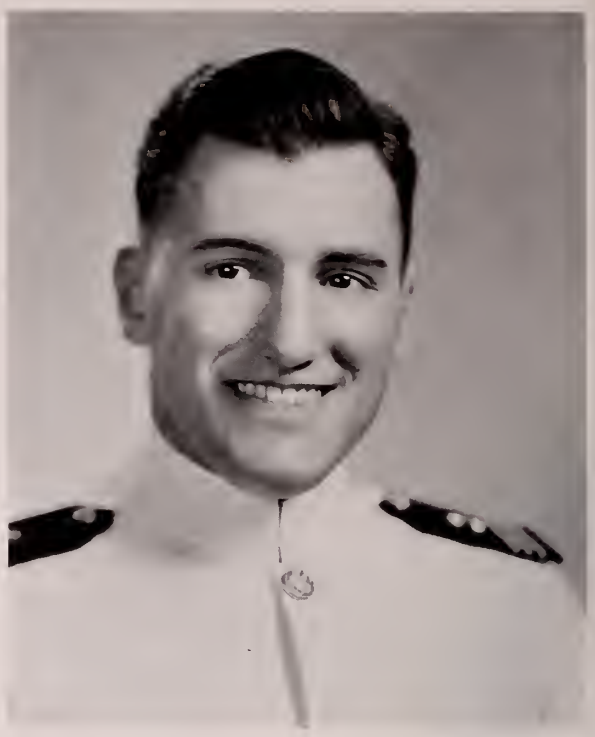
John Clarence Kane, Jr.

Ironwood, Michigan

Out of the wilds of northern Michigan, Ironwood, came this long, strong, silent man, and the Navy benefited. "Killer" was known for his natural academic ability and for his unassuming modesty. His infrequent lapses into Finnish dialect brought out his latent humor. Beneath his quiet exterior lay a good-natured friendliness to all, a degree of amiability that would not allow him to take sides in any argument. While "Kano" never played on the varsity in any sport, he had a distinct flair for athletics. Whether it was touch football, soccer, basketball, tennis, or track, he has showed the stuff of which varsity teams are made.

Eustratios Nicholas Karangelen

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND



For quite some time "Nick" has been trying to decide whether he has been running the plebes or vice-versa. One of the most popular and likable fellows in the Regiment, "Nick" was very susceptible to "running," but from his good-naturedness and ability to make friends, he probably knew more fellows by their first names than anyone else knew by their last. If he wasn't the center of every group, it was because he wasn't there. For athletics the "Little Greek" hauled himself off his bunk to wrestle for the company when he wasn't "sub-squading." The future? Nick will get along anywhere, anytime, provided he has his "Canadian."

George Adam Keller III

MIAMI, FLORIDA

A former "Rambling Wreck" and later a sun-tanned Miamian, George brought us a cheerful grin and a pair of roguish eyes. During plebe year, while not trying to "beat the system" and the first class, George spent his time taking pictures and "starring." Youngster year, while he punched his way to runner-up in Naval Academy welterweight boxing, he was hypnotized by an attractive brunette named "Bunny-face." Always one for writing thoughtful notes, George had more than his share of friends. If and when he gets that wandering mind made up, George will make a fine shipmate for some young lady and the Navy.

Edmond Louis Kelley

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

We cannot give you all of "Elk" in these few words. Those of us who have counted ourselves among his friends have found in him those priceless attributes that contribute so largely to success and happiness. By his unfailing sense of humor, his generous store of common sense, and his simple philosophy, he has gained our respect and admiration; these same qualities will carry him successfully through whatever he may undertake. Our best to this Irishman. We hope to see him often, and whether it be Shanghai, Honolulu, Seattle or Tokyo, the welcome mat will always be out for him; whatever we possess, we will gladly share with him.

Charles Kay Kemmell

DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS

"Let's be off in a cloud of tracks" was "Chuck's" slogan. That was about all one saw of him on the cinders or heard of him in the hall, as he quietly did the job as it should be done. A boy on the Great Lakes, a student in the nation's capital, a sailor on the Potomac, he kept on to become a good man to have along in the Oxford race, to solve that last problem, or to do the job that no one else would tackle. And who could forget the way he demonstrated at the hops that one could drink punch with no annoying after-effects?

Charlton Russell King

Washington, D. C.

Egypt, Miss.

Fulfilling a lifelong ambition, "Rusty" entered the Academy to do his utmost to become a good naval officer. We will never forget him with his sparkling blue eyes and slight southern drawl, with his remarkable good humor and his conscientious attitude toward academics. "Rusty" never knew the meaning of the word "quit," and every task that he undertook he tackled with all his energy. Always a true Navy man, his devotion to duty and his unselfishness will make him a credit to the Service. He has lived and acted as the nation pictures the midshipman, a man whose name is synonymous with the phrase "an officer and a gentleman."

Robert Samuel Kirby

Muskeson, Michigan

Bob has worked hard during his sojourn on the Severn. Most of his time has been divided between sailing on the dinghy team and dragging when he could stand it. As for girls, he liked them all, and his mother was number one. Academics were easy enough for him, with the exception of "Bull" which kept him throwing pennies at Tecumseh; yet his mother was an English teacher. Bob was always ready to help in any situation, and he generally had all the "dope" to steer his wife clear of the grasping hands of the "O.D." Occasionally he enjoyed an afternoon nap with the radio on full blast.

Robert Clinton Knauf

Jamestown, North Dakota

"When I worked at the state hospital . . . ," and another humorous incident was on its way; the "Comrade" was always ready to relieve the monotony of academics by cutting-up or by shouting, "How about a hand of bridge"? We also heard a lot about North Dakota, the Minnesota Lakes and train rides back from leave. The one handicap in living with Bob was the loss of white works and pajamas as a result of our numerous "King of the Mountain" games. One year each on the plebe and "B" squads prepared Bob adequately for his varsity football experience, no matter what the coach thought. Bob's our guy!

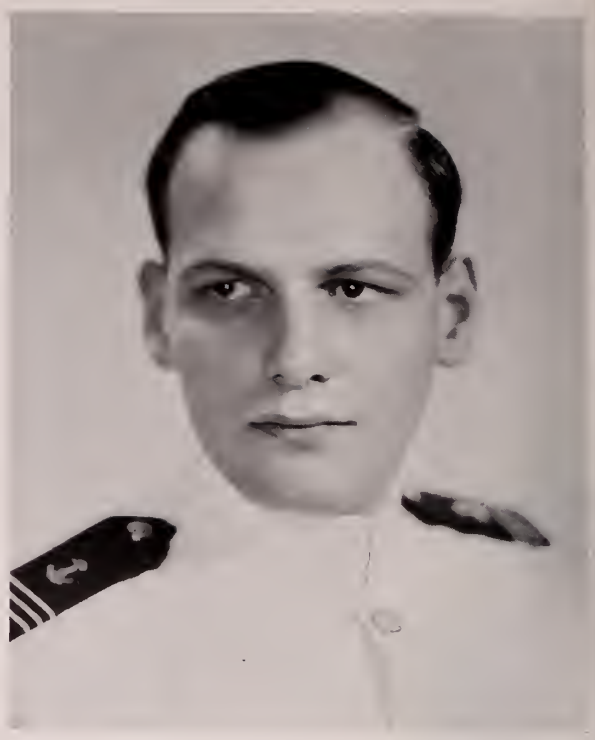
Sanford Lloyd Knotts

Grafton, West Virginia

Lloyd came to the Academy from the hills of West Virginia via the fleet, where he was a seaman on the *U.S.S. New York*. His fleet training made him a handy man to have around plebe year, although then he was rather strict on his own room inspections. Academics had him "treed" frequently plebe year, but he overcame that difficulty as a youngster. His one desire was aviation, and he was always the first to hear and believe any "hot dope" about our class becoming aviators. If he proves to be as fine an aviator as he was a midshipman, the air service will have a capable officer.

Alfred Gould Kohn

York, Pennsylvania

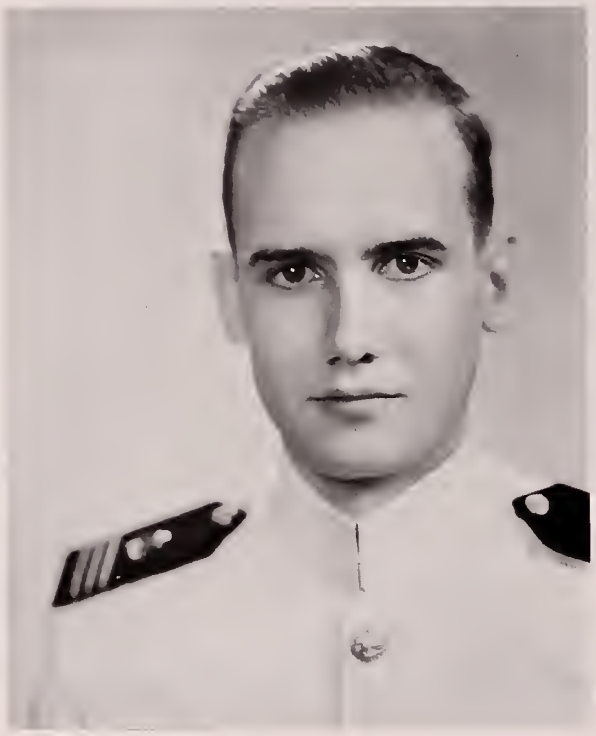


"I'll see you in the canteen after Extra Duty, and bring the 'skags'!" That was Al. Always willing to join in a little extra sport, although it wasn't exactly in accord with the regulations, he just didn't see "eye to eye" with the Executive Department. Then there were other difficulties, too, with Academic Departments, which engaged him in some pretty heavy battles, but he finally came out on top. When first class year began, Al steadied down and began to work. Never lacking a humorous twist on current remarks, he could always liven up the conversation. Wherever he is in the Navy, the moments will never be dull.

Warren Clayce Lamb

Allingdale, West Virginia

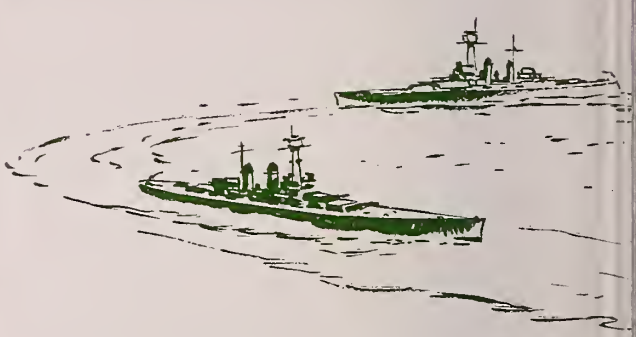
"Next week's our week to 'star'," was his slogan. A prospective engineer from the University of West Virginia, Clayce was never in trouble with the Academic Departments. Consequently, he had ample time to spend on the bars in the gym, in the handball court, or engaged in a hot argument. His knowledge of history and current events was always at hand to counter his wives' erroneous statements and contentions. Although his inevitable vow after a weekend was "I'll never drag again; too much trouble," he wasn't too averse to allowing a new girl to attempt changing his mind. Clayce's boundless patience and subtle wit will make him a welcome personality.



Glenn Earl Lambert

Uriah, Alabama

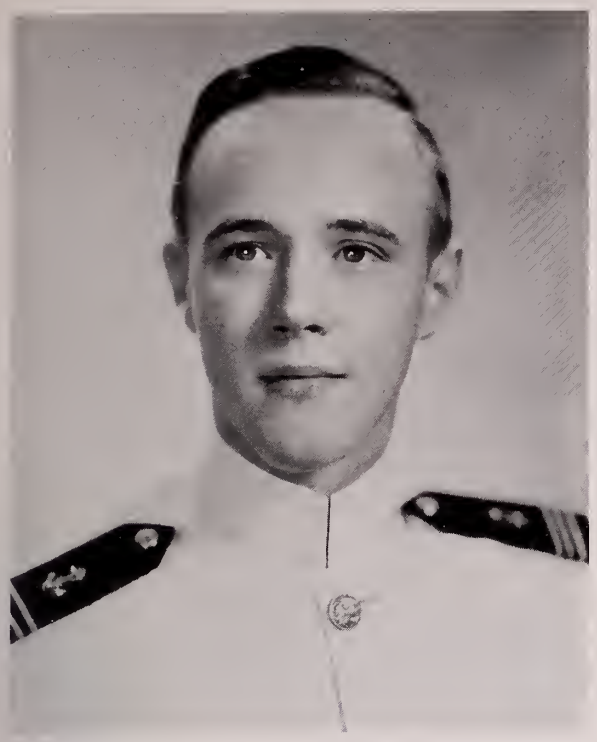
July 17, 1940, was a big day in "Lamie's" life; the first step toward his naval career was taken. These three years were not easy for him, but he was always plugging. That easy-going Southern nature has been one of his greatest assets. Nonchalant, always smiling, but with the ability to get work done—these are the things we will remember about "Lamie." If there has ever been anything that approaches his devotion to the service, it would be his devotion to that little girl in Alabama. Don't think, however, that he is growing wings, for when there is liberty, we all will make it with "Lamie."



Jack Stewart Laney

Yakima, Washington

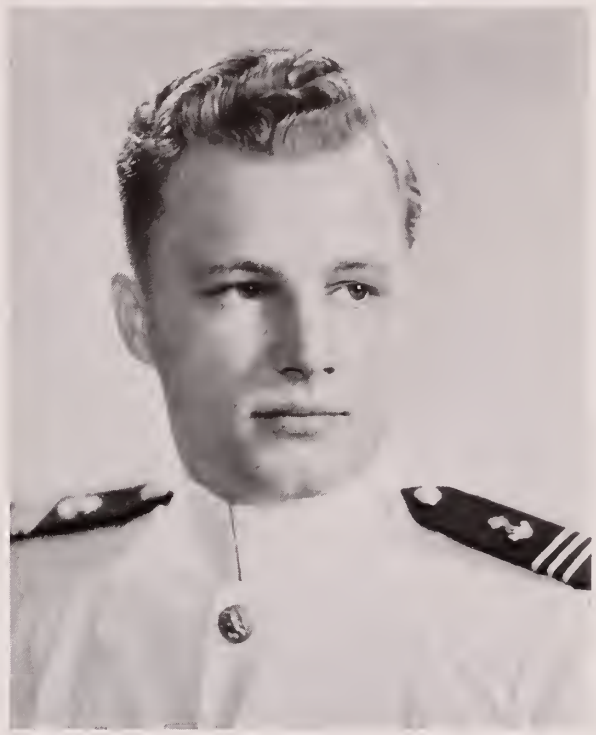
Neat and thorough, Jack kept his roommates continually "on the ball" cleaning up. His strong, clean character is sure to gain him admiration and success. Varsity soccer, yacht racing, stage gang, and choir were among the activities that kept him busy. A product of Washington, the Evergreen State, he wouldn't take the East Coast as a gift. Naturally "savvy" and well prepared, "Stew" had no trouble with academics, but that didn't keep him from working; nor was he averse to usurping somebody else's "drag," particularly if she were a good dancer. Dependable and conscientious, he will arrive at the top, if he must fly there.



Floyd Eugene Lewis

Atlanta, Georgia

Blooming full, the "Georgia Peach" blew into Bancroft-on-the-Severn. After discovering the many rules and few women, he settled down to application of the first and dreams of the latter. A Georgia Military Academy "three-striper" and true Southern gentleman, "Big Gene" was a loyal champion of Southern teams. He was a frequenter of the volleyball courts, the track, and, every Sunday, the choir. His O.A.O. married a civilian, but the Peach recovered soon to lead a bountiful "dragging" life. He wanted a cruiser, and we can see him now—poison to the enemy, a Mint Julep in one hand and his Sheet 10 in the other.



James Leon Moffat Logan

Washington, D. C.

By all of his classmates Jim will always be remembered as "Big Jim." With his policy of hard work and of never worrying, Jim successfully fought his way to the finish line. "I'll reach that mark today" was his usual parting remark, as he made tracks for the gym. However, his belief that one should work out every day never stopped him from moments of leisure. His attempt to keep his record collection up with the "Hit Parade" put many a dent into the "monthly insult." Jim's ready smile and good humor have helped many times to ward off those Monday "blues." Keep up that drive, Jim.

Robert James Loomis

Traverse City, Michigan

"You can put a Mister on that," replied Bob when we yelled Loomis instead of the usual "Loom." His long, curly, blond locks and light, sky-blue eyes were the outward indications of a cheerful personality. "Loom's" agreeable dispostion was only superseded by his determination to disagree with the old Navy proverb about whistling. His natural athletic ability was an asset to this "tackling tornado" on the football field. However busy he seemed to be, he still found time to write that "daily" to Betty Co-ed at Michigan. "Semper Fidelis", although one of Bob's characteristics, is not his life's aim. We look forward to seeing him in the wardroom.

James Joseph Lowry

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Jim left the muddy waters of the Schuylkill to fulfill his ambition to be a naval officer. If you will listen, he will convince you that Philadelphia is the greatest place in the U.S.A. "J.J." wasn't born to be a Frenchman, because "Dago" caused him his only academic trouble. Under his red hair he hid stubbornness that guaranteed trouble for him who tried to change his mind. He was one of the few able to waltz to a "jive" tune. He rated above all others the nomination for the loudest man in the Regiment. When one heard a loud voice yelling, "Where is my mail?", one knew it was "J.J."

Edgar Eugene Mallick

Ambridge, Pennsylvania

With two years at Carnegie Tech as a foundation, Ed had no trouble with the academic routine. He thus could devote time to his favorite avocations. His weekends were frequently spent on the Reception Committee or vainly attempting to improve his golf game—he'll never forget that fifth hole lake. He also played tennis, and his prowess at bridge was never questioned. An amateur equestrian, he never missed an opportunity to go horse-back riding. Known to his intimates as "Baldie," he always had a cheery word for everyone. The daily landslide of mail he received attested his winning and affable personality which will assure him a bright future.

Edwin Raymond Marcus

Chicago, Illinois

When old tales are retold, someone will undoubtedly say, "Remember the day when Eddie trimmed me for two months-pay?" When our thoughts turn to memories of "Markie," we will also recall his savage dancing, that certain Army-Navy game, that sad harmonica, that continuous flow of new jokes, that helping hand in math, that battalion football game, that third wing elevator, those two phonograph records, and those thousand other little incidents that we experienced as messmates with the fast-moving Chicago lad. How he remained a potential "star man" for three years despite numerous diversions will explain his rapid progress in pursuing an honorable career in the service.

John Milton Martin

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"J. M.," the man without a home state, has used the Academy as one more stepping stone toward an eventual naval aviation career. Interested more in aviation than in academic routine, Jack, however, held his own in his class. He proved a strong contender for the rifle team's number one position and kept physically trim by battalion track activities. Swearing that he won't fight unless he's a walking arsenal, "J. M.," nevertheless, has shown himself an able leader, capable of commanding the respect of those men working with him, and under him. Come P-47 or plain YP, there is sure to be a Martin throwing his all into the job!

Marvin Manuel May

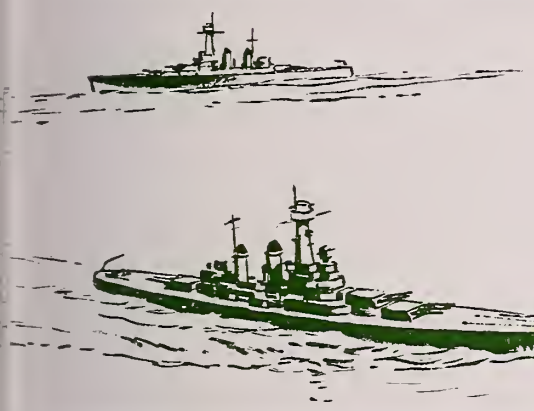
Monroe, Michigan

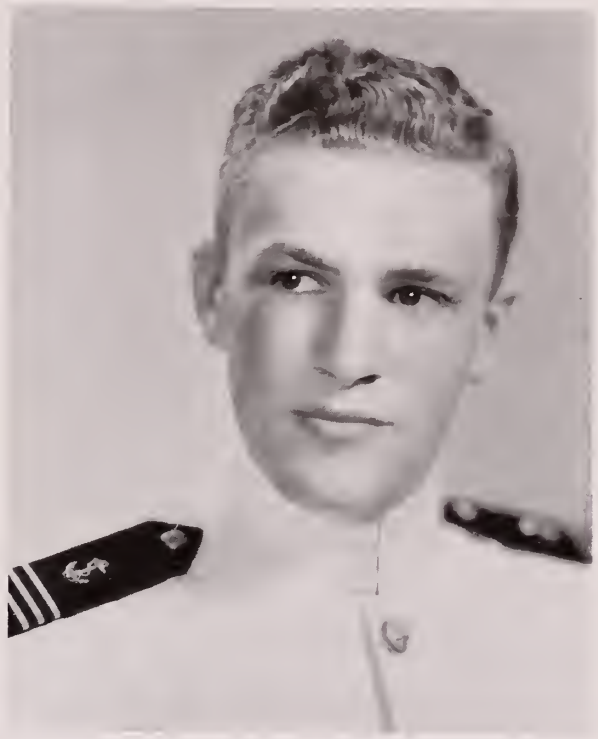
Someday Marvin Manuel May from Monroe, Michigan, will amaze the hide-bound experts with the combined May System for solving the fire-control, damage-control, and navigation problems simultaneously. With his slant for original methods "Bone" was liable to do anything. For three years Marvin has amazed his classmates with the knowledge he extracted from a meager amount of study; has tortured his wife with occasional saxophone orgies; has capably managed the Dinghy Sailing Team; and has had several brushes with a perpetually suspicious Executive Department. Marvin leaves the Academy still clinging to a smattering of his original high ideals, still cheerful and hopeful.

Joseph Lenus McClane, Jr.

Rockville Centre, New York

Joe swore the Academic Department was responsible for his gray hair, but a look at his record proved this was a feeble explanation. Even he would have to admit that he had the Executive Department buffaloed. Joe came from Long Island, where two years of college, according to Joe, proved to him that there was still a lot to be learned. Consequently, he sank his teeth into the system. He even allowed a trip to Virginia Beach on a youngster cruise to convert his "Red Mike" ways. Joe can do any job, and do it well. With this as a qualification, his success seems assured.





Donald Lloyd McClenahan

Ogden, Utah

The Scotchman had many friends. His wittiness rated laughs from everyone, and there were few dull monents when he was around. "Mac" established his reputation the first week of plebe summer on the rifle range. He easily gained a position on the rifle team, for his steady trigger finger and calmness made the lead go through the black most of the time. Among his accomplishments was that of being one of those rare fellows who was able to keep "that beautiful girl back home." "Scotty's" geniality and pleasing personality won and kept many friends, and he will always be worthy of the best in life.

John Joseph McDonald III

Los Angeles, California

A Scotsman from the old school, Mac could match plaids with the best of them, possessing all the quiet humor of his race, yet lacking entirely its legendary frugality. Mac hailed from the Minnesota snowbanks, but made a residential shift to California youngster year, and even managed to stir up a lasting romance with his first Santa Monica sunburn. Mac, a proficient boxer and swimmer, participated in numerous sports instead of specializing. In studies Mac was no savoir, but a little hard work always kept him above the danger mark. A deep sense of loyalty and a sincere consideration for others will place him in the van wherever he goes.

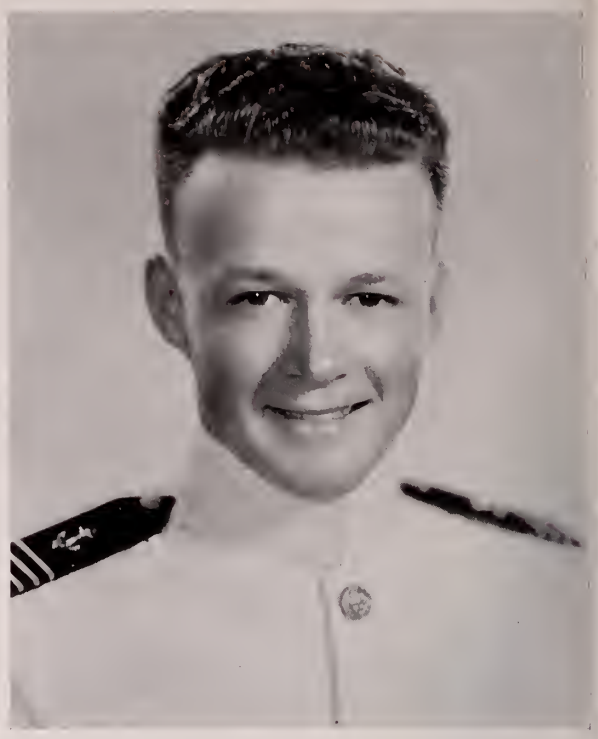
Robert Renwick McDonald

East Orange, New Jersey

With that "Joisey talk" and that calm, independent manner, "Mac" won many friends. Not a member of the "radiator squad," he nevertheless could sleep and loaf the hours away without equal. "Mac" never sacrificed work for play, and worries were like a page in a book—easily torn out and thrown away. His natural academic aptitude was surpassed only by his ability as a hurdler. His perfect form over the "sticks" netted the Navy track team many points. Bob's first vice was buying bad records, his second, playing them. With the ambition to get his share of living, and with his friendly personality, "Mac" will go a long way.

Herbert Neal McGough

FAYETTE, ALABAMA



"Has the mail come yet?" was always his favorite expression. "Mac," the farmer from Alabama, is a friend of everyone with his constant, cheerful, and winning smile. He played soccer and lacrosse and was manager of the gym team. Coming from behind the plow in the fields, he soon showed that he could readily make a good sailor, although his life-long ambition is to own a farm and rest in peace in "Dixie" farming country. Aside from the fact that he once collided with the "Bull" Department, "Mac" sailed through the Academy without mishap. A typical Southerner and a gentleman at all times, "Mac" is bound to be a success.

Michael George McGraw

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

"Mugsy" arrived from the University of Scranton with a chip on his shoulder and his chin out a mile. However, his Irish grin disarmed the majority of us. Although he did not pile up outstanding records, "Mugsy" always was deserving of merits. Boxing was his favorite sport. He appreciated good music and read extensively both poetry and prose. Academics weren't easy, but his Irish persistence invariably won out. "Mugsy" wants to fly; we all know that he will be one of the best. We are sure that we shall miss him, but it will be a real comfort to have him protecting the sky above us

Charles Clark Miller

FAIRHAVEN, MASSACHUSETTS

Ah! Listen to those dulcet tones. Is it Caruso? No, it will be Chuck Miller, our local "Johnny-one-note." The chantys that he warbled came direct from the Merchant Marine. Being an old salt and a near-"savoir" made academics rather easy for Charlie. He always had lots of time left over in which to enjoy life. Variety was certainly the spice of life for Chuck. Having given the sea a trial, he hopes to become a Marine with his own blue water schooner to remind him of the years that he spent with the Navy. At any rate we know that Chuck will fit in wherever he goes.

Donald Marchand Miller

CANTON, OHIO

Whenever a third for a trio, a fourth for bridge, or a fifth for basketball was needed, "Don" was the man. He was willing to try anything once. His two firm beliefs were that Canton, Ohio, was the center of the universe and that it was easy to beat the system. Two years of engineering and extra-curricular activities at Purdue, with heavy emphasis on extra-curricular activities, made "Don" think highly of colleges but failed to convince him that his capable shoulders wouldn't look well in a suit of navy blue and gold. In any gathering one would spot "Don" with the biggest grin and the prettiest girl.

Paul Miller Jr.

Annapolis, Maryland

"Going into town again today, 'Pil'? Who is the fair lady this time?" So it went all during his last year. "Jr." has broken more hearts than Casanova, but he wasn't made a "three striper" by the girls he knew. Always keeping the class spirit high and keeping his fingers in many of the extra-curricular activities, he was on the go constantly. Liked by all those who knew him, his friendship has proved inspiring to many. Ask him where he is from and he will say Annapolis, Maryland, but he was born in Manila, P.I. Yes, he is a "Navy junior" and will prove equal to his heritage.

Douglas Yates Munnikhuysen

Boston, Massachusetts

A human machine always on the go; that was "Doug." Born in Massachusetts, he travelled this continent many times before ending here with a reserve of energy and a desire to be in the midst of activity. As editor of the *Trident* magazine he performed miracles. Being the grandfather of the class, he gave to many his sound advice. The Academic Department occasionally tapped him lightly, but he always arose and tapped them back. On the soccer field "Doug" ran and ran until the coach finally caught him. The fleet will gain that cherry smile and friendliness this roommate will lose when "Doug" heeds its call.

Robert Lee Morris

Springfield, Missouri

From the Ozarks of Missouri came Bob with his consoling philosophy—"a soft bed, a short nap, plenty to eat, and no overexertion." He has never regretted his decision to change from a medical to a naval career. Almost any Saturday night one could hear "the Deacon" ask, "Well, how about a little game tonight?" as the boys gathered for a bridge session. With three years of college behind him, Bob worried little about academics, and when a hard math lesson struck, he gave aid unsparingly to his classmates. For men of his pleasant, yet serious, disposition and ever-ready knowledge, the Navy will always have a place.

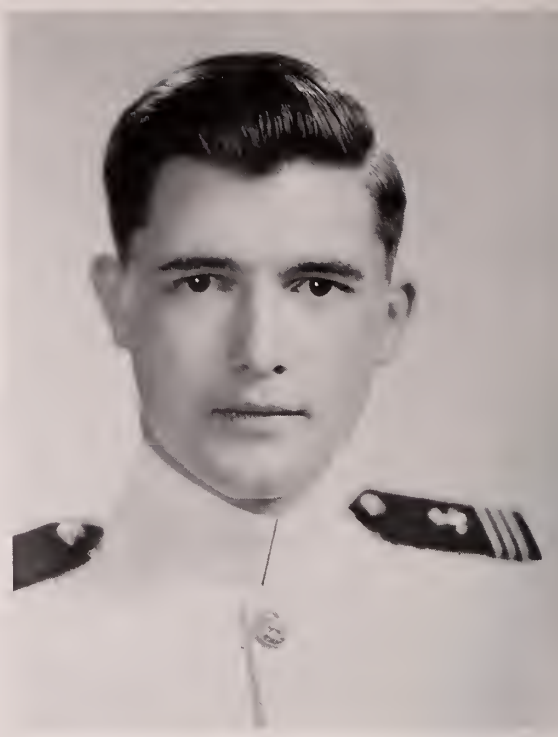
Ragnwald Muller

Staten Island, New York

"Rags" came to the country club on the Severn after three years of college life and a year of work in an airplane factory. His only experience with the "bounding main" was that of a frequent passenger on the Staten Island ferry-boat. Battalion soccer and squash were his sports. We often saw him in a tennis game with a certain "Navy junior." He kept up his social life by missing only one hop. Academics were easy for him, and he found time to solicit ads for the *Log* and even to write a few articles for the *Trident*. He hopes to find himself piloting a patrol bomber soon.

Dale Vanus Ness

Grand Forks, North Dakota

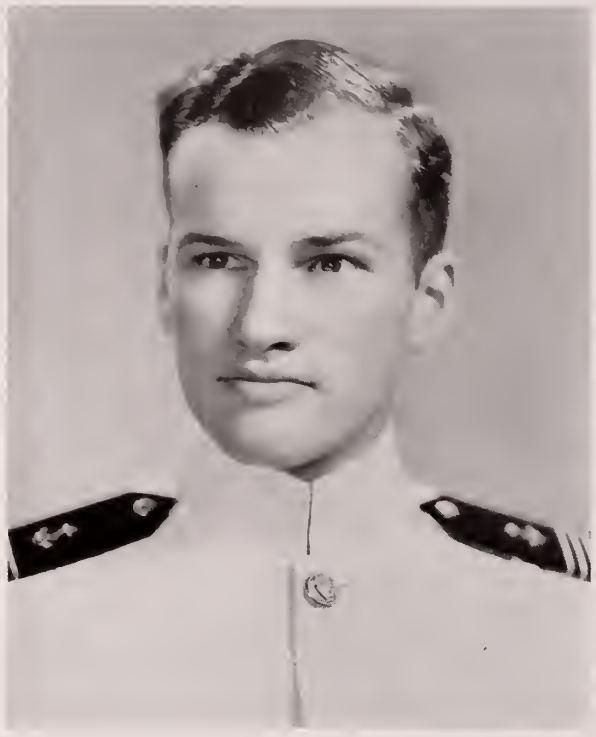


When Dale forsook the windy plains to lease a suite in Bancroft on the Severn, North Dakota's loss was the Navy's gain. Always the master where academics were concerned, Vanus was ever present on the "Savoir" muster list. A follower of all athletics, Dale concentrated on basketball and was elected manager of the Navy squad. He was known as the "Red Mike," strictly a non-woman man, until first class leave brought a romance to this handsome dark-haired lad. In Navy language it can be said that Dale "got this stuff." Pensacola is his goal, and we know he will find his place in some crack squadron.

Robert Eugene Nolop

Libby, Montana

Renowned for 5-20 eyes and a crack in his voice that he called a yodel, Bob stalked through three years with the same plowed-field stride and carefree air that he brought with him from the Montana hills. "Noley" lent support to the harriers in Autumn and the trackmen in spring. He claimed that he had no interest in women, but the irrevocable fact remained that he received about three letters each week that weren't from "Dear Folks." Every morning the buzz of an electric razor from the "B-hole" told us that Bob was up; he will make many other things hum now that he has that broad stripe.



Robert Patterson Norton

Kennebunkport, Maine

Somewhere, somehow, Bob Norton acquired an assiduous appetite for liberty, an appetite which never seemed to be satisfied. Only the stroke of the pen in the hand of the Battalion Adjutant could keep him from liberty until he obtained a charter membership in an exclusive Hiking Club during first class year. Strangely enough, his liberty hours were not spent with the ladies, for "Socs" was a "Red Mike." Bob was always the possessor of a winsome personality with a resultant host of friends. Whether on the bridge of a destroyer or in the conning tower of a submarine, Bob is destined to continue making friends—and holding them.

Gordon Henry Ochenrider, Jr.

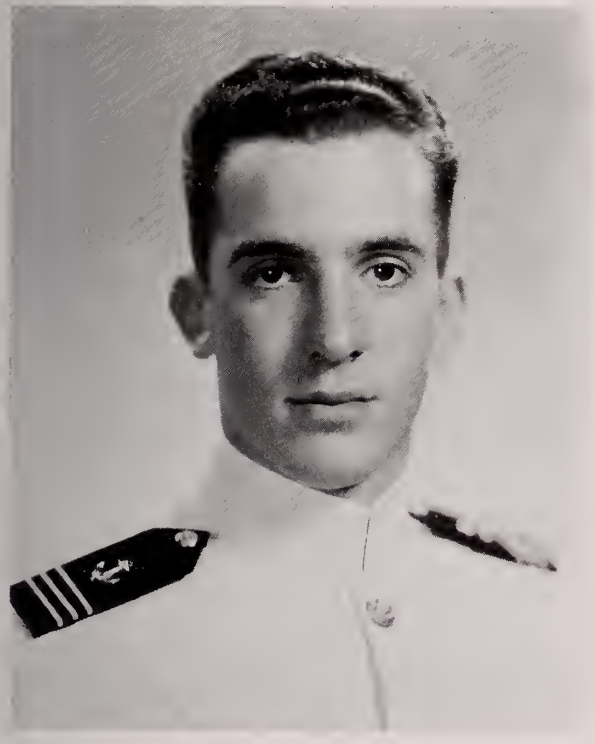
Aristes, Pennsylvania

"Bud" was a mighty big man to be presented in these few words. Determination was one of his greatest assets. When the going was the toughest, he was fighting the hardest. This driving spirit was justly rewarded when he was elected captain of the soccer team. Activities in which he indulged, such as the Glee Club, choir, lacrosse team kept him busy the whole year, never too busy, however, to take academics in his stride. With his winning personality and smile, "Och" made a host of friends—friends who will never forget his cheerfulness and willingness to help. When this Pennsylvania Dutchman hits the fleet, watch him go.

Everett Joseph Olinder

Oakland, California

They called him "Horse-collar" because of his big shoulders. Quite an appropriate nickname, too, for "Ev" was a big, easy-going Swede who won the friendship and admiration of everybody with whom he was acquainted. Definitely the strong, silent type, "Ev" didn't say much, but when he did, the words were sure to "pack a wallop." A valuable member of the battalion track and swimming teams, he demonstrated that his courage, stamina, sportsmanship, and mental alertness were exceptionally well developed. With qualities such as those, "Ev" was quite able to grasp any situation—even when it concerned women. The fleet will, indeed, be getting a capable officer and gentleman.



Francis John O'Malley

Framingham, Massachusetts

"Sure an' it's 'Bat' O'Malley," one of the midshipmen with the strain of the Irish of his family. His ears turned red when he was called "Bat," but "Fran" could stand a lot of running. With black curly hair and dreamy eyes, the pride of Framingham was a keen-thinking athlete. "Fran" found his sport to be baseball; he was a pitcher from the leagues of Massachusetts with a fast ball and an even faster line. The "Padre" was a happy soul with a good word for everybody. The Executive Department thought him too happy and carefree, but he will lighten the duty of any ship.

Bill Bowmam Parks

Salisbury, Missouri

As Mrs. Parks' second contribution to the Naval Academy, Billy, "The Blond Adonis," arrived in Annapolis a little more wise than most of us in the ways of the Navy. He brought with him all of the characteristics of a Missourian. With plebes, classmates, and "profs," his motto was "show me," and we spent many of our idle moments trying to do just that. A year at Missouri University helped Bill keep on the "sat" side, so that he had time for his bridge, conditioning workouts, and dragging in the stray hours. Bill's loyalty and aggressiveness will be valuable assets whether he is with the air corps or the Leathernecks.

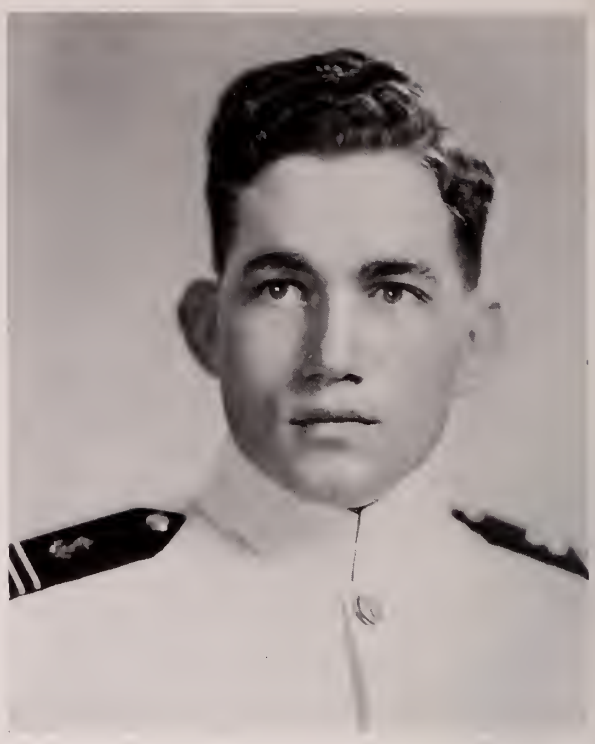
George Gose Peery, Jr.

Salem, Virginia

George came to Annapolis ready to solve the mysteries of the Naval Academy. A study of his marks will testify to the fact that he succeeded. One could always find him willing to lend his classmates a helping hand when the "probs" were extra tough. He usually came out with the right answers, too. However, George wasn't one who had to hit the books constantly to keep his grades high; he found plenty of time for other activities. Battalion lacrosse, the choir, and dragging were his favorites. George had the formula for success: keen intelligence, untiring energy, and the ability to get along well with anyone.

Jack Hardin Pennington

HILLSBORO, TEXAS



Jack came to the Academy from Central Texas, bearing all of the characteristics of a loyal Texan. He never "starred," but he was always willing to lend a helping hand. Almost any afternoon "Tex" could be found at the gym for a workout. Although he was a determined "Red Mike," his pictures and plenty of mail proved that he had interests in other places. Jack's favorite pastime was memorizing the vital statistics of the *Navy Register*. It was rumored that he could give the class standing of any man who had graduated within the last twenty-five years. His determination to succeed is bound to spell success.

Carlton Kay Perkins

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS

From Texas "Perk" brought a warm and ready smile for all who crossed his path and a healthy punch in the nose for anyone who double-crossed it. Leaving his western saddle at home, he centered his interest around swimming, sailing and tennis, finding adequate time to call on the O.A.O., contribute to the *Log*, and help out the Reception Committee. "Perk's" ambition is to fly a fighting plane, and though it's a long leap from saddle and stirrups to planes and parachutes, we have no doubt that "Perk" will make it. Resolute and forthright, yet debonair with a limitless capacity for the sheer joy of living—that was "Perk."

Paul Walker Pinson

WILLIAMSON, WEST VIRGINIA

No one could ever prove that "Governor" trudged all those weary miles from West Virginia to Crabtown, but if such were the case, it would only exemplify his determination to become a good naval officer. He was soon proving himself quite proficient in everything that he undertook. Books held no terror for him, and he always found time for extra reading. Pinson was the man to see if one needed a helping hand. Though he boasted of being a woman-hater, those who believed it did not know the facts. Pinson is serious about the Navy—submarines in particular—and those who know him are confident of his future successes.

William Morrison Pitcher

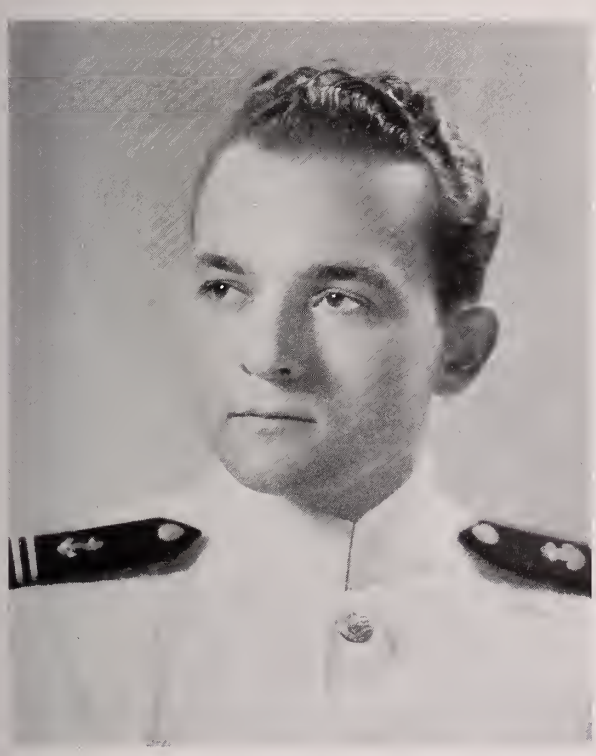
CATONSVILLE, MARYLAND

The "Jersey Bounces" may come and go, but one transplanted Jersey boy will still be fighting. Bill started in the Naval Reserve and landed at the Academy charged to the brim with grit and a determination to succeed. Although a perennial border-line man, he never let that fact get the best of him. His outside interests centered mainly about cross country, boxing, and those ever-loved dragging trips. With a striking personality, this easy-going, lanky lad never had any trouble making friends. On his graduation, the Navy will not only receive an excellent young officer but also a man whose character will carry him far.

James Godfrey Plehn

Scottsbluff, Nebraska

Hailing from the broad stretches of Nebraska, Jim entered the Academy too late to enjoy plebe summer. In spite of this disadvantage, "Parron" caught on quickly. He took academics in his easy stride and always belittled his standings in a modest way. Jim never "starred" in varsity athletics, but he could hold his own in many sports. Although Jim had the qualities that catch the female eye, he has maintained a semi-"Red Mike" existence. A talented trumpet player and a born aviator, Jim gave up these ambitions to realize a greater one in the Navy. His ability to win friends will rate him tops in the fleet.



Richard Lord Ploss

Detroit, Michigan

Dick came from the wilds of Detroit—he called it the cultural center of the midwest—all set to throw a hammer lock on this place, and he did a pretty thorough job. During wrestling season, he starved himself so he could wrestle flea-weight for Navy—and spent the rest of the year eating. He liked to drag—Oh, June Week!—play bridge, listen to good records, and draw exquisitely shaped girls. If you needed any information, mathematical or historical, Dick was your man. You'll probably see Dick in South Africa—or Tokyo. He joined up to travel, and it looks as if he's in the right outfit.

George Downes Prestwich

Westmont, New Jersey

From Jersey came this brown-eyed wrestler with the determination and ability to succeed. Academically he was "tops" in his class. Besides having a natural flair for studies, "P-wich" extended his master's touch to Academy life as Battalion Sub-Commander and Editor of our *Lucky Bag*. His attentions also spread to the Glee Club, choir, and plebe football team as manager. Though eternally busy, he always found time for those thrice weekly letters to the O.A.O. After three years he has taken his place as one of the leaders of our class. With potentialities ably shown by accomplishments, George will surely find a responsible niche in the fleet.

Edmund John Przystas

Washington, D. C.

From Massachusetts came "Pres" with high ideals and noble aspirations. He finished plebe year after several major battles with the Academic Departments, cheating the "Dago" Department of another victim. Frequently he was seen at hops, never bringing a girl but always "dragging." As a roommate he was tops, ever happy and knowing when to smile. He was invariably considerate and ready to lend a helping hand, except on youngster cruise when he spent most of his time in the galley. "Pres" has the necessary determination, courage, and natural ability to make a naval officer of whom we can be proud. Everyone wishes him the best of everything as a "submariner."

Clyde Benjamin Randall Jr.

Fort Smith, Arkansas

From the depths of the Ozarks came "Randy." He arrived with three great loves; romance, sleep and golf. They still are on top. Academic difficulties were not escaped; the depths of Mathematics and "Skinny" were rather dark, but always he managed to make his "2.5" and at the same time to keep up a gigantic correspondence. Although athletics had no great attraction for him, he was not averse to a little handball and that famous Scotch game, golf. Dragging was his principal out-of-doors activity. A happy-go-lucky personality and the ability to get the best from the worst should carry "Randy" a long way toward the top.

Hans Seth Rasmussen

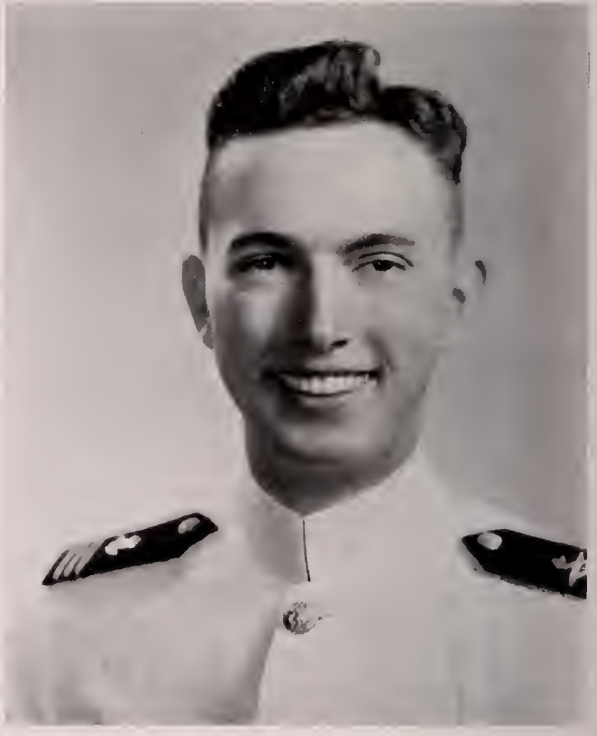
Easton, Pennsylvania

After two years of wine, women, and song as a brother in the famous Skull and Bones at Penn State, "Ras" set his course for the U.S.N.A. Gifted with one of those photographic minds and the ability to concentrate, the blond Dane from Easton found academic years truly "fruit." Hans spent most of his time keeping well "sat," dragging the femmes, and taking those famous ketch trips to Cambridge. Athletically speaking, Hans was an All-American "flake-out" artist. However, he could, when in the mood, give anybody a drubbing in squash, tennis, or handball. Venturing a conservative forecast, we can honestly say that Hans will "make out."

Robert Marshall Replogle

Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania

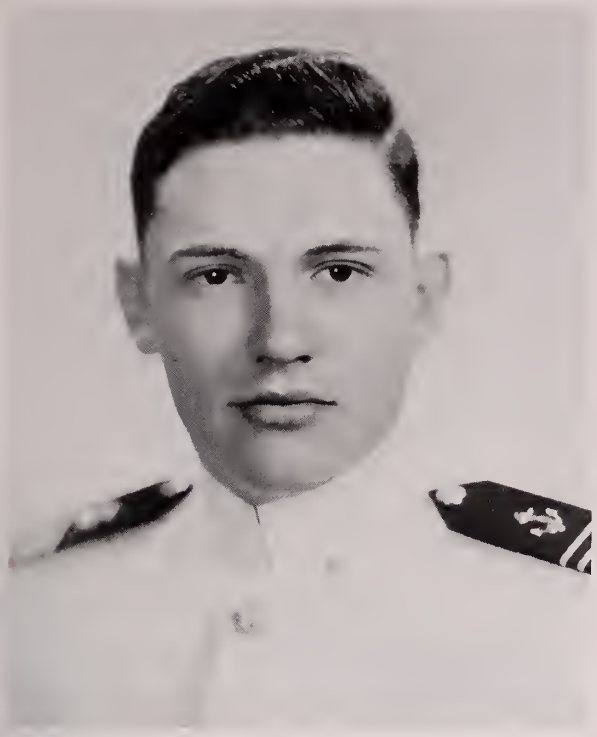
When it came to sports, "Rep" knew all the answers. Varsity baseball was his favorite, with battalion volleyball and tennis second choices. Sports were not his only forte, though, for Bob stood high in his academics. He had the priceless knack for getting things done well, and his ability to remember facts and events repeatedly amazed his roommates. "Rep" was invariably calm, and when he tackled a job, nothing else mattered until it was completed; witness the long hours he worked as Biography Editor of the '44 *Lucky Bag*. There can be no doubt that he will make a good officer, as he has always been truly a gentleman.



Ernest Eli Reynolds, Jr.

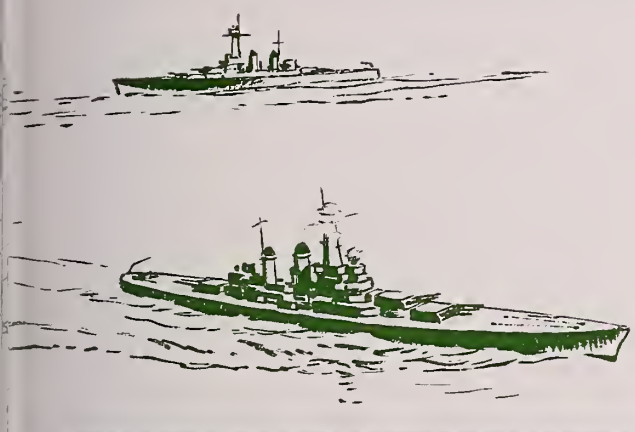
Seattle, Washington

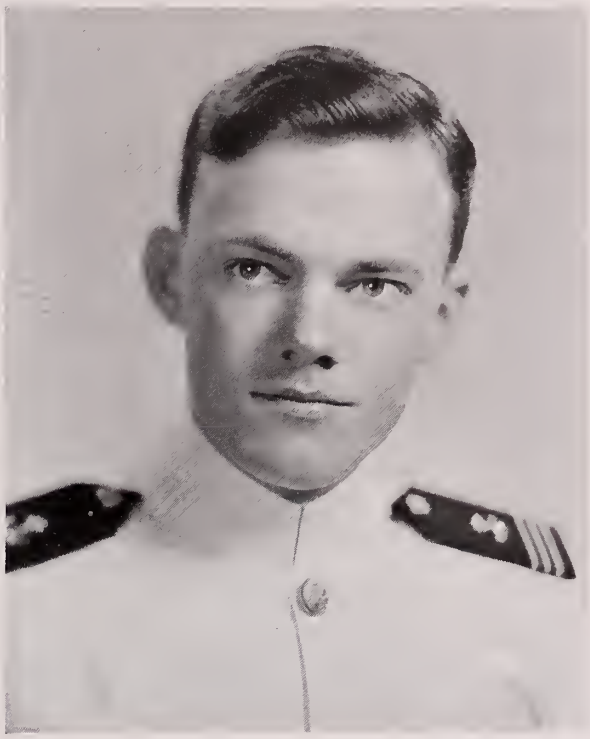
Possessing an admirable disposition, a complacent grin, and an interest in everyone he met, Jack made a host of friends in the Regiment. He tackled every task with conscientious enthusiasm, whether that task was solving a calculus "prob" or showing one of his numerous drags a pleasant weekend. Outstanding in Company and Battalion sports, which took his time many afternoons each term, Jack nevertheless crowded innumerable hours of work on the *Lucky Bag* and the Reception Committee into an already complete schedule. Having mastered the art of studying during plebe year, Jack was one of those fortunate individuals who took academics in an undaunted stride.



Francis Prettyman Rhett

"Oh, I'm a good 'ole rebel!" That was Frank, a devil-may-care son of the deep South. Somehow he arrived at Annapolis where he became famous for the statement, "Ah the book gives the hard way; here's how it should be done." This carried him through the mysteries of academics. He was one of the "grunt and groan" boys—when he could drag himself from his bunk. Dragging has held no particular attraction, but it did have its good points. He never knew worry; his future was always bright. Gloomy days for Frank were infrequent, for he was given to fun and gaiety. Bottoms up!





Dan "J" Rienstra, Jr.

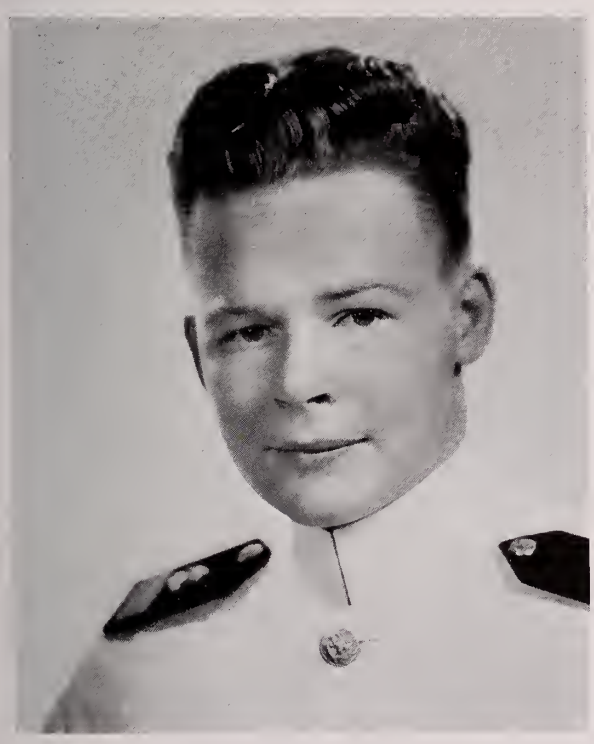
Nederland, Texas

Coming a long way from his little Texas school to the big guns, "Lefty" has cheerfully taken everything in high stride. He even showed the varsity how he pitched baseball in Texas. One of the things he did not learn at home, however, was how to swim. The Subsquad fixed that. He had "dragless" weekends, but he was not a "Red Mike" of the first order. His locker door plus stacks of mail was proof of that. A poor defenseless radio was his favorite item for tinkering. Determination and likableness coupled with other qualities of a true rebel will take Dan a long way in anybody's league.

William Steven Riley

Nashua, New Hampshire

Bill was even more proud of his Irish ancestry than of his New England homeland. His quiet, composed manner was the most impressive factor of his pleasant personality. At the same time his buoyancy and "joie de vivre" made his company a welcome addition to any gathering. The ease with which Bill surmounted academic barriers afforded him ample time for that letter-a-day correspondence. We are much indebted to him for his ever-willing aid. That radiant smile combined with an agreeably unassuming manner has won for him the esteem of his classmates and has accounted for the great success our fair-haired Irishman had with his lady friends.



Joseph Regis Riordan

New York City, New York

Joe, recognized everywhere by his flaming red hair, will be remembered as one of the gang who kept one jump ahead of the eye doctors. Persistent efforts kept his academics well under control. His associations with the fairer sex were sometimes a mystery, as he kept more than one girl guessing, but he would argue anytime in behalf of the New York variety. An all-year schedule of company soccer and lacrosse, plus workouts in the gym kept him in top condition. Bridge and current events were his favorite hobbies, and woe be to the plebe who didn't read *Newsweek*! Here is where the Navy gets another darn good Irishman.

Clayton John Roberts

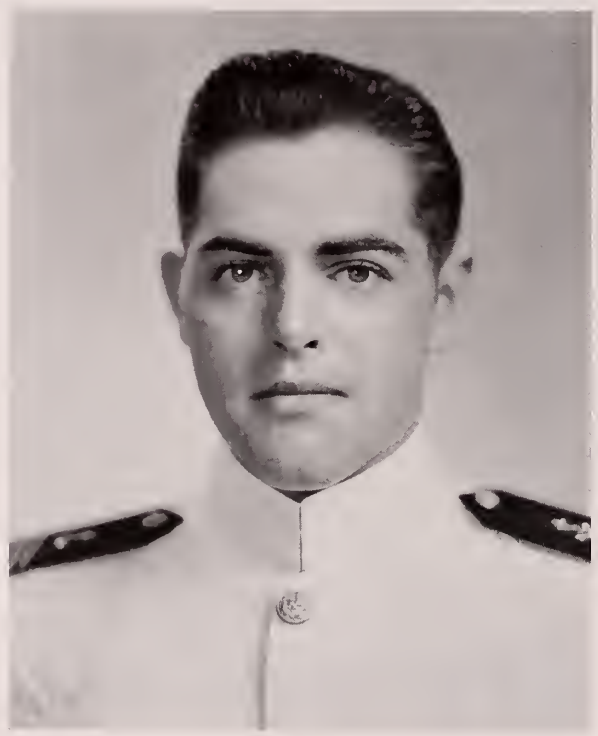
WARROAD, MINNESOTA

This Minnesota Swede came to Annapolis from the shores of the Lake of the Woods. With a strong will and determination, "Doc" brushed aside such slight obstacles as "Steam" and math. Soon after trying football and basketball, this husky Swede found crew to be his sport. On any weekday afternoon he could be found in a shell on the Severn, on any Sunday, in the midst of the choir. Like any true crewman "Doc" became a "snake" at the hops. With a true fighting spirit, an ability to take rough treatment, and an ardent desire to give his best, "Doc" will become a valuable asset to our fleet.

Sidney Rose

FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

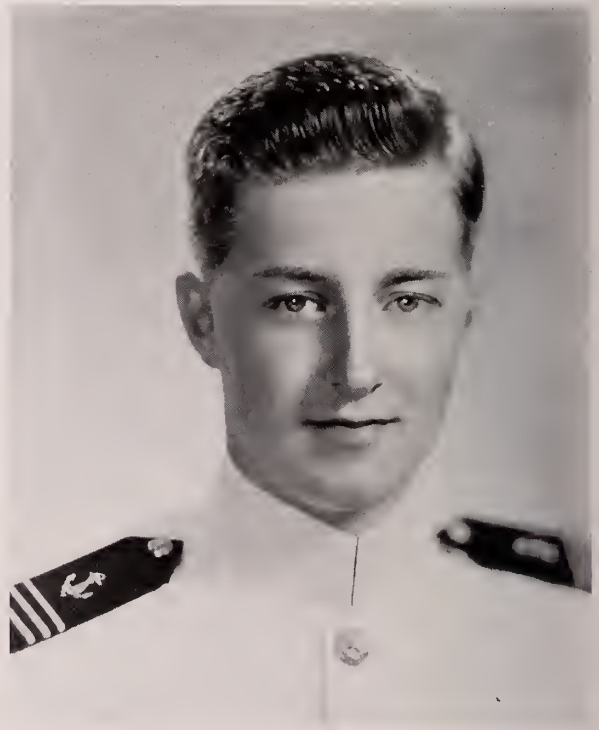
The Academy did not have to change North Dakota's "claim to fame" to make him an officer and a gentleman, but perhaps that was a good thing for both of them. If "Sid" had been able to find a way to keep academics from interfering with his sleeping, reading, letter writing, and dragging, and if he could have communicated some of his own enthusiasm for his ability as a basketball player to the coach, things would not have been so trying. However, if he ever learns the correct words to the "songs" he was always singing, they will be able to find little wrong with him wherever he goes.



Richard Erle Rudisill Jr.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

From sunny California came this short, well-built, dark-complexioned young man. There "Rudy" did considerable sailing and belonged to the R.O.T.C. He gained nautical experience on a "windjammer" and on a destroyer. Sailing was in his blood, for he could be found sailing a racing star-boat almost any afternoon at the Academy. Since Dick was also an ardent photographic fan, he would quite possibly have been found taking pictures when he was not sailing. He has contributed much time to the staff work of our year book. Because he has the gift of handling men skillfully, he will make a capable officer for our great fleet.



Charles Kenneth Schmidt

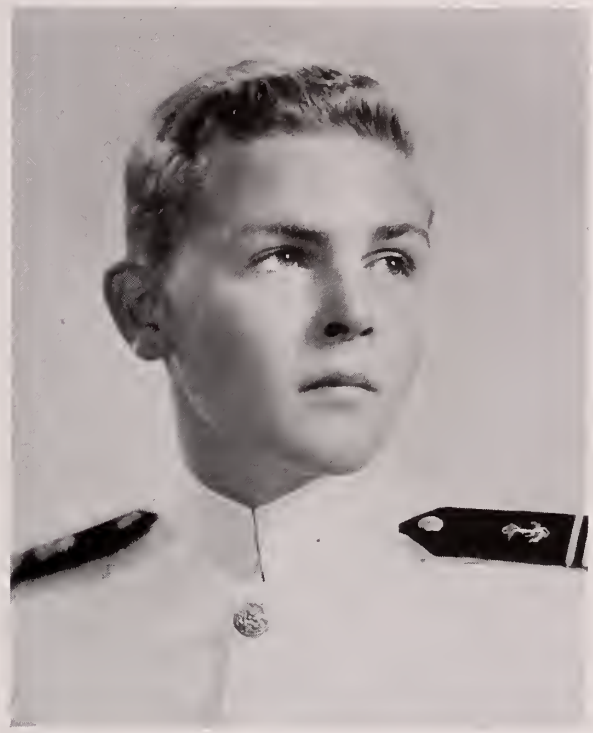
MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

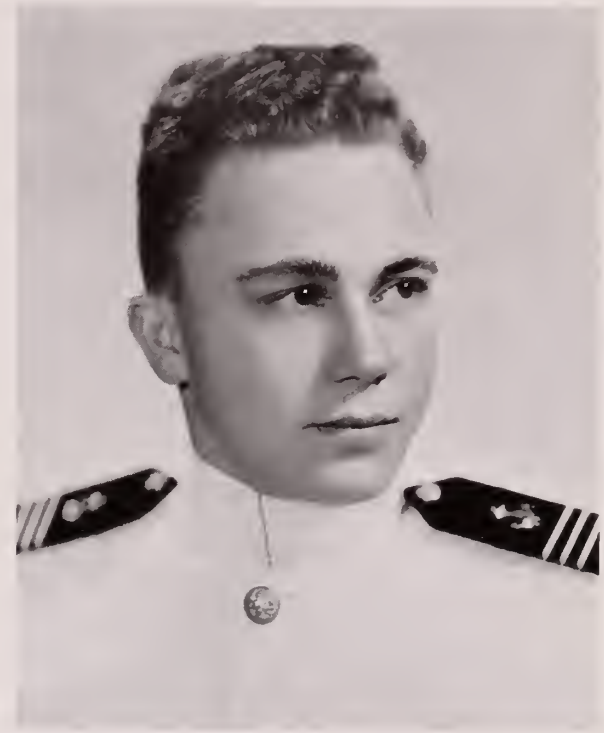
Leaving in a rush, "Chuck" never had time to brush the corn seed from his hair and, consequently, brought with him plenty of "corny" humor. He readily learned to sail and to pull an oar with the battalion crew; his "corn" soon changing to salt. Always versatile, "Chuck" tried a little football, wrestling, track, and "dragging." A varsity award was forthcoming when he dropped his anchor in the harbor of true love at the Ring Dance proving that farmers can navigate on both land and sea. If you ever pick up the "Iowa Corn Song" on short-wave, it won't be static; Schmidt's sub will have won another victory.

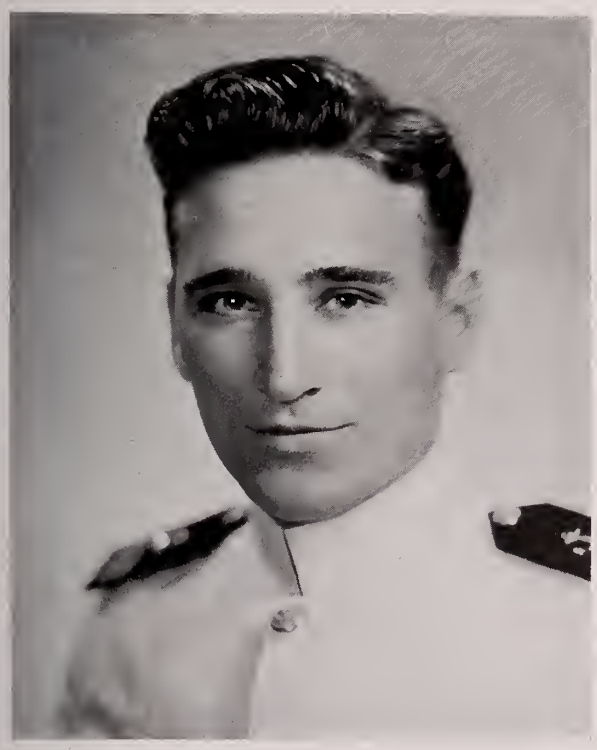
Maylon Truxton Scott

San Francisco, California

"Scotty" has lived in many parts of the country, but he holds true to the eternal fogs of San Francisco. A year's previous experience in the Coast Artillery at Fort Scott gave "Scotty" a firm foundation for his future naval career. It never could be said that he lived a dull life at the Academy. Between trying to keep his name off the weekly "trees" and fighting for a place on the varsity soccer squad, he had scant time left to give his bunk the proper attention. Little did he let that worry him, however; were there not those weekends, hops, and drags to look forward to?







Aubrey Richard Seiler

New Orleans, Louisiana

He always said that he could not think of anything to do but to be a naval officer. Yet with his amazing versatility he would excel at anything. On the football field he ran like a scared rabbit and passed like a professional. He kept up with the best on the baseball team and wrestled fast and hard for his battalion. Come weekends, "Stinky" would be dragging another cute girl, and at the hops he was quite a "rug-cutter." When the going got tough, he was the one who kept the sense of humor, came up with the good gag, and made life easier for everyone within earshot.

Norman Scott Jr.

Washington, D. C.

"Scotty's" athletic activities at the Academy included lacrosse, soccer, and yawl racing. A never-failing sense of humor, readiness to lend a helping hand, and a desire to keep life from ever getting too dreary were three of his outstanding characteristics, and, although the first and last have sometimes combined to earn for him the title of "radical," they have made us grateful for the opportunity to room with him. His utter unconcern for dragging will forever remain a mystery, as his potentialities were great. His interest in chow needed no stimulus. It is no feat to prophesy success and many friends for "Scotty."

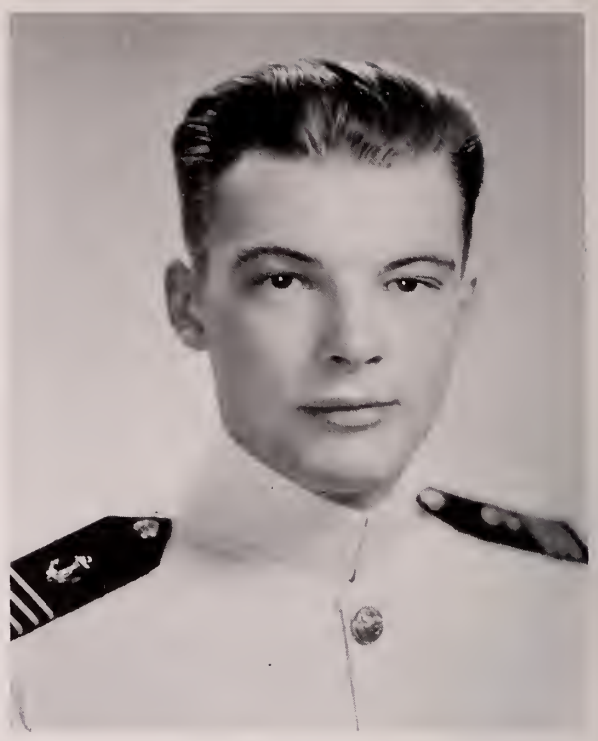
Billy Frank Seeger

Del Rio, Texas

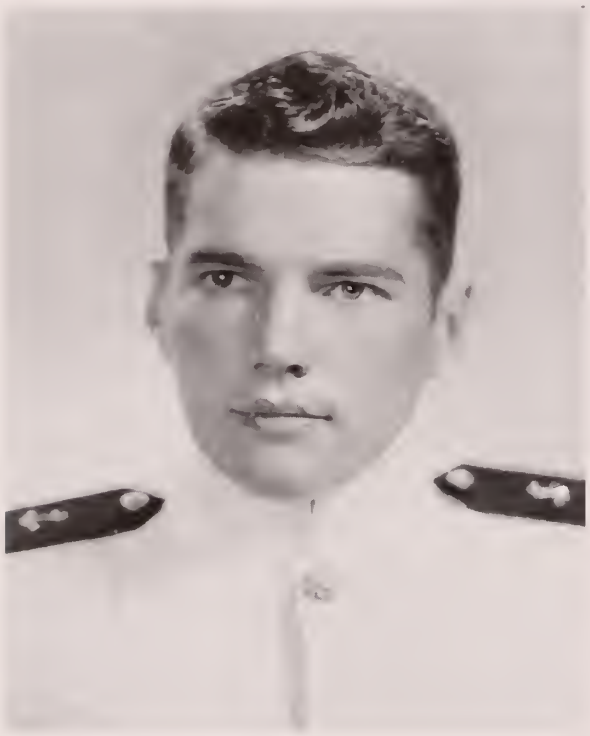
Bill, a trifle short with broad shoulders and trim waist, came from a "home-cooking" bakery in a little town in the big heart of Texas. He had power—this Bill, not a fullback's bulky brawn, but the latent something that earns those gold collar-stars. He just "got this stuff" with an easy, casual effort. Everybody recognized his ability. Study hour brought "Tiny," or "Joe," or "Knobby" to Bill's room with, "Say, Bill, how do you integrate this?" Everybody liked Bill. Whether rigging circuits for the "juice gang" on winter afternoons, or swimming at Sherwood on summer weekends, Bill was always Bill—unaffected, friendly, keen-witted.

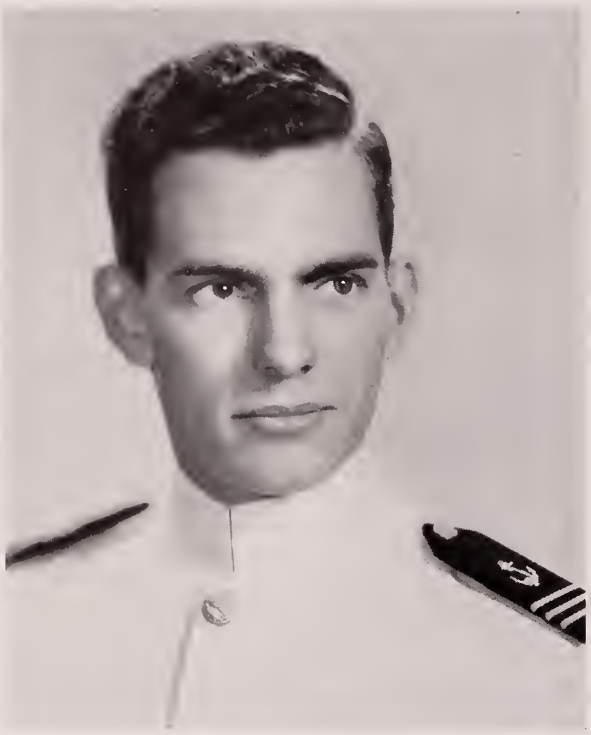
Hildreth Gates Sherman

Brattleboro, Vermont



During youngster year, while arguing that "damyankee" is two words, "Hilly" received a telegram saying that his new residence was in Louisiana. His accumulated yankee industry could not be suppressed, however, so he continued to be one of the outstanding academic students in our class, a versatile trackman, and a bright (?) spot on Monday mornings. At the top of "Hilly's" realm of accomplishments there was every midshipman's ambition—a letter every morning (and they didn't all look alike). "Hilly's" ability to learn quickly will be very useful and valuable when he goes into the fleet. Whatever his job may be, it will be well done.





Wilbur Gordon Sherwood

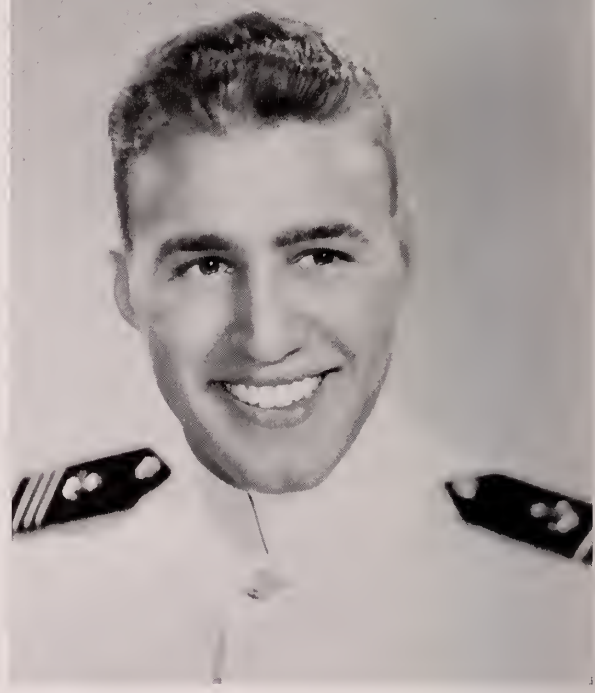
Oakland, California

"Every bone in his body's a spar." When Bill takes the wheel, the wheel is very much at home. Among the more famous hulls to fall under the professional guidance of this mariner are the *Wander Bird*, *U.S.S. West Virginia*, and the *U.S.S. Vamarie*. His years afloat have given him a "lucky bag" of nautical knowledge that will carry him safely through the storms. At the Naval Academy, Bill's ease and keen judgment, his loyalty and his determined stand on important questions (including "drags"—he was a "Red Mike") have made him one of the regiment's stalwarts. The fleet is eagerly awaiting the return of its energetic son.

Horatio Gates Sickel, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

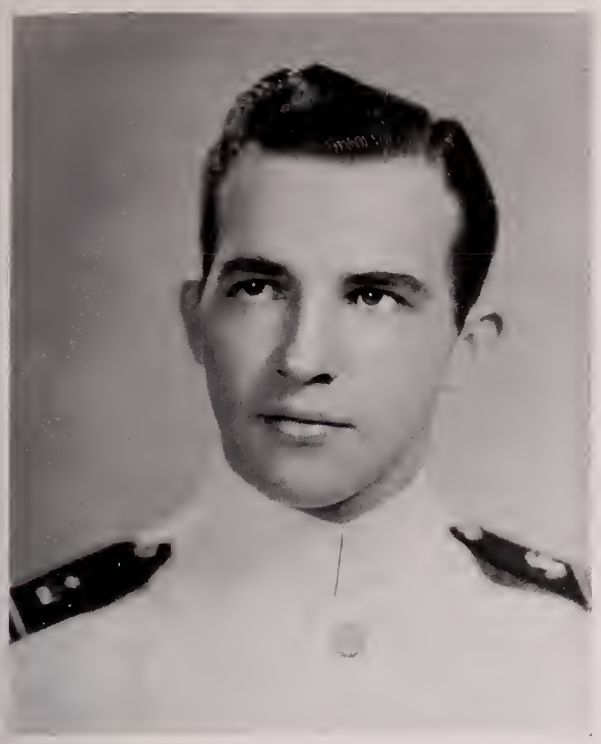
"Bud," as he wished to be called, made a host of friends during the three short years he spent at the Academy. His industry netted him a fine academic record; however, he did not allow his social life to lag. In the beginning he professed to be a staunch family man intent upon a graduation marriage, and he has persevered in that intention throughout his Naval Academy career. We shall hope that his marriage is as true as his courtship was. "Bud" tried his hand at football and crew, but his main success was in preaching the gospel of the wonders of his adopted home town, Coronado, California.



Clyde Wilbur Siegfried

Juniata, Pennsylvania

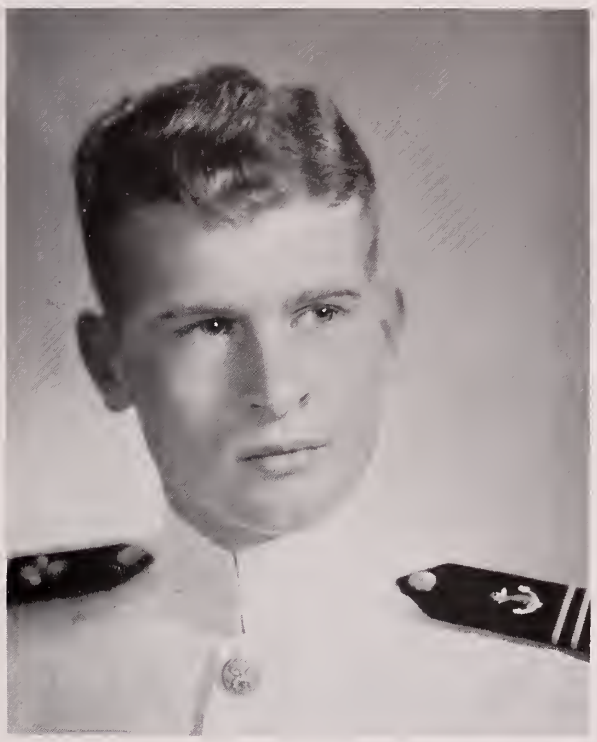
With an insatiable appetite for chow, "Sig" rarely worried about such a prosaic affair as studying. At times he studied for the class just past, but mainly occupied himself with *Time*, *Life*, or the study of beryllium. With a broad grin, and twice as broad a chest, "Dutch" turned out every fall to endow the football team with his prowess as a two-back, and every spring as a star, All-Southern lacrosse player. One wonders if the trips and the admiration of the fair sex were not responsible for this tremendous effort. . . . Lord help the enemy who disturbs the "Bard of Bancroft" at eating time.

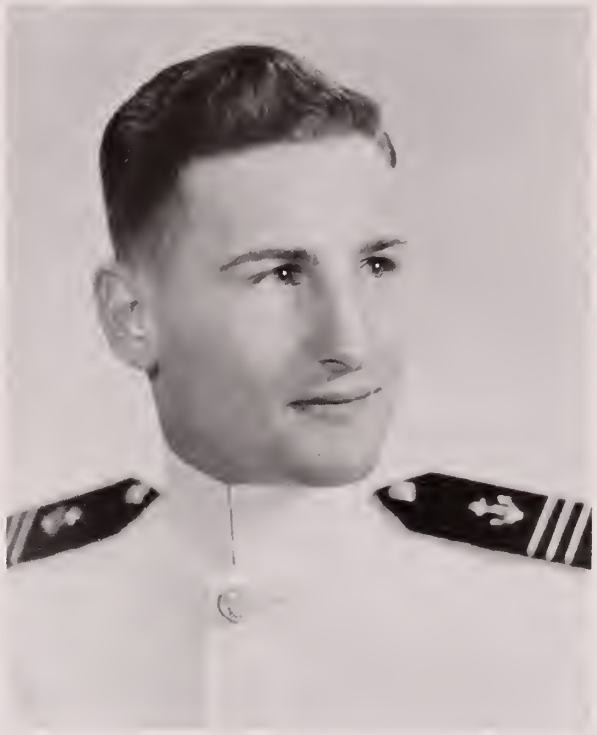


Edward Polk Tatum Smith, Jr.

Lynchburg, Virginia

"Smitty" vowed on the day of his entrance that he would definitely not be one of the men who drop by the wayside, and by dint of hard work, he has fulfilled that vow. A true "Southern Gentleman," "Smitty" was always a familiar figure about the hops with a cheery "hey" and smile for everybody. "Gotta get in condition" was his by-word as he headed for the gym for a strenuous workout. His perseverance and sunny outlook will always be an asset in the great career which he is sure to have. Just continue the good work, "Smitty," and the fleet will have another splendid officer.





Joseph Alfred Southworth

Stilwell, Oklahoma

"Hooray for Oklahoma!" These words of praise were often heard from "South's" side of the room when the "bull session" got around to discussions of relative merits of home states. Whenever we wanted to find Joe, we had to scout all of the dark rooms. If he wasn't there, we had to go around the yard listening for a clicking camera shutter. Joe's other hobby was sailing, as his many trips on board the *Freedom* testify. "South," a good, solid student, had little difficulty with academics, other than a slight brush with the German Department. Whatever ship he hits, "South" will make it a taut, and a merry one.

Leon Ivan Smith III

San Diego, California

"California—the biggest and best in everything." With this for a motto, "Red" ground his way through the Academy. Three times he tilted with the Academic Department, and three times he was victorious. When "Red" wasn't playing battalion lacrosse and football, he was busy with the Reception Committee and extra duty. His numerous affairs with the opposite sex kept them and us guessing. One thing none of us will ever forget is "Red's" Philadelphia Story." If they stop using the Rules of the Road, "Red" will probably make Admiral. When better friends are made, they'll be like Red, one of the best fellows we ever hope to know.

Edwin Knowlson Snyder

Birmingham, Michigan

"Ted" Snyder forsook his happy homeland of Michigan to come to the Naval Academy to tell us about the Wolverine State. Besides his Chamber of Commerce activities, the "Chief" had an unusual knack for collecting nicknames, friends, and woman-troubles. For him the academic week led up to only one thing—the weekend. "Ted" soon found that studies and women do not mix, and, suffice it to say, the fairer sex was not entirely neglected. His first love, however, was baseball, in which he performed ably behind the plate for two years. Ambitious and hard working yet full of high ideals and good sportsmanship—that was the "Chief."

Glenn Morgan Stewart, Jr.

FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

After "No More Rivers," "Stew" will leave us with the same nonchalant joy of living, pride in the hills of West Virginia, and gift for working under pressure that we found in him one blistering plebe summer day on the rifle range. He collided remarkably seldom with the Executive Department, and once on the wrong side of "2.5" was enough. "Small but mighty," "Stew" has done well at boxing and gym. Cheerleading landed him in the hospital on three occasions but with no visible after effects. We wish him, as a deserving shipmate, his ideal duty, a gunboat on the Monongahela, when this world has settled down.

John Robert Strachan

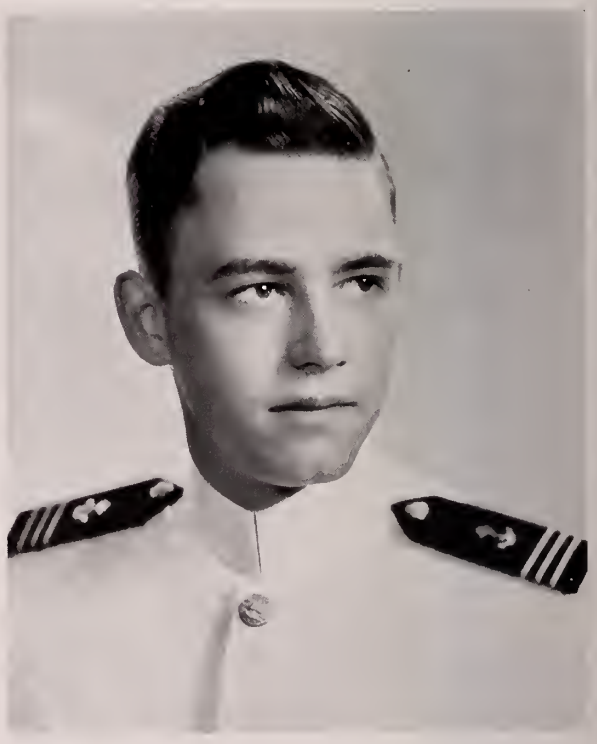
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

This New York Navy junior blew into the U.S.N.A. with one thought, "a North Atlantic 'can' like my ole man." Three things carried him through plebe year—the "Yanks" taking the Series, a dozen letters a week, and two years of Fordham. Speed was John's line, on the track and with the women. After burning up the varsity cinders every Saturday afternoon, he burned up the Dahlgren deck with his "Queens" that night. John's affability made his room a favorite den for all the "bull shooters." Calm and collected, he took things as they came, a trait which will assure him a reputation in our unsettled future.

Louis Herbert Sugg

MISSOULA, MONTANA

"Lou" hails from the wilds of Montana, but after two years in the fleet, he entered the Academy with more salt in his blood than most of us have after three years of studying the lore of King Neptune. A natural sailor, he was "willing and able" when yawl and ketch sailing was proposed. Of course, there were academics, but they never bothered "Lou." He was always pushing the "star men" to their limit. Associate Engraver of the *Lucky Bag* and an all-around organizer, "Lou" has put his monogram high in the esteem of his classmates. When he goes to the fleet, one will see him at his best.



Gene Edward Sullivan

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WISCONSIN

Plebe year slowed Gene down, but when that youngster stripe glistened on his sleeve, the smooth operator got back into high gear. He was noted for his capable navigation on the dance floor as well as in the classroom. Casual observers thought that he was a snake, but it was just his way of being true to his little blue-eyed blonde in Wisconsin. Plebe year he tried battalion sports and youngster year sailed the dinghies of the "peanut fleet." With the same qualities of alertness and shrewd judgment that he displayed at the Naval Academy, he will fulfill the greatest expectations of his future shipmates.

Charles King Sutton

PENNS GROVE, NEW JERSEY

The facts that he came from New Jersey and was one of the last men to enter '44 meant two strikes on him from the start, but he soon started swinging. As a baseball addict who read statistics as he would read a novel, but who couldn't make our varsity teams, he played company sports. Although a representative of the methodical, quiet people who are thorough and somewhat set in their ways, he was industrious and liked a good argument at any time. "Sox," as his friends know him, enjoyed model building, collecting records, and photography. He was a valuable member of the photographic staff of the '44 *Lucky Bag*.

Edward John Taylor

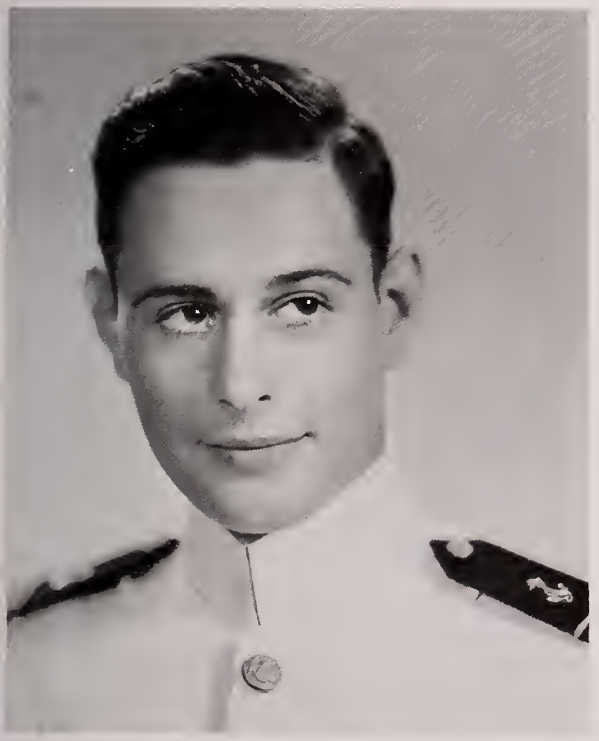
MOUNT LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA

Every time that we had cheese and crackers, Ed would wax nostalgic over those pre-Navy, frat-house days at Carnegie Tech in his own Smoky City. However, he got over those civilian days and took quickly to the Navy. Plebe sailing drills made their mark, and youngster year found Ed sailing the "dinks" with the varsity. Even then he was always ready for a busman's holiday, a recreational sail. He was a permanent fixture at the hops. Always sedate amidst the formality, he never betrayed those evenings spent in Bancroft working up his latest jive routines. If he makes good his life's ambition, the future will see him "skippering" his own destroyer.

James Gordon Tench

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Although born in West Virginia, "Omar" got saltwater in his veins at an early age. He turned his eyes from the hills to the sea and set his course for a naval career. His spare moments were spent in tinkering with steam engines or in following his chief hobby, mineralogy. His two ambitions are to be a fine officer and to be a good husband. "Dago" seemed to be Jim's stumbling block, so let's hope that he will never be stationed "South of the Border." "Mountaineers are always free" is the motto of his state, and with a keen eye to the future, Jim will always fight for freedom.



Arthur James Thompson

METHUEN, MASSACHUSETTS

Duty, liberty, and—sleep; that was "A.J." When better men are made, "Tommy" will be their model. Dark hair, brown eyes, even temper made him the kind of regular fellow that you would pick for a brother. Always ready to help a pal, whether it was math problems or his last clean shirt, "A.J." was "Johnny-on-the-spot." "The Fox" was one of those rare men who, when once underway, never stopped until the task was done—and done well. Girls? Yeah, and how! But there was only one for "A.J." Wherever he goes he will be known for his sincerity, courage, and fidelity. His Massachusetts heritage packs dynamite.

Joe Warren Thornbury

PIKEVILLE, KENTUCKY

"The Pride of Pike County" arrived at the Academy with a big grin and a jug of corn. After Joe entered, he kept the grin! His natural flair for academics gave him plenty of time for reading Camus. When he wasn't sailing, Joe played on the battalion football team. The choir, boat club, and battalion basketball team also received much of his attention. "Dragging" and ketch trips gave "Spike" plenty of action on weekends. Where he went and what he did we can only guess, but he always had a swell story. If Joe doesn't lose his mountain twang, he will be a real Kentucky Admiral

Henry Ehrman Thornhill Jr.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Tim," a real California fan, had an excellent start for his career. Being a Navy junior may lead to complications, but it certainly gave "Tim" all of the benefits and none of the drawbacks. Aside from Barbara, his favorite hobby was photography. The *Log* can testify to his ability, as can the members of the Photography Club. The Executive Department recognized his talent when they gave him stripes. At avoiding extra duty, he was always a master. His brushes with the Academic Departments always ended with "Tim" on top, for which we are grateful. We shall never forget our handsome buddy with his winning smile

Martin Joseph Travers

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"How can you be so ugly when I'm so good looking?" Such words typified this cocky Irishman from the Northwest. Small in stature, Joe had a wealth of nicknames: "Sample Size," "Sturdy," "Pepito," "Leetle Joe." A "doubletalk" expert, quick on fancy repartee, and always ready for a joke, Joe was a personality kid with ability to enliven any conversation. Academics never bothered him, nor he, them. His main love was intercollegiate sailing; his second loves, women and overnight yacht trips. Definite assets were his quick thinking and sound judgment followed by fast action—prime requisites of a good officer. He will meet the test and not be found lacking.

Troy Richard Trim

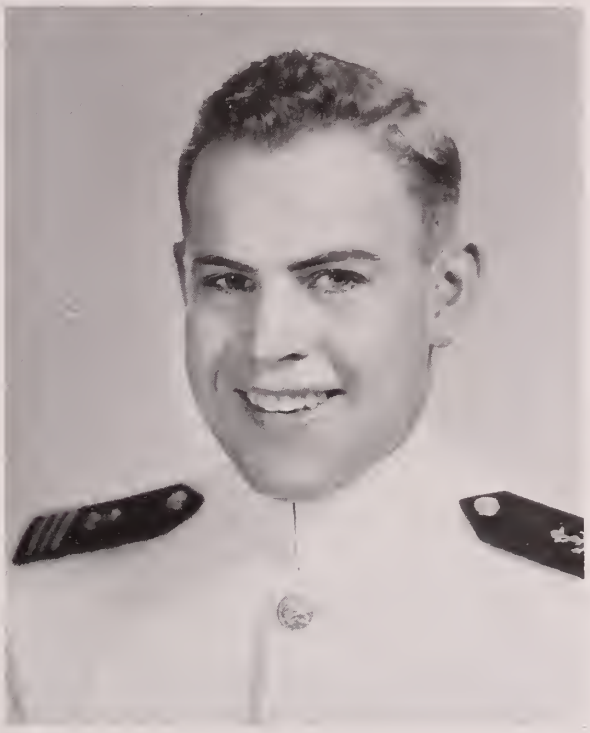
TIPTONVILLE, TENNESSEE

Troy came to us from the state of Tennessee, and no amount of persuasion could destroy his loyalty to it. Being a mild form of mathematical genius, he found the technical subjects here right down his alley. Any class in which "slipsticks" were used was so much to his liking that he "starred" in those subjects. "Bull" and "Dago" bothered him, but he came through unscathed, glad to see them completed. Only slightly interested in the fairer sex, Troy seldom exposed himself to their charms. Indifferent to troubles, Troy had only the sub squad to plague his felicity. Quiet and helpful, a more loyal shipmate will be hard to find.

Walter Adrian Truxler

San Pedro, California

Hefty shoulders, a salty swagger, and a Navy way—all these add up to an old salt sailor. Forsaking the eighth wonder of the world, California, for Annapolis was hard, but with the Academy as a goal, Walt did do it, and the hard way—through the fleet. Devoting his time to football, "dragging," relaxing, and sometimes even studying, kept him happy under the system. He did not "star" in either academics or athletics, but he was serene through them all. Monday mornings always found him with a smile, mostly because of that expected letter from the O.A.O. By these words ye shall know him: "Let's turn in early tonight."



William Harlan Turner

Golden, Colorado

The "hard rock" mines of Colorado sent us a fine specimen in "Golden Boy." A trained "savoir" from Colorado School of Mines, Bill with his smoking "slipstick" soon had stars on his full dress, and he was always helping less fortunate classmates. You had only to ask to see his gold ore samples or pictures of his true love to become a solid friend. Bill found plenty of time for *Cosmo*, bridge, and bunk drill, and, though his heart still yearns for the Rockies, he is looking forward to a great career as a "pig-boat" skipper. Wherever he goes his fine intellect and loyalty will win him many friends.

William Warner Upshaw

Raleigh, North Carolina

A true Southern gentleman from the deep South was "Uppie." We do not know whether it was his drawl or the way he rolled his eyes that so intrigued the "femmes." It took an act of Congress to get him in, but since he was one of these "savvy" individuals, he had no further trouble. His time was well taken up as president of the French Club. By making frequent and intelligent use of the library, he seemed determined to acquire a liberal education. In the fall Bill ran on the battalion cross-country team. Cheerful, courteous and friendly, "Up" will make a fine shipmate.

Allen Adrian Vaughn

Altus, Oklahoma

It was sleep, eat, and study for this handsome Oklahoma lad. The pride of Altus, "Archie" at a tender age decided that the sand, the prairies, and oil should have no part in his life's work; he was sure that the sea was his calling. A fine high school and Notre Dame record won for Allen his coveted Annapolis appointment, but upon arrival at the Navy's cradle, enthusiasm for all about him left this Western lad. For three years now abilities within him have remained latent. Nevertheless, when Allen is once again fired with that same enthusiasm that launched his career in the Navy, let all hands stand from under.

James Elijah Victor, Jr.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Who could ever forget Vic and his corny jokes! One always wondered how he managed to stay above the table as much as he did. Every afternoon, spring, summer and fall, it was gangway from the fourth deck to the dinghy dock as Jim whirled by with his bundle of battens and with his parka flying in a synthetic breeze. Beneath the carefree, happy atmosphere one always found around Vic, there was evident deep sincerity and seriousness, a sincerity that will search out a new host of friends to replace the many he left behind, a seriousness that will carry him to certain and swift success in the years ahead.

Charles Compton Wales

ORANGE, CONNECTICUT

Here's a lad we'll never forget! Always toying with something different, Chuck led the Executive Department a merry chase. If you heard weird noises from the fourth deck, you could bet Chuck was playing his violin; if you got tangled in something in his room, undoubtedly it was a sample of his fancy knot work. He went out for battalion gym, the Boat Club, and the orchestra. Studies didn't worry him, for he was always one jump ahead of the "profs." Having prepped in Crabtown, he knew where to go on liberty, but with youngster leave came love; thereafter he lived in a daze. Chuck was the typical Connecticut Yankee.

Harold Raymond Walker

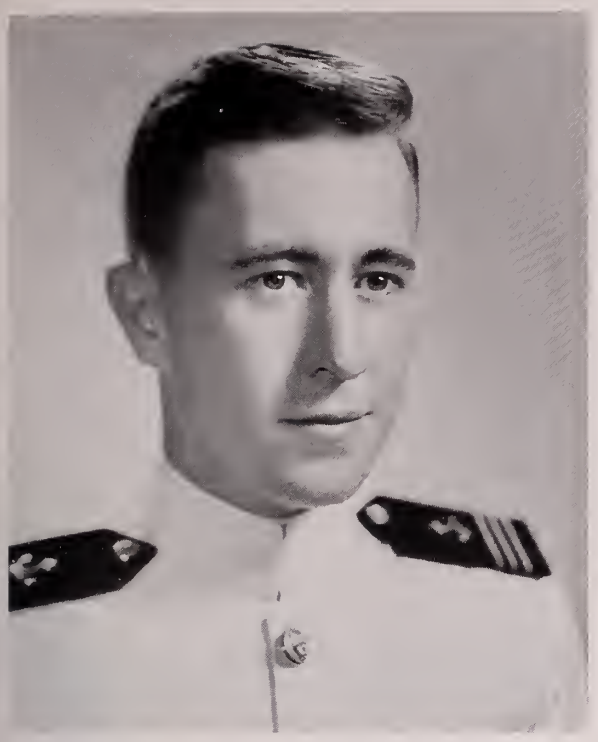
PITTSBURG, KANSAS

"Waldo" was the man who made Rube Goldberg look to his laurels. Numerous gadgets and devices were always springing from his mind. Someday, he will revolutionize something, be it warfare or household tasks. "Waldo" was not a "Red Mike"; he just had a one-blonde heart. Boxing was his art, but he spent most of his time on the mat reviving. He swam like a seal and dove like one. He made the plebe and varsity rifle squads and the Steam "tree" frequently, not to mention the "pap sheet." His claim to fame was that he "starred" in "Juice." "Waldo" has what it takes to succeed.

David Trowbridge Warner

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

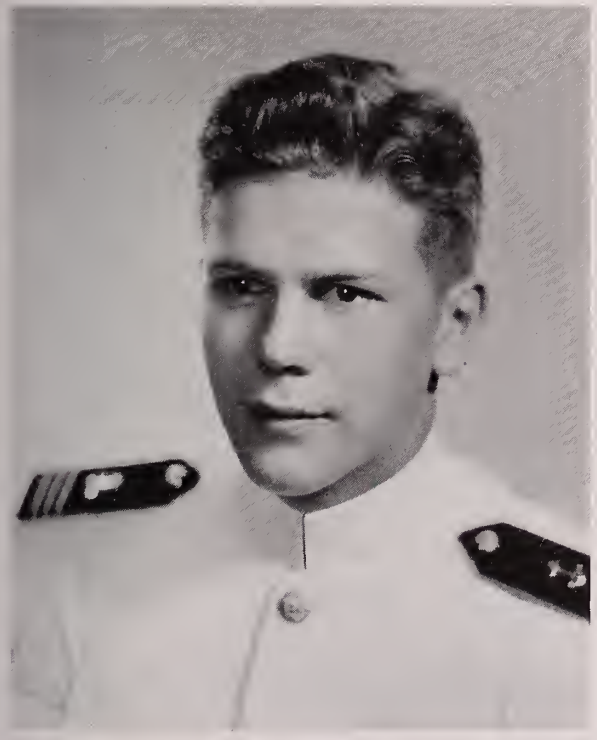
Crazy? No, not exactly, but everyone realized that he gave up a fortune as a comedian to join the Navy. His wit and antics always doubled everyone with laughter. And as for taking women seriously—bah! Dave had a serious side, however, as shown by the swell jobs he did as company representative, *Lucky Bag* Circulation Manager, Class Crest committeeman, and by his "N" in swimming. All of his abilities will find ample outlet in the life of adventure that he wants: to be at sea, to travel, and to hit port. His shipmates can be assured of a great guy who will never let them become bored.



Charles Frederick Wasson

Cambridge, Ohio

Frankfurters, beautiful girls, and arguments were three things that Chuck couldn't resist. He came here to prove that a man's size should be measured by what he does and not by the length of his "trou." He was the sparkplug of the plebe crew, and later was on championship battalion boxing and badminton teams. There was always a thoughtful expression on his face while he smoked his patched-up old pipe. Those frequent reveries were divided between thinking up good turns for his friends, and practical jokes to amuse them. When he joins the fleet, he will completely fill the niche that is waiting for this capable, serious-minded shipmate.



Robert Lee Wilcox

Akron, Ohio

Universally he would be known as a "good man." His popularity and trustworthiness were proved by his election to the position of class treasurer. His athletic ability was easily recognized by that big "N" won against Army in football. A happy combination was broken up when "Woody" left, but "Will" kept plugging away and should have no academic qualms. A wonderful man to have beside you in a pinch, this big, blond boy was always there when the cry of "Ole Willish" rang out. Youngster Christmas brought a calming influence into a turbulent career, but he was still a "man's man." What more could the world want?

Thomas Stanley Westcott

Fillmore, Missouri

"Now those two grand slams I made. . . ." We never heard the last of his ill-starred bridge career. Bridge was minor, though, for he found time for active membership in the Boat Club, for plebe lacrosse, and for battalion wrestling sorties—on his back! His infectious laugh and genial personality made him valuable on the Reception Committee. Stan's mania for magazines didn't always increase his technical knowledge of the Navy; nevertheless, academics were smooth sailing. When not writing letters or thinking about the old days in Missouri, he would entertain us with college tales. Stan's broad beaming smile and witty remarks will always be recalled when we think of him.

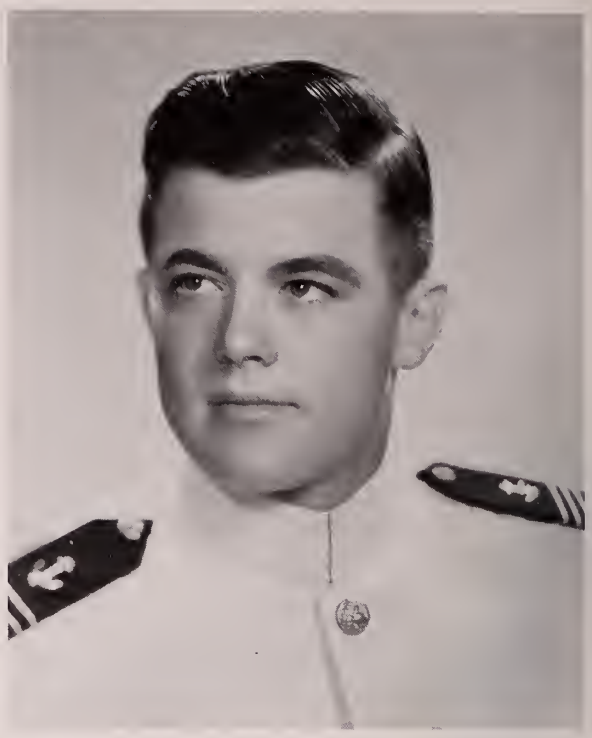
Joe Long Whitley

High Point, North Carolina

A rebel and proud of it, Joe brought with him from North Carolina a keen sense of humor and a negative flair for higher mathematics. "Whit" spent a lot of time on the wrestling mat, the lacrosse field, and in the squash courts. If he wasn't exercising, he was writing letters or joking with us. "You just never can tell about . . ." are his passwords, and he has but three loves: food, sleep, and Betty. Happiness was Joe's specialty, and no one who has known him has failed to catch a little of his love of life. His is the road to success in any adventure.

Rodney Wallace Wilson

West Englewood, New Jersey



It a keen wit and a hearty laugh are criteria of success, "Rod" stood at the head of the class. When not writing to the femmes back home or telling of those good times on the Jersey beaches, he was out for battalion wrestling or company softball. Many weekends he spent on the Chesapeake racing in one of the yawls. To "Rod" the navy came as a complete surprise, but once in the academy he concerned himself chiefly with naval studies. With his zest for life combined with a sound practical mind, he will be a top officer on the bridge and in the wardroom.

James Marcellus Windsor

Annapolis, Maryland

With a background of early years in Annapolis and eighteen months in the fleet, handsome, dark haired "Duke" brought to us a nautical touch. As a pianist, "Duke" was definitely tops. Singing in the Glee Club and choir led to his election as president of the Combined Musical Clubs. In the literary field, Jim made contributions to the *Trident* and *Shipmate* magazines. For afternoon recreation, tennis and bowling were his favorite sports. "Duke's" main weaknesses were beautiful women and swing music, and one was sure to find him at every hop. His thoughtfulness and good nature will make him well-liked by his officers and men alike.

Robert Sims Wright

Arlington, Virginia

Quiet and easy going, Bob was one of the best friends that one could ever desire. He was a hard worker in whatever he undertook. As a battalion crew man he pulled so hard that he broke a perfectly good oar. Remembering what a tough fight he had to put up against the Academic Departments, he was more than ready to lend a helping hand to anyone to keep them "sat" in their studies. Born and raised in the Navy, he naturally came to the Naval Academy. The Navy has been, is, and always will be his first love, and he will go a long way.

Robert Arnould Wulf

Louisville, Kentucky

Better not introduce your "drag" to Bob if you wish to keep her. Athletic looking, but athletically lazy, Bob had a physique that stopped the girls. His silly little grin did the rest. On the business end of the *Log*, Bob never had a money problem. He might have written the *Drags' Handbook*, but he didn't. His little camera always worried us. "Not necessarily," he would say, as we argued and debated (we had a three-man room). "Integrate," was his advice as he helped us. He has more than enough devil to "damn the torpedoes." We will think of him on the midwatch and grin.

Daniel Zwilling

Gaffney, South Carolina

Steadiness was the word that best described "Zeke." In every activity that he entered he applied himself with a thoroughness and diligence that we now know to be characteristic. In wrestling, after two years of hard work, "Zeke" became a varsity man. On the week-ends he was a regular participant in the sailing races. Studies were an uphill fight for him, but his perseverance kept him on the right side of the academic ledger. Dan, as he was known back home, attended nearly all the hops. Reliable always, he is the type of man that we need in the turrets and on the bridges of our ships.

An annoying perversity of the Third Battalion in having an uneven number of men allows us a little space in which to discourse on some of the perennial pet peeves of production. Be it the pleasure of the reader to omit reading these unburdening lines, let him not increase his myopia further on this idle patter; but for him who would know the inside information on how such an annual is built, let him bend a sympathetic ear. Now take, for instance, this section. Wouldn't you know that, after the staff had decided how nice it would be to arrange our Biography Section alphabetically by Battalions, in order that the reader would not wear out our beautiful pages by madly leafing through in search of Junior, the last two Battalions in the regiment would commit the unpardonable sin of having a number indivisible by four! Ah, but such is life.

Consider if you will—and you will if you're this far—the problem of the Citation Section. Out of the hundreds who have so gloriously distinguished themselves, we were forced to pick only three—that three to be representative of the entire roll of heroes. Choosing them was no easy problem, but the staff feels that Bulkeley, O'Hare and McCandless will live longest in the memories of those who survive the conflict, chiefly because of the daring individuality of their deeds.

To delve even deeper, our chosen theme, that of presenting the Academy as a place and a group of places, offered difficulties ever changing as the book took on its final shape. For instance, where would you put the Ring Dance? True, it was held in MacDonough Hall—but swirling gowns and soft music would indeed be out of pace among the scenes of athletic conflicts between brawny behemoths! So, the Ring Dance was relegated to its position in Dahlgren Hall, with the rest of the June Week activities and all of the Hops. Many such problems tortured our tired brains, but to us it was worth the struggle.

In closing this interlude, the editor has an opportunity to do that which all editors, good and bad, should properly do. The staff of this *Lucky Bag* has worked incessantly and tirelessly. To them alone belongs the glory. From the men of the Regiment, they deserve a hearty voice of thanks. From their editor, they deserve, and now receive, both hearty gratitude and a meaningful "Well Done."

We Built a Lucky Bag...

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Barrow, W. P.	2nd Co.
Ireland, T. W.	3rd Co.
Watson, G. W.	4th Co.
Blaine, R. R.	5th Co.

Second Battalion
WRIGHT, H. A. '44

Frank, H. R.	6th Co.
Adams, J. C.	7th Co.
Cassani, V. L.	8th Co.
Harkins, J. A.	9th Co.
Lowery, K. L.	10th Co.

Third Battalion
CORNWALL, E. S. '44

Riley, W. S.	11th Co.
Boyd, P. B.	12th Co.
Campbell, W. C.	13th Co.
Roberts, C. J.	14th Co.
Kelley, E. L.	15th Co.

Fourth Battalion
STUART, J. '44

Quarles, P. A.	16th Co.
Crowder, J. J.	17th Co.
Dixon, W. J.	18th Co.
Standish, J. C.	19th Co.
Walker, C. D.	20th Co.

Fourth Battalion

EXEC. FORM 2
U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

FROM: Commander C. I. Schaff, U.S.N.O.O.W.
TO: COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN.
SUBJECT: REPORT OF DELINQUENCY

NAME	CLASS	REPORT
Hootch, T.M.		Failure to Remove Corridor

Fourth BATTALION
February 30, 1943

INITIALS | STATEMENT
TMH | NO!

EXEC. FORM 4
Room Inspection Slip
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Room 4231
MARCH 13, 1943
date

From: Room Inspector.
To: Midshipman Z. G. Zilch
When inspected at 1849 the general condition of

—SMART, SHIPSHAPE and SEAMANLIKE
—GOOD
—PASSABLE
—UNTIDY and UNSATISFACTORY
✓ DIRTY and UNSATISFACTORY

Specific details checked for your guidance:

✓ Article, unauthorized	✓ No in charge of room
— Articles adrift	✓ Overshoes dirty or ad
— Bed untidy	— Radiator dusty
✓ Blanket stowage, improper	— Radio dusty
— Bookshelf stowage, improper	— Radio playing
✓ Cigarette burning	— Room equipment repair
— improper	— Rug dirty or adrift
	Shoes dirty or adrift

Exec. Form 1

EXEC. FORM 3
DAILY RECITATION RECORD SHEET

FIRST CLASS FOURTH BATTALION DATE MARCH 2, 1943

ABSENTEES	FIRST OR SECOND PERIOD: SECTION MUSTER	FIRST OR SECOND PERIOD: FORM "W"	THIRD OR FOURTH PERIOD: SECTION MUSTER	THIRD OR FOURTH PERIOD: FORM "W"	FIFTH OR SIXTH PERIOD: SECTION MUSTER	FIFTH OR SIXTH PERIOD: FORM "W"	DRILL	REASONS AND REMARKS
J.F. GULCH	A	A					A	WATCH
" PEAK	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	REPORTED DENTAL QUAR

DAILY REPORT OF CONDUCT OF MIDSHIPMEN ATTACHED TO THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Fourth BATTALION

February 30 , 1943

NAME (Alphabetically arranged by class)	CLASS	DELINQUENCY	REPORTING OFFICER	DEMERITS	REMARKS (Statement, extra duty, etc.)
Blow, A.T.	3	Full dress collar open.	Mid'n I.L. O'Leary, 1/c BCOW.		
Dobbs, W.W.	3	Cord, failure to get.	Mid'n Simon Long, 1/c ABOCW		
Diddle, I.P.	3	Gate, unauthorized, us	Mid'n H.J. Sims, 1/c		
Lister, I.N.E.	3	Department rule (No. 2.)	Lt. Max Well, USNR		
Wall, E.D.	3	eering, f (Electrical Engin-	Mid'n J. J. Grace, 1/c MCBC		
Allan, A.B. III		Hei -rule to class.)	Mid'n R.S. Teel, 1/c MCBC		
Collin			Mid'n L.J. Logie, 1/c E		
			Schmidt, 1/c		

Special Order No. 82-543-109
Date of Order. MAY 19, 1943

EXEC. FORM 16
SPECIAL REQUISITION
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

MAY 18, 1943

Room No. 4222
Company No. 18
From: SIGHT, N.O. (Surname to left)
To: Executive Officer, Bancroft Hall.
Via: 18 Company Officer.
Midshipmen's Storekeeper.
The following articles are required for my use:

FIRST Class.

Item	DESCRIPTION	COST* Estimated	COST* Actual
1	READING GLASSES	12.00	
2			
3			
4			
5			

(Upon receipt of orders, notices, etc. requiring action at a future time, officers of the watch and battalion officers make notation thereof on sheet of the proper date.)

EXEC. FORM 12
Future Action Calendar
APRIL 23, (Action Date) 1943

Origin, Date, and number of order or notice	Event Scheduled	Time for Execution	Remarks
4/21/2	TAILOR SHOP PARTY 1115		
4/22/3	RE-EXAMS		NEGAT
4/22/5	MAN-O-WAR TRIP	0800	TOUGH
		1630	

EXEC. FORM 3-A
DAILY MUSTER RECORD SHEET

19 COMPANY 3 PLATOON DATE JANUARY 22, 1943

ABSENTEES	Class	Breakfast	Dinner	Supper	Drill	Chapel	Church Party	REASONS and REMARKS
PR. GATE	1	A	A	A	A			SICK QUARTERS
P. GREEN	1							REPORTED

HOME ADDRESS
Midshipman SNOW (Last name) WADE (First name) R. Class (Initial)
On next line, give name of parent or guardian and indicate whether person has a title. If in Army, Navy or Marine Corps, also give rank and branch of service. SNOW (Last name) COUNT (Title or rank) FATHER (Relationship)
Residence address of parent or guardian: 32456 TORPEDO JUNCTION (House number and name of street) HICKS VILLE (OVER) State OREGON

Exec. Form 36

EXEC. FORM 17
UNIFORM REQUISITION

Room 4011
Co. 16
From: Midshipman DOOR W.T. (Last name) (Initials), Class 44
To: Officer Inspector of Uniforms.
Via: SIXTEENTH Company Officer.
Subject: Uniforms, request for

1. I require the following uniforms.

JANUARY 18 (Date)

(Place number of uniforms required in proper spaces)
1 Blue Service Uniform
Blue Service Trousers
2 Full Dress Uniform
Overcoat
Reefer
White Service Uniform
White Dress Trousers
Mess Jacket

Forwarded: W.T. Door (Signature)
(Company Officer)
Uniforms ordered. (Midshipmen leave blank below line)
(date) 19
REMARKS

Exec. Form 5.
TAPS AND STUDY HOUR INSPECTION REPORT

O Deck FOURTH Battalion MARCH 10, 194

ABSENTEES	Class	Room	STUDY HOUR	TAPS	REASON
C.C. KELLY	1	4018	A	A	INSPECT
H.F. PEABODY	1	4008	A	A	HOSPITAL
C.P.	3	4019	A	A	WATCH

CHURCH PARTY REQUEST
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland

Room No. 4305
Company No. 1
From: Midshipman D.N. WINSLOW
To: The Commandant of Midshipmen.
Subject: Church Party Request.
Via: (a) Article 3104 (c), U. S. Naval Academy Regulations, 1942
I have read and understand reference (a), and request permission to attend Sunday
Church (Sunday School) (Church) services at Holy Roller Church,
(Signature)
I will not submit a request to attend a church in the city of Annapolis of a
on other than that specified on entrance to the Naval Academy unle
companied by a letter from parent or guardian authorising the

EXEC. FORM 15.
MONTHLY REQUISITION
U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
Annapolis, Maryland
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Room No. 4320
Co. No. 19
Midshipman J.P. MORGAN
NO.

ARTICLE	COST	REMARKS
SHOE STRING	02	36"
PR. WHITE WORKS		SIZE 42

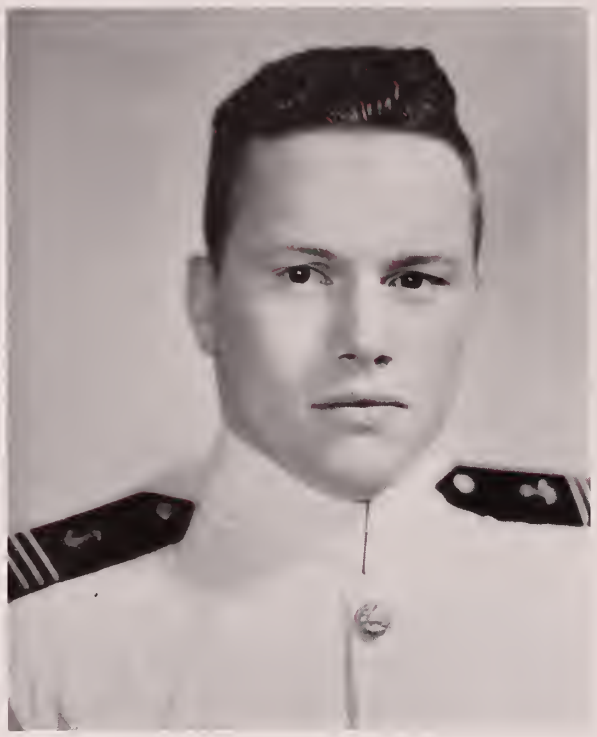
Date FEB 24 1943
1ST Class

FEBRUA
Record of Month
Midshipman J.E.
ARTICLE
SHOE S
WH

Donald Lee Adams

MOUNDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

Personality and a smile were Don's better known distinguishing characteristics, and with them he found little opposition as a first rate" snake." Don found immense pleasure in the fencing loft; his saber flashed expertly with astonishing ease. However, his extra-curricular work did not end in the gym. Many afternoons found him trimming the sheets or manning the halliards of one of the Academy yawls. A fresh breeze and a trim yacht were all that "Duck" needed to sail with the best; he loved that life as any good sailor should. As an officer, he will go far; as a friend, there can be none finer.



Robert Edward Adamson Jr.

FLUSHING, NEW YORK

"El Rojo" was one of the last of us to enter the Academy plebe summer, but he lost no time in distinguishing himself in various ways. Rusty did exceedingly well in academics, having no difficulty standing near the top of the class and at the same time playing varsity soccer and baseball. He always had a ready laugh and looked on the humorous side of everyday life. Rusty's ability to sleep anywhere at any time was surpassed only by his "quantity not quality" singing. Alert, efficient, and ready to see any task thoroughly done, Red was a great asset to the Regiment as its five-striper. The fleet will benefit from his ability to handle men and situations.

Savoir? Yes! Andy seemed to absorb the stuff at bunk drill during study hour. Striper? Three on each sleeve. Lover? Super-deluxe—ask Sue. Athlete? Look at those shoulders! Yes, Andy had a good record and it spelled success in the fleet. But those who knew Andy won't remember him for his record. His easy-going manner, friendly smile, cheerful attitude, and willingness to help others were the characterisitics that stood out when we thought of Fred. His greatest vice was telling about the rolling, fertile plains of Oklahoma. But Oklahoma, we thank you for your grand contribution to the Navy—an officer, a gentleman and a great friend.

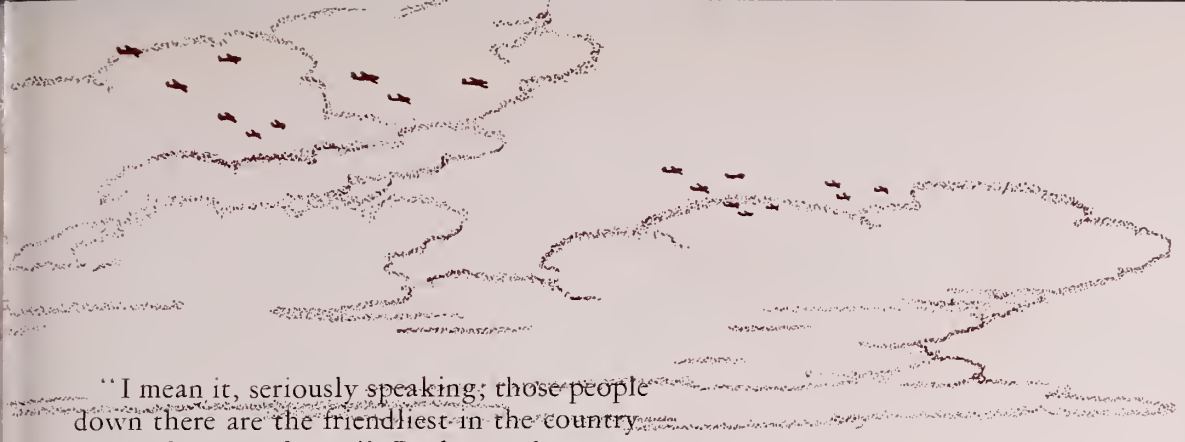
George Fred Anderson

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Kenneth LeRoy Anderson

TOLEDO, IOWA

Blond, six-one, and strong, Andy was as corny as his home state, Iowa. In spite of his not too obnoxious appearance, his influence was wonderful. He kept us out of all sorts of trouble and was always a sucker for our blind dates. Ken's activities were many. He enjoyed all of them to the limit, but excelled at few. He frequented the billiard tables,wrestling loft, and canteen more often than anywhere else, except, perhaps, re-exam rooms. Academics were Le Roy's major obstacle. Although his slipstick was his primary source of exercise, his work came to naught; he never got the right answer.



"I mean it, seriously speaking; those people down there are the friendliest in the country. Come down and see." Paul was better at promotion than New Orleans' Chamber of Commerce. Two years at Tulane University considerably helped the academic end of his Academy life, leaving plenty of time for useful service on the Reception Committee, and as circulation manager of the *Log*. Paul had a faculty for meeting people. He became acquainted with Second Battalion corridor boys, Mississippi river pilots, and Southern belles, always with perfect equanimity. Not afraid to undertake any job regardless of its size, and always "ready for a frolic or a fight," Paul is headed places.

Paul Edward Arbo

New Orleans, Louisiana

Ernest Spaulding Arnold

Springfield, Massachusetts

Intensely proud of his native city and his naval heritage, Bud arrived at the Naval Academy with three years of college experience behind him. Descended from Oliver Hazard Perry, Spaulding had instilled in him a fine naval spirit that, coupled with his serious and methodical manner, should take him a long way in the Service. Soccer, lacrosse and Sunday workouts with the choir provided him with a sense of sportsmanship and fair play that was to be envied. Two stripes gave him a chance to prove himself a capable officer, and his practical abilities made him a competent partner. Here's hoping he finds that O.A.O. for whom he is searching.

Raymond Hurlbut Aull Jr.

Dayton, Ohio

Hurlbut had us believe he was confused by it all, but watch him, boy; that was your drag he just walked away with, and that was your throat he cut in the last class (unless it was a "Dago" session). Bud's classic answer to every French question was "*Oui*" but the Foreign Language Department almost nipped him with a "*Non*." A good man for any game, he sandwiched afternoons on the soccer field between downbeats with the choir. He was a consistent "dragger," and devoted most of his weekends to haunting Porter Road. His keen sense of duty and a pleasant personality will make Ray a popular, successful officer.

Gage Lewis Baker

Pensacola, Florida

Ocean breezes, sailing smacks, warships, tides, ground swells, all were familiar to "Bake" when he entered the Academy. And with this salty background, obtained during his life at Pensacola, Florida, he plunged into the Navy routine. Because of the eternal struggle with academics his athletic participation was restricted to battalion cross-country plebe year. But when the Navy team needed support, the loudest cheers were always from him. His choice of ships was subs. He may, however, have to walk their decks with the assistance of a white cane. Thoughtful, amiable, serious minded, and set on a naval career, "Bake" is destined to make a fine naval officer.

James George Baker

Great Neck, New York

Any of "Bake's" illusions about the Naval Academy were quickly put to flight plebe year when he tangled with the "Dago" Department. From that time on, however, academics were "easy" and he easily managed to stand in the upper nine-hundred of his class. His chief interests were in the fields of naval and aeronautical design, and practical shop work. Almost any afternoon he could be found in the Model Club making the metal lathe hum. Bake had no love for infantry, and to preclude the horrible chance of being a ground sailor, he aimed for Pensacola, a career in naval aviation, and finally, specialization in aeronautical engineering.

Lorenzo Wilson Baldwin, Jr.

Jacksonville, Florida

In the days of his youth, Wilson was the typical amateur yachtsman. Sunburned days spent sailing the Florida shores fostered Baldy's quiet, philosophical attitude. From the land of palms and alligators, he brought an appreciation for the finer things—good music, old pipes, exotic hats! Never excited about academics, Baldy got along more than well, with time enough to relax on his "sack" and read Karl Marx and Thorne Smith. To break the monotony, he sailed dinghies, and added his bit to the spirit and skill of the sailing team. Wilson's gentle manner and sage outlook should blend well with his inherent capability to give the Navy a fine officer.

Frank Oliver Barrett Jr.

El Paso, Texas

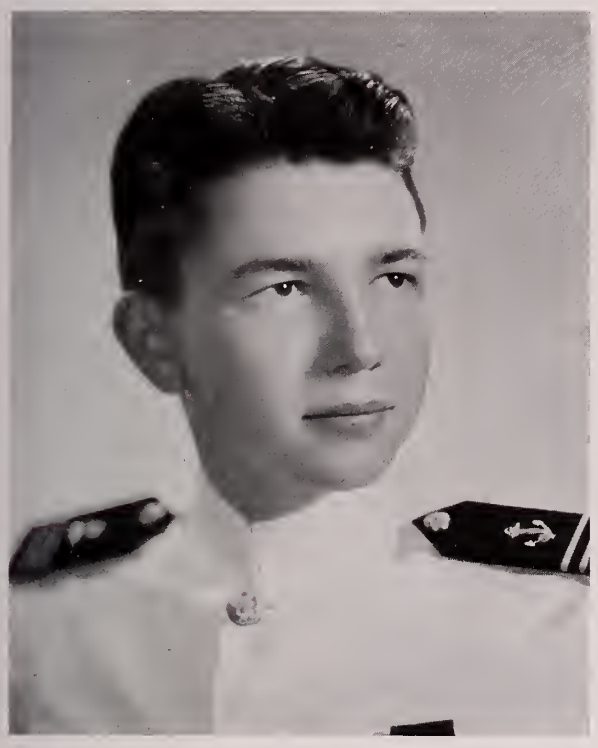
Three years ago Frank traded a stethoscope for a chance on a ship, and the Navy swung a mighty good bargain. Frank didn't waste the charm of his curly black hair, for he never missed a hop or any other opportunity to drag. Living up to a true Texan's reputation, he was a man of action, a fact which the letters and numerals on his bathrobe readily verified. Captain of the rifle team and winner of the coveted "N," Frank contributed more than his share to the success and betterment of the Naval Academy. We can count on him to be an even greater asset to the fleet.

Wesley Otto Baumann

Fallon, Nevada

Wes was big and husky, the kind of weight-man Navy track squads welcomed. He spent many spring hours plebe, youngster, and first class years slinging the platter for Navy. He holds the distinction of having been one of the members of the former Regimental Drum and Bugle Corps. Wes was one of the original "blind" men. He had at least one eye re-exam after every physical. The Academic Departments and Wes were on tolerably peaceful terms; plebe "Skinny" proved the greatest bone of contention between them. Wes' most exclusive distinction was his home state; there were only nine men in the Academy who could call Nevada home.

Bill was never more than one jump ahead of the Steam Department, which kept him from devoting more time to stretching his long legs around the track, improving his pistol shooting, or relaxing in his own inimitable manner. He stood out in his ability to see all the possibilities of any situation, whether it involved outwitting the enemy or some helpless D.O. Willie could be counted on to make the most of opportunities and to apply much common sense. He is intensely ambitious to get along with his fellow men and, most of all, to make his name in the Service. We who know Bill know he will succeed.



William Wholsen Behrens, Jr.

Coronado, California

Louis Eugenio Benitez

Juncos, Puerto Rico

Never too busy to explain that last math "prob" which his less "savvy" wife failed to get, Ben was always willing to extend a very much needed helping-hand. Since academics failed to give him much trouble, he spent most of his time playing baseball, ping-pong, or worrying about his love-life. A very good backstop, of "the good field, no hit" variety, Ben worked off all of his excess poundage behind the plate. His keen wit, thoughtfulness, and well-developed sense of humor made him the ideal shipmate. Hoping to continue to follow in his brother's footsteps, Ben's ambition is to become an outstanding submarine officer.

William Robinson Boose

Parkersburg, West Virginia

Much to the dismay of the plebes, "Boozer" knew his sailing. Almost every afternoon he was in a dinghy; and every night, as Vice-commodore of the Boat Club, he arranged yawl races in his room. It was then that we either fled or resigned ourselves to bilging. How Bill got along without studying was beyond our comprehension. Bill was a snake, too, dragging every weekend. His ambition was to make a world cruise in his own yacht, modeled after the *Freedom*, with a brandy and a brunette at his side and a hand on the wheel. You were a wonderful wife, COMGARSCOW, but do something about that receding hairline!

Elmer Eugene Blackburn

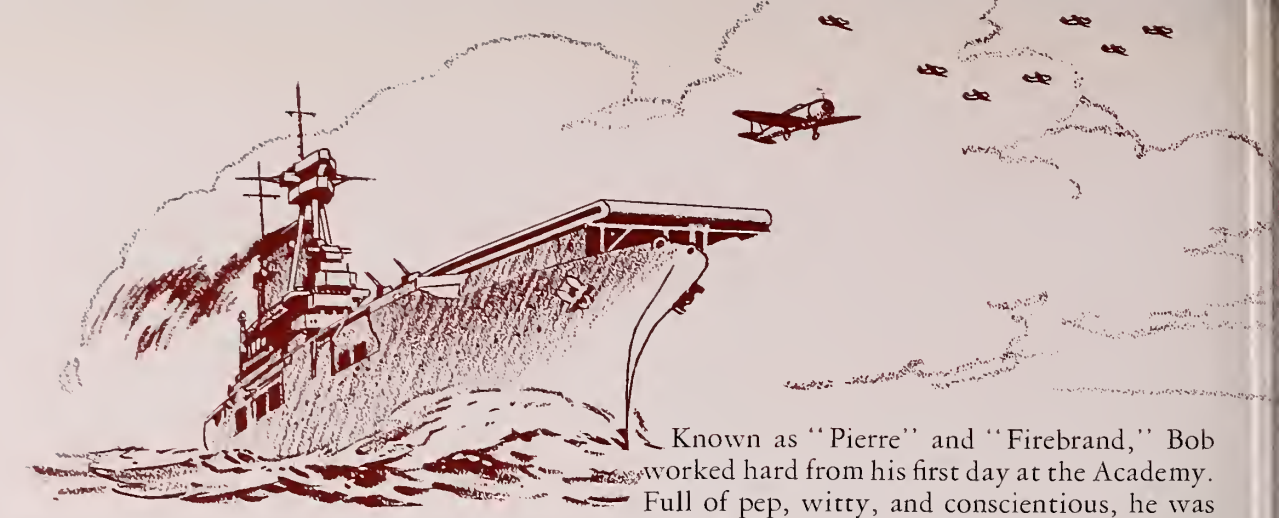
Glendale, California

This curly-headed son of the Golden West was a salt of long standing, having served in the fleet before coming to the Academy. Blackie's wire hair, although somewhat remarkable in its own right, was overshadowed by that lack of stature which gave him the distinction of being the shortest man in the class. "Short Stride" played touch and go with the hard-hearted academic departments from plebe summer on, but he somehow managed to hold the necessary lead. When he wasn't battling the implacable slide rule foe, Gene worked with the press detail and devoted many a ream of crested stationery to his O.A.O.

Joseph Lyon Boyd Jr.

Austin, Texas

Joe wasn't the athletic type, for athletics were too much work. He enjoyed reading which gave him the information that brought pay dirt in a plebe Current History Contest of the Military Order of the United States. A direct descendant of a roaming Army family, he could claim no home state; in fact, he had four different addresses in his three Academy years. He lost no opportunity in gathering an enviable collection of stamps, and was the president of the Stamp Club. The Math Department scored on Joe during his fight for survival, but two re-exams did not keep him from sliding home safe!



Jon Lippitt Boyes

Piedmont, California

A zest for life and its complexities, an excellent sense of humor, and a phobia for California sunshine made Jon the individual that he was after surviving his first great Maryland winter. The swimming team, Press Detail, and *Lucky Bag* vied promptly for his numerous talents. Each activity received the best that Jon had to offer—a good example of his versatility and ambitious nature. Being a Navy junior, "Salty" was always eager to add to his store of naval knowledge. In Jon the fleet acquires one of the best of all sandblowers. The California Chamber of Commerce has now something new to rave about—California's gift to the Navy!

Robert Curtis Brand

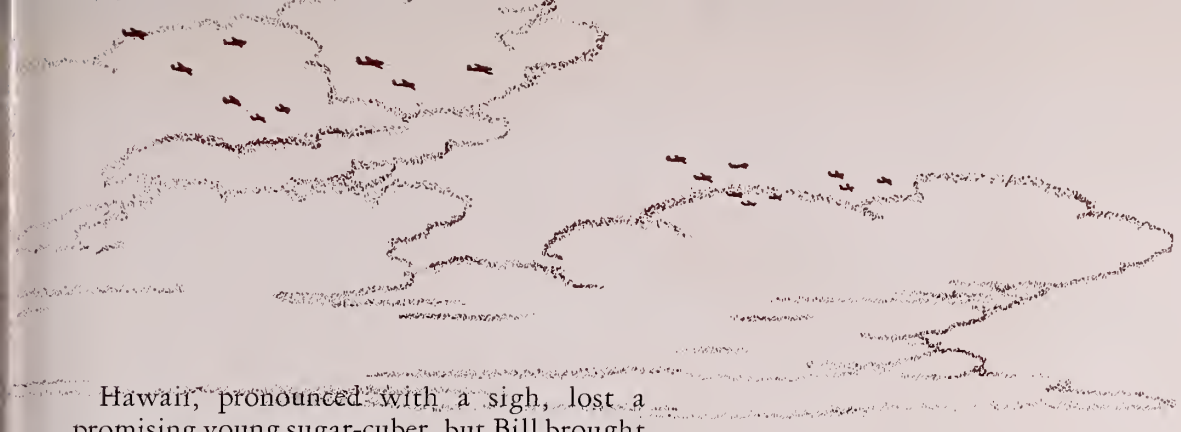
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Known as "Pierre" and "Firebrand," Bob worked hard from his first day at the Academy. Full of pep, witty, and conscientious, he was elected to the Ring Committee and made chairman of the Reception Committee. To keep the muscles bulging, he devoted his extra ten percent and countless afternoons to the gym and tennis teams. An ardent music lover, Bob liked both swing and the classics; he sang with the choir for a short time, but gave it up when the input exceeded the output. With an eye on the submarine service, Bob will prove to be as valuable to the Fleet as he has been to the Regiment.

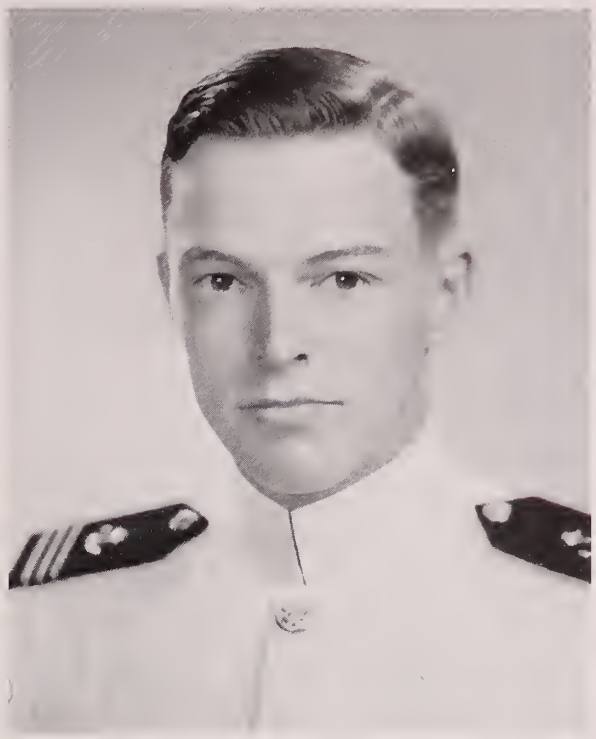
Daniel Philip Brooks

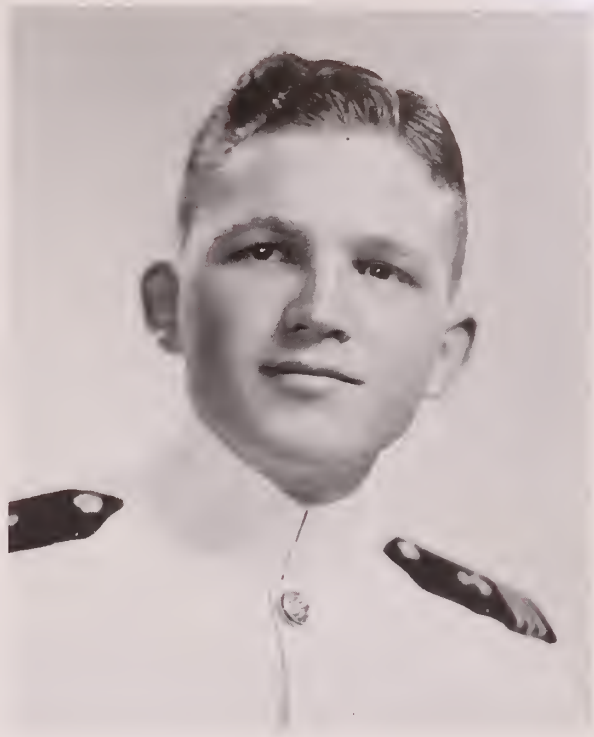
Phoenix, Arizona

"*No me moleste*!" was the oft-repeated, unforgettable phrase of that salty desert rat, Dan Brooks. Although he never sailed before his Academy days, he became one of the *Freedom's* masters. He was also fourth battalion sailing representative, and held ketch and yawl command qualifications. According to Dan, Navy sailing lacked "a Catalina moon, a blonde, and a bottle of rum." Yea, verily, it was so. No "Red Mike," he frequently dragged blonde queens on wintry days when the boats were secured. Above all, that smooth Arizona personality made the "Brooks-er" an amiable classmate, a chap whom it was a pleasure to have aboard. "Good luck on that sub, Danny."



Hawaii, pronounced with a sigh, lost a promising young sugar-cuber, but Bill brought her charms with him. When he wasn't swimming or dragging his O.A.O. from Rochester, Bill engaged in many other activities, as a result of which he earned the esteem of his seniors and the friendship and admiration of classmates. Swimming prowess, gained in the blue Pacific off the sands of Waikiki, earned Bill a berth on the Varsity swimming team and his "N." Bill was all Navy, but it was mostly inherent luck that kept him riding high in conduct. We all hope to be shipmates with Bill when he conns his first ship into "Pearl."

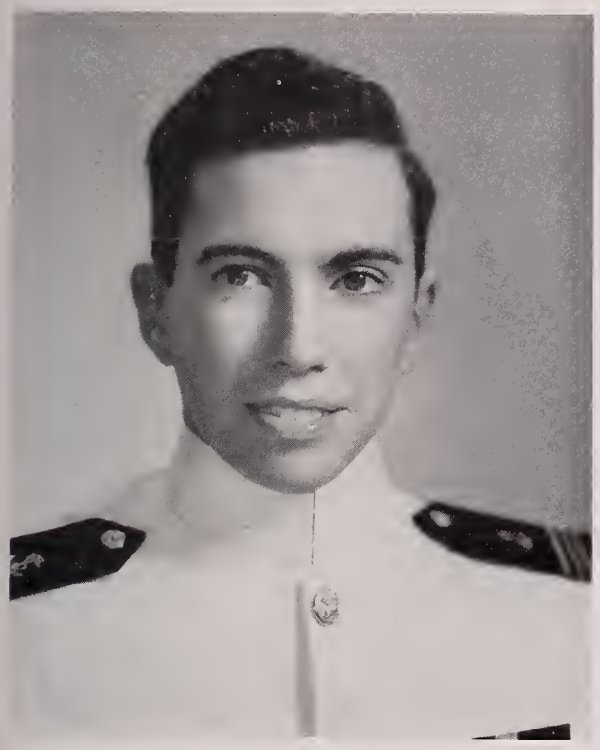




William Robert Bulloch

DERMOTT, ARKANSAS

If you wished to meet a true Southern gentleman of fine and deep character, with kindness and sympathy in his personality, a man capable of doing the difficult tasks and doing them well, you could go to Bill Bulloch. A man who played hard and worked harder, smiled when he succeeded and laughed when he lost, he was a fine roommate and staunch friend. Bill was an interesting and logical conversationalist; his sound thinking prevented him from giving an opinion until it could be thoroughly substantiated. Arkansas gave Hollywood Bob Burns, and the Naval Academy Bill, a one-man Chamber of Commerce.



William Edward Brown

HONOLULU, HAWAII

John Irvin Bryan Jr.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

"We're here to learn, not to struggle for marks in the little red book." This was Jib's tongue-in-the-cheek philosophy that made him stand out from the crowd. His good humor was unfailing; in the classroom his direct and demanding questions, tinted with humor, set back the most autocratic "profs." Out of class, his naive but sage witticisms brightened the gloomiest of days. John's quiet claim to fame was his sailing. A Coast Guard junior and a small boatsman all his life, he could be found most afternoons in a dinghy or yawl. We and the sailing team will remember him for his skill and good sportsmanship.

Harry Wade Burkhart, Jr.

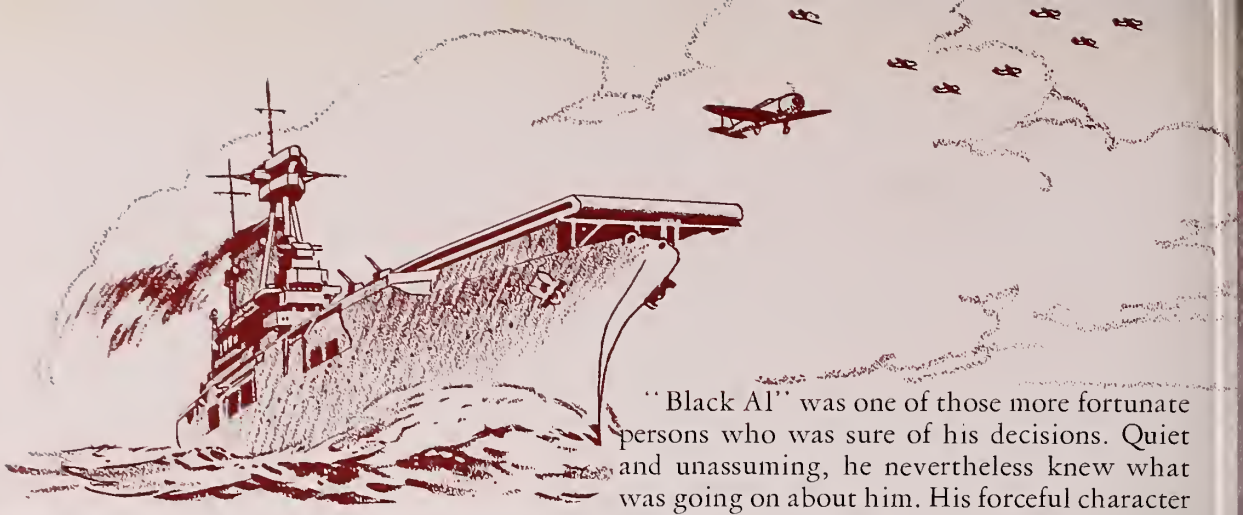
JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

When he came to the Naval Academy, "Punchart" wished to broaden his mind; three years of sitting down at a study desk can broaden one immensely. Wide shoulders prevented him from resembling a Buddha who had not yet attained the ultimate. His interests ran thus: Dotty, cheese, chess, billiards, fencing, writing fiction (forty-three rejects from *True Depressions*), renouncing the pleasures of nicotine he gave up smoking, "Forever!"—every weekend), bothering people during study hours, doing the Commando Course in ten minutes flat (physical position upon completion) and academics. Were one to ask him why he joined the Navy, he might have replied, "I was hungry."

Kirk Lycurgus Burns III

White Bluffs, Washington

"You're A.W.O.L.," thundered a National Guard telegram to "Titian," demanding an immediate appearance three thousand miles away in his native Washington. Possession, however, proved the necessary, if legendary, nine-tenths, and Lycurgus stayed. . . . That he never hit a tree is an indication of that star-winning spirit which revolted at anything short of excellence, whether it was Steam, Juice, bunk drills, or love. We saw him at all the hops, and we'll remember him on the ketch under the misnomer (he claimed), "Horizontal," preparing for a never-missed dragging trip. "Horizontal" or no, Kirk has never given us reason to regret his service choice, nor will that day ever come.

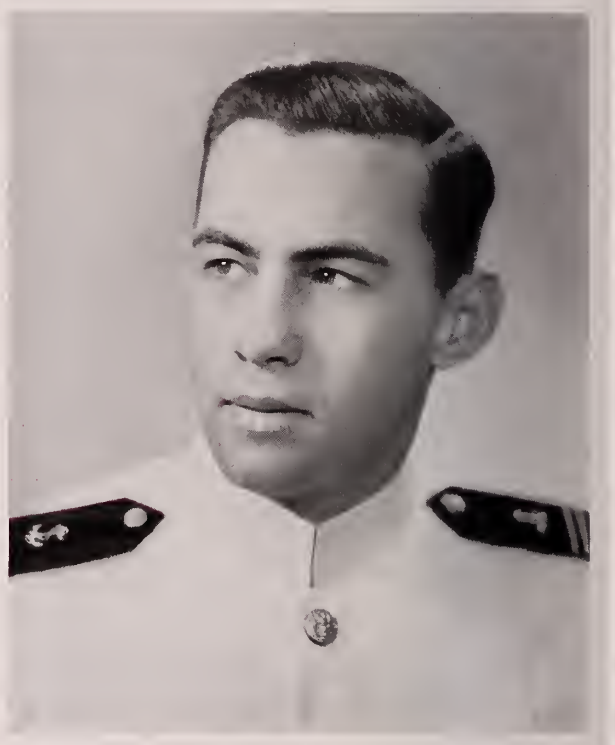


"Black Al" was one of those more fortunate persons who was sure of his decisions. Quiet and unassuming, he nevertheless knew what was going on about him. His forceful character was readily shown by his ability to carry anything he started to a successful conclusion. Captaining the football team, playing varsity basketball, and standing near the top of the class in aptitude and academics were only a few of his accomplishments. Popular among his classmates because he saved his ill will for the gridiron, Al minded his own business and expected the same from others. No one can deny that he has what it takes for future success.

Hugh Denson Butler

Cleveland, Mississippi

"Rhett'll be here in a minute; he's down at the radio room." That was our almost nightly report to the study hour inspector during the winter. Rhett was an energetic fellow with a sense of humor and a happy-go-lucky nature. As vice-president of the radio gang, yawl skipper, battalion crew man, and member of the *Freedom's* racing crew, his leisure was limited; but he always managed some time for his other hobbies of tennis and dragging. Having studied aeronautical engineering at Mississippi State, it was Rhett's ambition to get his "wings." With his abundance of energy and fine personality, he is certain to succeed.



Alan Russel Cameron

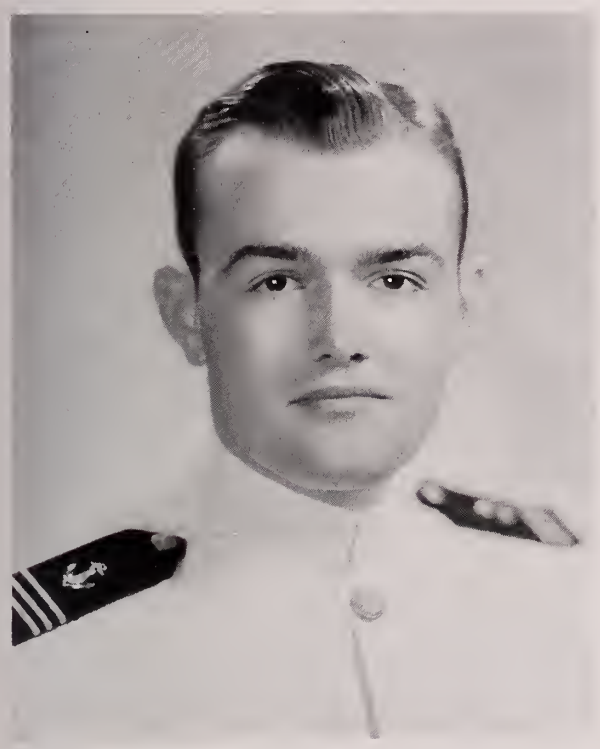
San Gabriel, California

Anthony Thomas Capriotti, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

After two years at the University of Pennsylvania where he studied chemical engineering, poker and western stories, the "Chief" pawned his test tubes and burettes and set out to answer the call of the sea. His fondness for figures, developed in college, led him to the number one spot in mathematics; his room became headquarters for those who needed advice on the subject. His greatest delight was distributing exploding cigarettes and chewing gum; his favorite sport, despite a shoulder injury, was wrestling. Conscientious, intelligent, able to laugh in the gloomiest situation, he is the man you want to have around when there is trouble brewing.

Georgia claimed this true Southern gentleman as a native son. Three years at the Academy didn't lessen Al's drawl any; his slow speech hid a quick wit and a ready retort, and a "bull session" or dragging to hops found him equally at ease. Never worried by the academic departments, Al always had time to devote to many varied activities, including battalion crew and taking care of the football team. All of us have heard about Al's earlier successes in the business world and his achievement in restoring that wavy hair; there is little doubt in anyone's mind that becoming a successful naval officer will be his next accomplishment.



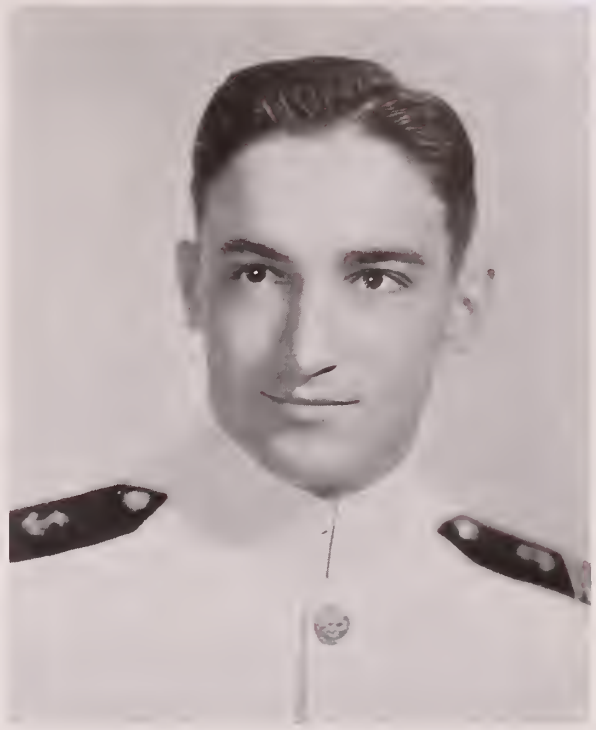
Albert Pinson Carpenter

Atlanta, Georgia

John Ellsworth Carr

Norfolk, Virginia

"Anybody want to get shellacked in table tennis?" If, perchance, you were in Smoke Hall and heard that gruff challenge, it was Jack. Except for "snaking," ping pong was his prime forte. He came to the Naval Academy from a city that's been Navy from "way back." His false air of seriousness, poker face, and dry humor that always seemed to catch one unawares, quickly marked him as a "character" and gained him many friends. He studied diligently, plunged into his sports with fervor, and took pride in dragging a wide variety of girls to hops. His motto is adequately expressed by "a little fellow who wants a big ship."



George Daniel Casey

San Antonio, Texas

In Danny were combined a very friendly personality, natural athletic ability, and an irrepressible sense of humor. Always easy-going and pleasant, Danny was well liked by all who knew him. Though known primarily as a ball player, "Case" left us much by which to remember him. Whether he was pitching, out-fielding, or pinch-hitting, he proved an invaluable unit in Max Bishop's diamond outfit. He was almost equally proficient in football, golf, and tennis. Off the athletic field he could be found faithfully adding to his store of professional knowledge, trying to give ten good reasons why Texas is the best state in the Union, or dragging blind.

James Herbert Chadwick Jr.

Washington, D. C.

Hawaii, California, Washington, Newport—all were on this Navy junior's cruise box, and all were featured in his frequent "study hour" assemblies. Trained in the surfs of the Pacific, Chad churned the water for the battalion swimming team. His "savvy" brain left him ample time to interest classmates with a stamp collection of high quality but questionable value. Extra duty, hops, beautiful drags—they all found themselves in Chad's curriculum. Herbie, too, was among the group of martyrs who contended that the regulation book was, at times, inconvenient. Carefree, happy-go-lucky, sharp-witted, Chad is sure to gain his place in the Service that has always been his life.

Walter Dean Chadwick

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Walt was an inland boy who heeded the call of the deep. Hailing from Johnstown, Chad knew only the disagreeable kind of water that has so often flooded his city. Besides working hard on his conversion to a sailor, Walt swung a mean sax in the NA-10 during his few "off hours." He also lent his mighty right arm to the baseball diamond, the tennis court, and to letters for a certain little lady back home whom he intends to marry. As industrious and considerate a ship mate as anyone could wish to have, Walt is a strong, steady man who should be ideal for his chosen duty, submarines.

Luther Taylor Chesnut III

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

When this kinky-haired, blue-eyed heir of the Chesnut ("No 't', suh!") Clan found himself at the Academy one September morn, as the result of a congressional after thought, Huntsville, the aero profession and fraternity life with brother Pikes at Auburn faded into pleasant dreams. Close quarters soon brought out the rare flavor of Luther's distinctively aromatic puns and Alabama humor. As time passed, his classmates discovered that whether he was in the section room, backing up the battalion football line, or sitting in on a bridge game, "the Third" bowed to nobody. An absorbing interest in the Navy and much natural aptitude should take this proud Southerner a long way.

Lawrence Arthur Corcoran

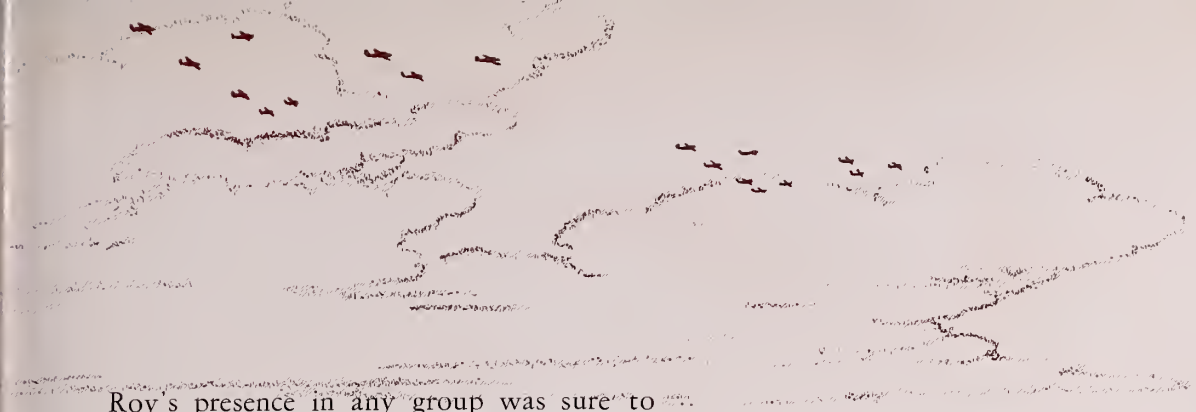
NANGATUCK, CONNECTICUT

An engineer doesn't get much ocean spray in his face; but when Sam entered the Academy, he was as salty as three years duty in the fleet could make anybody. From the beginning, diligence characterized Sam in just about everything he did; studies, athletics, and just plain living. Plebe year generally kept him hoping to keep off the weekly "bushes" but when the arts of the mariner got him interested he improved with experience. Battalion football, gym, golf, and pistol teams filled just about all of Sammy's afternoons. With a genuine interest in the Navy and what makes it run, Sam will be a definite asset to the fleet.

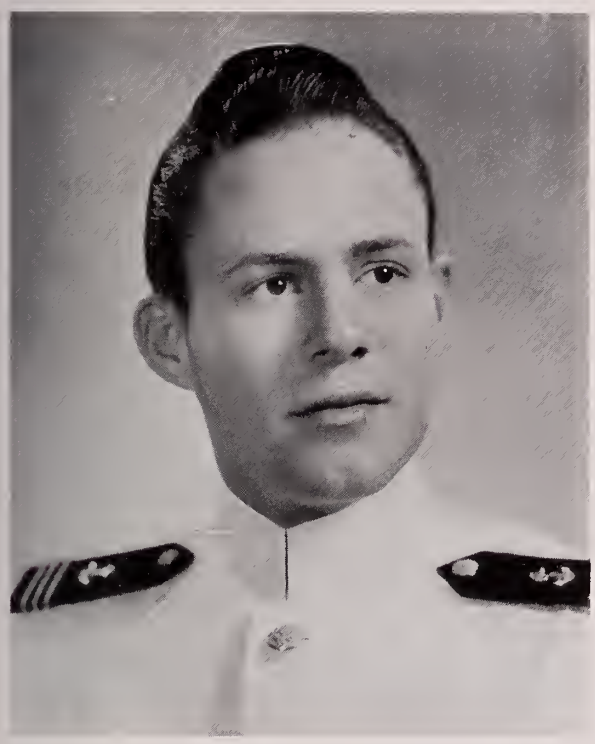
Graham Montrose Clark

WASHINGTON, D. C.

As a gentleman of the old South, Graham left Washington, came to Annapolis set to fulfill his lifelong ambition to become a Naval Officer. In the following years, Doc found time to drag every week and to work hard at company pistol and on the varsity soccer and lacrosse fields. Never having to worry about academics, Graham's problem was keeping his hairline normal, and staying a step ahead of the eye doctor. With the ability to get things done and a strict sense of duty which put him high in the esteem of his classmates, Graham has all the qualities needed for an officer of our Navy.

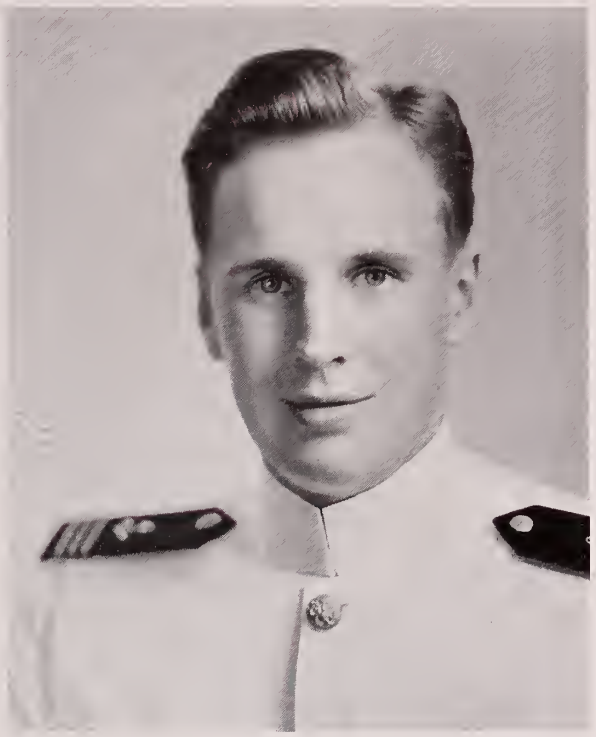


Roy's presence in any group was sure to mean that there would not be a dull moment. Although a Navy junior and Navy all the way, he always had a carefree appearance hiding his seriousness. Plebe year academics, especially mathematics, were tough for him; but he hit his stride youngster year. High marks and good aptitude won him two much-deserved and proudly-worn stripes. "Stretch's" one love in sports was basketball; believe us, he was really good! In athletics, in fact in everything he undertook, Roy worked diligently and deserved much credit for his success. No one will ever forget his warm handclasp and flashing smile.



Roy Briand Cowdrey

Washington, D. C.



Shannon Davenport Cramer

Washington, D. C.

Coming from Washington, Shan lived the "local boy makes good" story for three Academy years. Many were the persons who saw him as a first classman and wondered why that plebe didn't brace up, proving that he was just a boy at heart, with a big broad smile. He didn't let his personality stay in Bancroft Hall either, according to the girls from the Capital. Football was his game; he was at home at either end slot, and kept in trim for the proposal to play him at both ends simultaneously by playing battalion basketball and company softball. With his athletic prowess he combined sound judgment and a winning personality.

"J" "J" Crowder

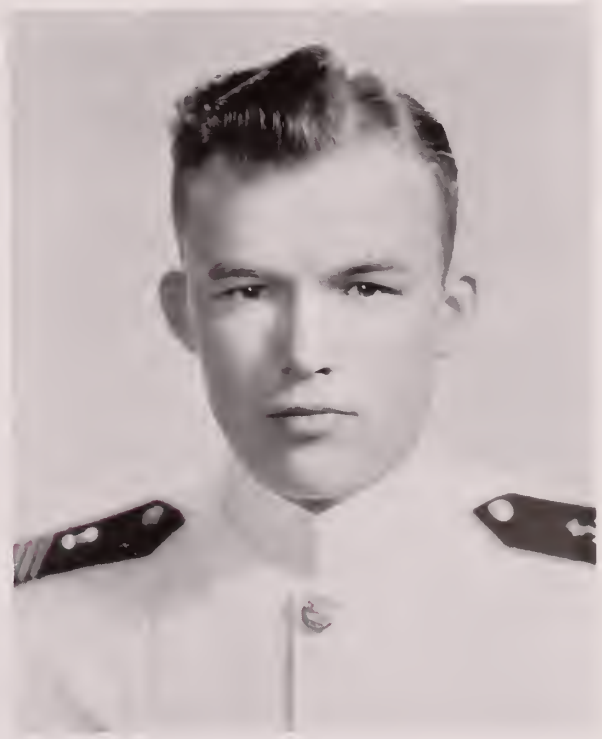
Wadley, Alabama

Jig came North full of ideals and with a will to prove who won the Civil War. With academics, battalion athletics and dragging, his schedule was quite full. With a knowledge of astronomy, finance and the opposite sex, he was an asset to any "bull session;" and his willingness to listen to one's troubles won him many friends. His uncanny ability to draw weekend watches slowed his social activities, but only to a limited extent. Bunk drills and "happy hours" were his delight. Occasionally Jig could be found casting a weather eye aloft on the ketch trips; that same weather eye will mark a fine, efficient officer.

Alfred Russell Croft Jr.

Ogden, Utah

Russ came to the Academy from the mountains of Utah with a great sense of humor, a sincerity of spirit, and an alertness of mind, which made adjustment to Academy life easy. He never exerted himself academically, for he never had to. Instead, he set himself to achieving his main ambition of having a good time always, and he succeeded admirably. His activities included managing and playing on the golf team, "starring" as a mainstay on the chess team, straining over the card table, and dragging when the Executive Department would let him. Those who knew him will remember Russ as a regular fellow and a fine friend.



William Hollis Cruise, Jr.

LUMBERTON, MISSISSIPPI

Although some plebes from Mississippi had heard of Lumberton, none had ever actually seen the place. Willie, nevertheless, always insisted that he spent his leave there; and when confronted with the fact that an air mail letter arrived now and then with a corroborating postmark, we concluded that Lumberton really existed. Willie brought with him love for much exercise, and he could be found almost any afternoon after classes somewhere in the gym. He didn't "star," but he certainly worked as hard as any classmate. His desire to understand a problem thoroughly as well as to follow the correct procedure in solving it fits Bill for any duty.

St. Louis' loss was Navy's gain when Del left the romantic atmosphere of Washington University to enter the Naval Academy. His only regret was his inability to bring "Shirlee" with him; nevertheless, he devoted a portion of each day to acquainting her with his activities. Athletics had a priority on Del's time, as he was a member of the varsity baseball and various battalion squads. Never troubled by academics, he devoted his leisure hours to records and other diversions; however, the 960 miles between Del and St. Louis curtailed his dragging experiences. With Del at the bat the enemy is warned not to throw any soft pitches his way.

Harry Albert Cummings

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

With an obsession for an ice cream factory in South America, Harry managed to keep his mind on the Academy long enough to stay "sat," play golf and baseball, and sleep eighteen out of the day's twenty-four hours. A typical, transplanted Gulfport-Mississippian from Norfolk, Virginia, he made all feel his rough and ready humor and his fierce pride in the South. A definite taste for good food and music marked Harry as a fine liberty partner. Joining the Press Detail plebe year he worked with some of the nation's leading radio men. Our tour of duty with him has been grand. Here's to seeing you in Zamboango!

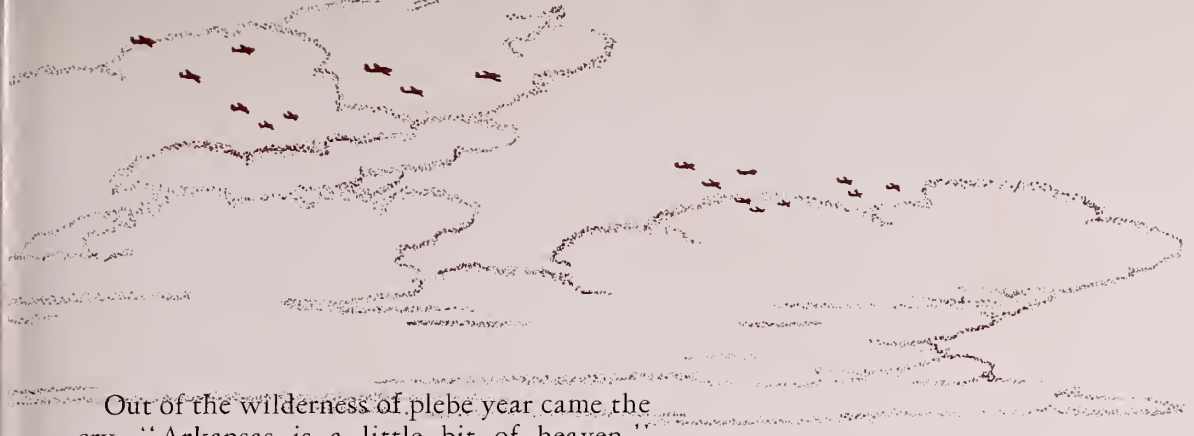
Lawrence Delworth Cummins

WEBSTER GROVES, MISSOURI

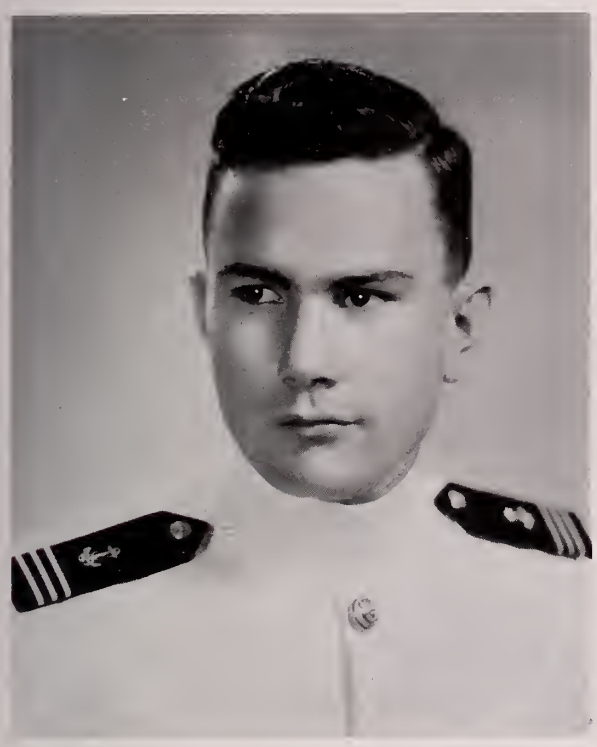
Thomas Pollard Cutler

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

When there was a rabid debate going on, whether it was about the Navy or poetry, Tom could usually be found in the center. Coming from New England with a Harvard background, he was both reserved and sincere. Tom's chief interests at the Academy were crew, squash, and classical literature. If there ever was a "Red Mike," Tom was it; "What care I how fair she be," was a favorite quotation. As a roommate Tom was a never failing source of financial and moral support. His loyalty to the Navy is unwavering; coupled with his eagerness to learn and willingness to work, it should make him a valuable officer.



Out of the wilderness of plebe year came the cry, "Arkansas is a little bit of heaven." Since that occasion we have been watching Howie tread his way through academic pitfalls with the greatest of ease. After the necessary apprenticeship, Howie became football manager and cheerfully assumed the extracurricular activities involved. Eleven men were on the field, but Navy's twelfth man was over on the sidelines "worrying" his team over the goal line. That single broad gold stripe has been beckoning Howie, and now that he wears it his tasks have just begun. But they will always be completed—with a grin and a witticism. That is Howie's manner.



Howard Waskom Dawson

MARKED TREE, ARKANSAS

David De Huff

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

To see why a dashing cavalry expert from New Mexico's plains ever decided upon Annapolis, we have to look to rough, gruff, tough De Huff. Maybe it was the prospect of the "Happy Hour" bridge games, or the lure of struggles to be found on the red and black squares of a checker board. But a better guess, considering Dee's facility for handling "Dago," would be that he aspired to spread the "Good Neighbor" policy southward. A "star" man plebe year, Dee began to "get the word" first class summer and turned to thoughts of lighter things. It looks now as though we have a good destroyer man in David.

Richard Armand DeSantis

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Coming from Queens College, "Dynamite Dick" traded a Utopia for three hard war years of Academy life. A dynamic, likable little Latin from Manhattan, with an inexhaustible supply of sparkling wit, "De" could still work into a volcano of frenzied passion when engaged in his favorite hobby, constructively criticizing—well, criticizing—the Executive Department. Dick had no stars on his full dress collar, but not all the courses were math. In almost any sport, he was a good man to have on your side. And now as he goes out into the war zone, some skipper will indeed be fortunate to have him walk up his gangway.

Walter John Dixon, Jr.

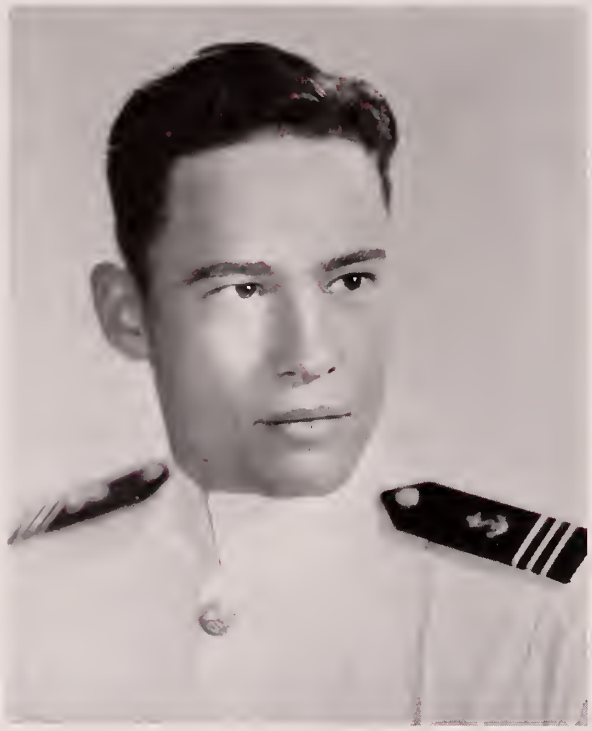
MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA

Walt left his home port of Mitchell, South Dakota, to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather; although trained to be what the "Cap'n" would call a "cigarette pilot," Dix needed more room than the Great Lakes provided for sailing. Youngster year he met THE girl, but between weekends still managed to earn and keep his stars. Although the sub squad kept him submerged for two years, company softball also had its inning. And how this "Spanish athlete" enjoyed reading *Collier's* in his bunk! Not a "greasoir," Walt admitted there was a reason for the system; some day the system will be proud to claim Walt.

William Eugene Donnelly, Jr.

DAYTON, OHIO

Uncle Sam's Navy school left only a minor mark on William; his heart stayed in Ohio. The lucky possessor of an O.A.O., his faithfulness deterred him from dragging. Bill intended to trade his two wives for a real one soon after graduation. A year's background at Ohio's Miami University, plus a keen, cool mind, facilitated his studying; and he actually jumped many numbers during a rugged youngster year. First class year saw Bill's afternoons spent in frequent sessions of bridge and golf which succeeded previous efforts at varsity and battalion track. Hoping someday to be a man with wings, William will probably get really enthusiastic when the orders read, "Pensacola."

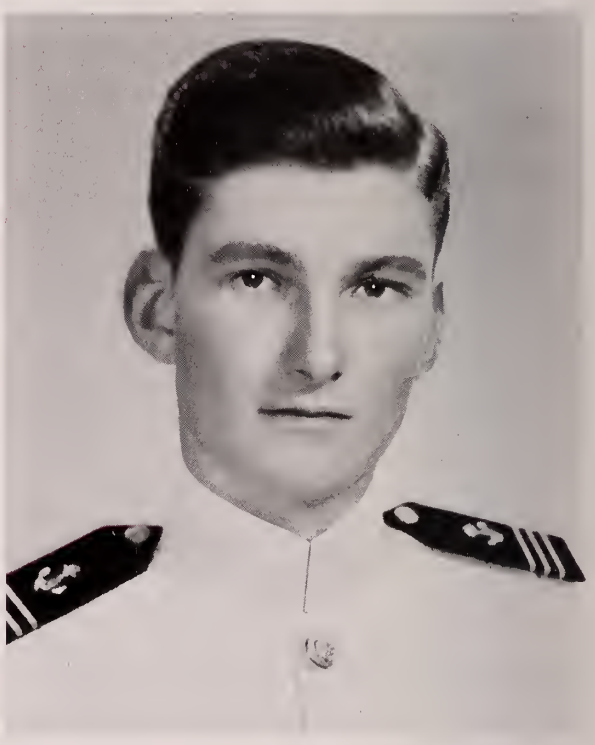


Allan Edward Douglas, Jr.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Say he was a swell fellow, and you have in a few words a good picture of Doug. Like most Californians, he swung a mean tennis racket, but the Skinny Department forced him to lay it aside during plebe year; even so, he managed to stand in the upper half of the class. One who knew him at the Academy might easily conclude that women never bothered him at all, but then there was more than one good reason for that long trek home at Christmas time. Doug's keen powers of observation and strict attention to duty made his choice of the Navy a wise one.

"Holy smokes! has formation busted?" wailed John as he began dressing: but somehow he always managed to beat the late bell. Classmates could always arouse this Bostonian's ire when it came to football and baseball, for he liked to argue and knew and loved these sports; every spring afternoon he spent on the diamond. On rainy days Johnny played bridge, for his two years at Tufts College made studies easy. Weekends were always spent dragging or in the center of a stormy "bull session." This salty sailor always wanted to be a naval officer, and our guess is that he will make a fine one.



John Francis Driscoll

SCITUATE, MASSACHUSETTS

Kenneth Bernard Duke, Jr.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND

" 'Tis I, the Duke." What could be a better introduction for this good-natured and easy-going native of southern Maryland? From plebe year on, Ken was known for his ready wit and his unique ability to see the humor in any situation. In the course of the three years he had many opportunities to use this latter ability, for it was a long, uphill fight with the "Steam" Department. In between re-exams he sang in the Glee Club, worked on the *Trident* magazine, and played battalion sports. Ken has two outstanding characteristics, sincerity and determination, which should aid him in becoming a capable officer.

A quiet ex-sailor from the Golden State, Jolly was never prone to get excited; he'd rather read an *Astounding* than see a football game. Having always given a helping hand to others, especially in languages and signalling, "J.V." will be best remembered for the two dominating factors in his life here: his O.A.O. and "Dago." President of the Spanish Club, he devoted a lot of time to acquiring new languages, or to learning more about those he'd already absorbed. Studies came easily to Jolly. He was an ardent music lover, Strauss waltzes being his favorites. After nine years of courtship, he planned to marry his O.A.O. upon graduation.

Jolly Vancook Dwyer, Jr.

San Francisco, California

Russell Samuel Eaton, Jr.

Alton, Illinois

After a taste of Army routine, Russ left the banks of the Mississippi for those of the Severn. Taking plebe year in stride, he received the coveted diagonal stripe after that century of "taking it." Academics were never difficult for Skeet in spite of his pessimistic attitude. Battalion swimming and tennis claimed many of the Alton flash's afternoons, and those not otherwise occupied were devoted to his first loves, billiards and jive. An affable manner and a ready smile won friends easily for Skeet; these traits coupled with a debonair attitude caused many a feminine heart to flutter. Dependable and thorough, Skeeter is a top-notcher.

Henry Arthur Eimstead

Portland, Oregon

"Hank" was versatile, loquacious, and loved an argument. Pro or con, it was all the same to him. Endowed with a brilliant mind, he starred easily plebe year. The full, white sails of the Academy yachts coupled with his regard for a certain gal in Philly, however, soon lured him from his books. He was always willing to help his classmates over the rough spots. He wanted to fly, sail, and climb mountains. And, knowing him as we do, there's going to be a lot of flying, sailing and climbing done. Pensacola holds for him an irresistible attraction; we pity any "Zero's" that ever cross his sights.

George Warren Elliott

Clarksburgh, West Virginia

"Time is precious and must be used to the best advantage." With this maxim, George eagerly hastened to his room at the sound of each study hour bell, broke out his books, sharpened his pencils, and then with skill conscientiously cultivated by years of practice, climbed deftly into his bunk. Before long his fame as the "horizontal kid" had spread far and wide, and his mysterious formula for 2.5 soon became the talk of the Academy. Quiet, and ever capable of putting out extra horsepower when the going gets tough, George can steer a safe course through any situation in athletics, in academics, or in life itself.

Charles Stuart Ely, Jr.

Fairmont, West Virginia

"Now there's something really nice!" said Mike, as he spotted another drag entering the Rotunda. That was one of his favorite pastimes during the week; on Saturdays, though, he changed from observer to pilot. This "sandblower" responded to the call of the Boat Club and spent many week ends on ketch trips. His free hours were devoted to either the latest magazine or letter-writing, when he didn't have more important affairs in town. He could talk for hours about past leaves or plans for future ones. Mike has his serious side, too; he loves the Navy with an ardor that will carry him through where others would fail.

Richard Dewey Faubion

Denver, Colorado

The call of the sea reached all the way to Denver to take Dick for two years of duty with the fleet before he entered the Naval Academy. Academics treated "Sunbeam" well, so that he found time to spend his afternoons in the fencing loft, in a sailboat, or on the track. Dick spent many evenings beating on his bass fiddle or engaged in a "Dago" session with other members of the Spanish Club. Academics, fencing, extra curricular activities, and dragging, Dick took on an even keel. This composure, combined with his winning personality and determination to make good, will send Dick to great heights in the Navy.

Albert Tenney Ford

St. Petersburg, Florida

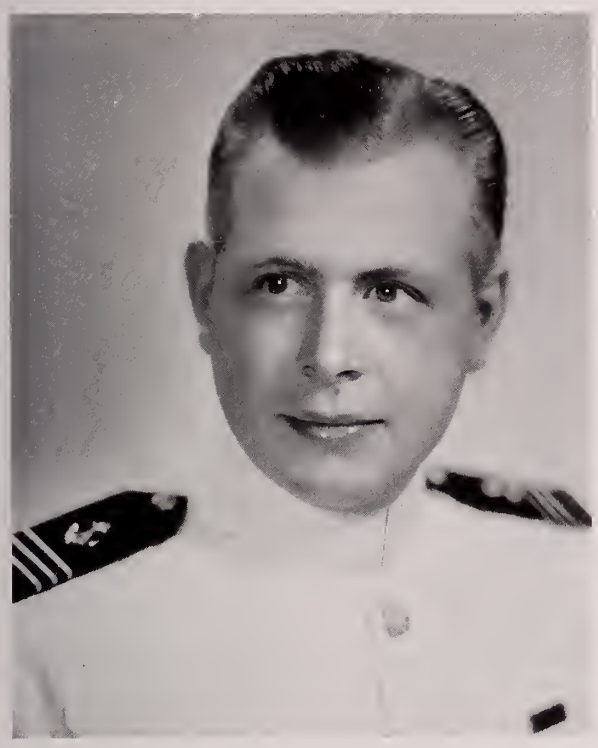
Coming from "St. Pete," via Florida Military Academy and Bullis Prep, Tenney found his berth on the Navy roster. After living in Salem, Massachusetts, he adopted Florida for his home in 1925. As a varsity swimmer and an academic "savoir," he proved himself a pillar of competence and an asset to '44. Only by a crooked hairline on the "slipstick" did he miss starring youngster year. Photography and tennis claimed most of his leisure time. We feel certain that his sound background and thorough preparation, coupled with his natural ability and initiative, will lead him to a successful career in his chosen line of cruiser duty.

Willard B. Fouts

Lewistown, Illinois

From Illinois's Spoon River country came a rip-roaring, high shooting sandblower, whom we rightly hailed as "Hap." Full of fun, and mighty like a stick of dynamite, Bill could throw the ball better than many. When he burned his B.T.U.'s on the basketball court, in the pool, or on the diamond, we saw a capable athlete. Also a born juggler of numbers, Hap could see an answer before most of us got the question, which ability tagged him for great things. At sea when Foutsie shows the same enthusiasm over the Fleet that he exhibited on every weekend of dragging, stand by to see some real action.

"Oh, I'm faint," groaned Chuck as he fell into his bunk, filled the sagging mattress, and with a contented grin, became lost in *Cosmo*. When he wasn't horizontal, eating twice his share, or losing faith in his erratic slide-rule, you could find him in the center of some jovial gathering. Chuck made us laugh, whether it was with stories, amateur magic, antics, or his personality. His determination and devotion to duty were evidenced by tasks well done, and the stripes on his sleeve. His dragging was confined to the O.A.O. back home. "Baldy" graduated from the fourth platoon and the Academy to become a shipmate to be proud of.



Charles Vere Gardiner

Birmingham, Michigan

Wilbur Francis Gasner

Brooklyn, New York

Steeped in Cornell's historic traditions of babbling brooks and beautiful women, Bill left a brand of romance in violent contrast to the main boom which slugged him in the neck, plebe summer. Although he constantly suffered from "demeritits," an active mind and what we shall call, because of censorship, his raconteur's gift, enabled him to stand near the top of our class. To keep in trim, Bill boxed during the winter, played baseball in the spring, and unsuccessfully tried to steal his roommate's fiancee the year 'round. With his natural capabilities Bill should be able to compute a darned fine metacenter on any ship, but he'd prefer PT's or submarines.

Robert Emmett Gibbons

Cleveland, Ohio

We weren't certain whether Gib was from the soybean fields of Ohio or from some celebrated foundation of higher learning. Many were the times when his gift for loquacious elucidation, coupled with a shy smile and a winsome chuckle completely befuddled an unwary ordnance "prof." An outdoor man, Bob found his greatest pleasure in sailing, which was unfortunate for the fair sex, since weekends could not contain both; boxing and softball were Bob's land activities. Although he considered himself easy-going, Gib never seemed to find a spare moment. Seriousness of purpose, and the admiration and esteem of his classmates, afford Bob an excellent beginning in his chosen profession.

Richard Homer Gibson

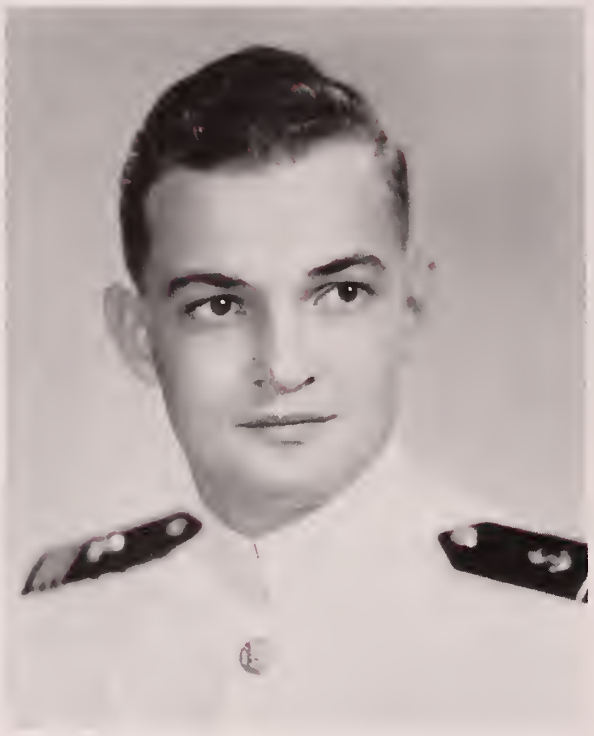
Kansas City, Missouri

When one heard the strains of "The Cruising Boys of Subdiv. Nine" one was sure that Homer was around, for submarines were his goal. His ideas were highly individualistic as the Executive Department soon found out, but this did not faze easy-going Homer. Missouri was his home, but home soon became anywhere Naval ships went. Defending to the utmost his honor as captain of the "radiator squad," he shared in our best "bull" sessions." Hoot's lack of buoyancy, which placed him on the sub squad for three years, made him an excellent candidate for submarines. Rig the starboard gangway and splice the main brace; Homer is coming aboard!

Robert Converse Gilchriest

Cooperstown, New York

Cooperstown, the birthplace of baseball, also gave us "Gil." His perpetual good humor and smile won "Dimples" many friends, and his fighting perseverance kept him from being overcome by that elusive vapor, "steam," or from getting worried by a few "trees" and "bushes." The Choir and rifle range shared Gil's talents and he could also be found on many afternoons in the gym keeping in trim. His ambition is to carry on the Bulkeley tradition in his own P.T. Gil brought with him a sincere interest in the Navy, acquired in the Naval Reserve, which will stand him in good stead all his days in the fleet.

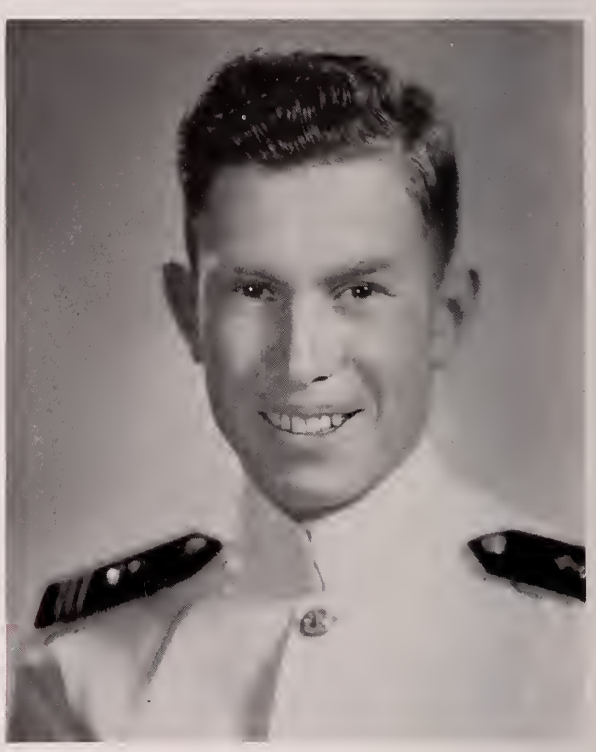


Gene Goudie

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

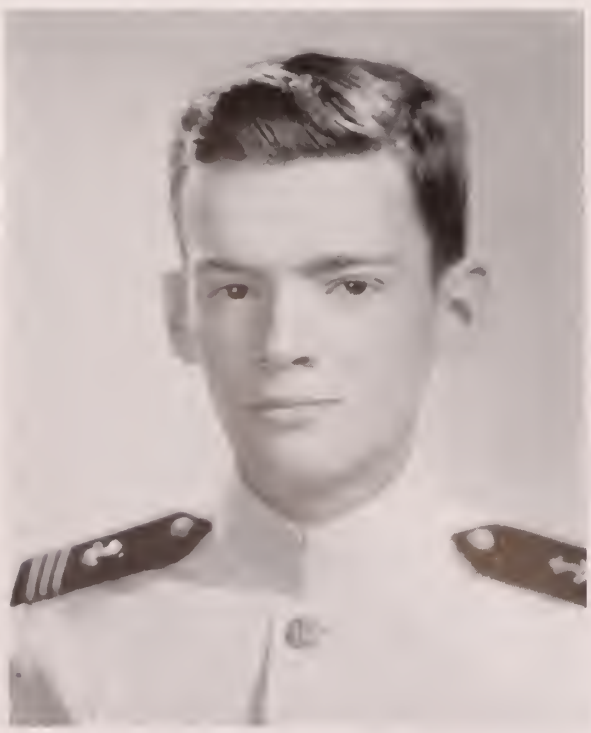
Pennies laid at the feet of a plaster Tecumseh paid for Gene's $100 haircut, and since then he took our pennies, too. He was a fine comrade; it was mighty good to have someone around with "N's", stripes, and chow! We might have added stars to that list, but Gene's bunk held too strong a horizontal appeal; nevertheless, he fooled most of the instructors with his "intelligent silence." For three years Gene incessantly looked forward to graduation day. His first chapter is completed now, but the rest of the book will be written well . . . you can't stop a fellow who knows men and the Navy as Gene does!

"Don't you think we should?"—and another idea for the betterment of life at the Academy sprang from Jim's fount of ideas. Jimmie drifted through plebe year playing football and sailing over the bar for the track team. Youngster year he gave up track to concentrate on football. First class year Jim had a chance to carry through some of his ideas, and most of them were good. He was always available for any job and could be counted on to do it well. Jim was true Navy, but his feelings were often covered by a joviality that made it a pleasure and an honor to know him.



James Adrian Grant

Denver, Colorado

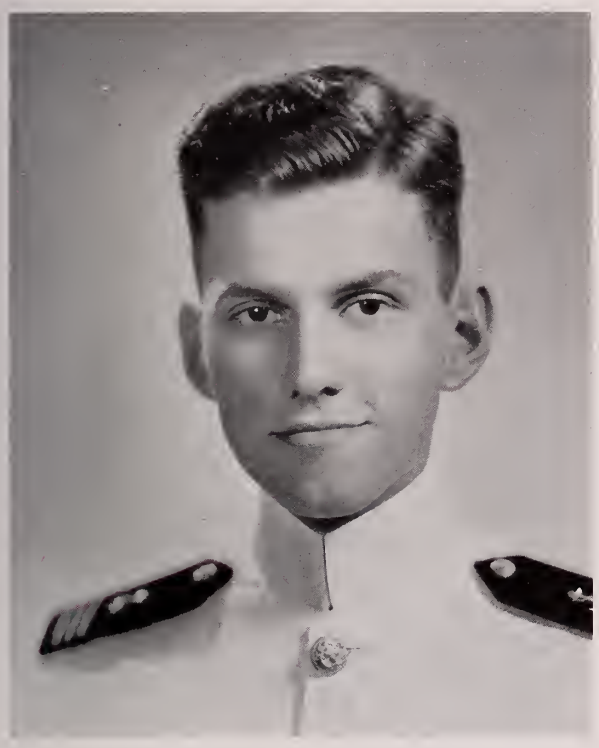


William Wallace Grant Jr.

Oakland, Maryland

Bill hailed from the hills of Maryland where, according to him, there are still "Martins and McCoy's." He was coxswain of the Second Battalion crew, and delved into the mysteries of wrestling. Though in the one-twenty-one class he nevertheless had plenty of fight and endurance. He was an admitted "Red Mike," but we suspect his heart belonged to a certain gal back home. Summer of '42 provided his greatest thrill when he was promoted from fourth squad, fourth platoon to third squad, fourth platoon. He lived Navy and breathed Navy, and was always willing to help anyone. Be it destroyer, cruiser, or battlewagon, Bill will be at home.

"Burley" was one of those farmers who almost "missed the boat"; he wanted to go to West Point. But he seemed to adapt himself rather well, even though he was on the losing side of our little game of "cops and robbers" several times. Diligence and perseverance were two of Hal's outstanding qualities, enabling him to master both academics and the horizontal bar. Hal was one of the few who kept himself in excellent condition the whole year. "Burley's" sense of humor and French often snapped us out of our doldrums, especially his imitations of Tex Beneke's nasalities and his discussions of various *pommes tristes* and *pierres chaudes*.



Harold John Grimes

Catawissa, Pennsylvania

Boyd Edgar Gustafson

Minneapolis, Minnesota

If you wanted your bet against Minnesota covered, Gus was your man. Rather a versatile fellow, he managed to place himself among the "savoirs" as well as the athletes. No season went by without his participating in some sport. Sailing, too, occupied much of the little leisure that the Academy afforded. Gus' mental standbys were bridge and chess, while his favorite indoor sport appeared to be adding to the enviable collection of pictures which graced his locker door. Endowed with all the inherent qualities of a fine naval officer, plus the knack of getting along with people, Gus will undoubtedly be a boon to the underseas fleet he is entering.

Charles Hilary Hayden

Chevy Chase, Maryland

"Hey, fellows, it's blue jersies!" So started Hill's career in the Navy, and after that came a steady succession of antics that kept us all roaring. Softball and basketball were his contributions to sports; hours of extra duty were donated to the Executive Department; and a perfect record in "Steam" to the Academic Board. He managed to keep his head above water although swimming was never his strong point. After a slow start in dragging, he improved so rapidly that we soon wondered where he found those beautiful girls. Charlie's ready smile and good nature have carried him far; it is, though, only the beginning.

William Robert Hamaker

Detroit, Michigan

Bill came to the Academy from yankee country. At Highland Park Junior College he gained his pre-naval knowledge, making plebe year academics simple for him. Ham had the distinction of being the last man to enter our class, two days before academic year began. He was always susceptible to the girls, especially while a first classman. Battalion football and basketball kept his muscles limbered and tough. Having a great love for the sea, he spent many weekends out on the Chesapeake. His spare time was whiled away in the well-known horizontal position; but within him lay the desire to wear those wings of the air corps.

John Jacob Heimark

FAIRMONT, MINNESOTA

"I'm little, but I'm rugged!" was the favorite expression of Navy's 128 pound wrestler. He was a native of Minnesota and mighty proud of it, only one state in the Union counted as far as he was concerned. Although not "nonreg," he was characterized by the words, "Do you think I can get away with it?" Jack put his whole heart into everything he did. When he studied, he really worked, and when he played, he got plenty of enjoyment. That was probably the ambition of most of us, but we couldn't seem to coordinate our work and play with the same results that came to Jack.

Walter Albert Helm, Jr.

CONCORDIA, KANSAS

"Hey! Mr. Blatz! I'm from Kansas, too. Will you spoon on me, sir?" "Knock off running me! My being the next shortest man in the Regiment doesn't make me easy." "What do you mean, 'next shortest,' sir?" Such table-talk between Blatz and some upperclass-prompted plebe was a daily occurrence. Despite hours spent in slumber, he starred his second plebe year. Humor and joviality won Timon hosts of friends in all classes yet, excepting the Ring Dance, he was a confirmed "Red Mike" who preferred reading military and naval histories and writing to a lovely nurse back home to the ordeal of dragging. "Good luck on that minesweeper."

Although his brother is an Army officer, "Jig, Jig" got the word when he came to the Naval Academy. A whiz at steam and ordnance, this Wisconsin Badger had a tussle with the Math Department, but he came through on top. Although he boasted no girls' pictures on his locker, Jack was no "Red Mike." He could be found nearly every Saturday night in Dahlgren Hall with a queen. His interests during recreation period centered in making ship models, but bunk drill was a prominent second. A characteristic shot of him was his popping into our rooms at odd times with a cheerful, "Hello, men."

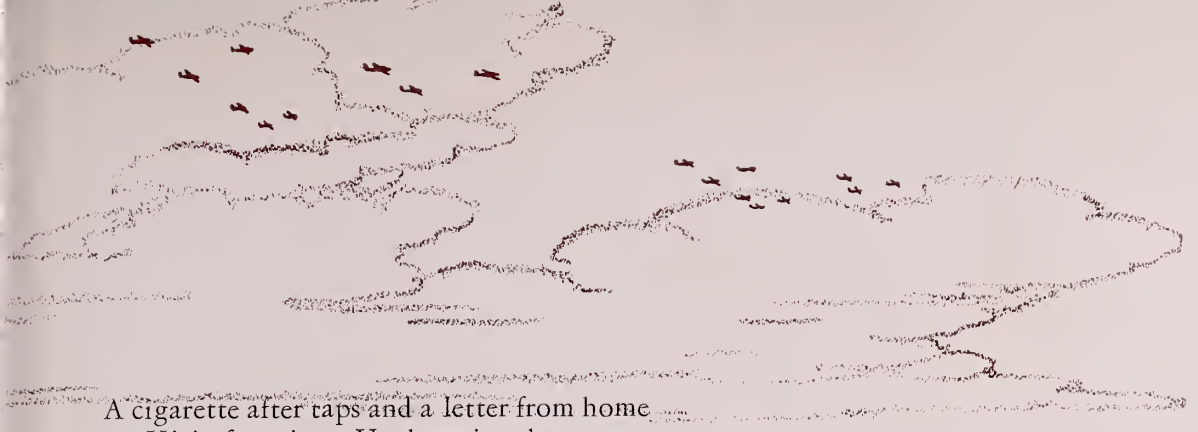
John Jerome Herrick

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

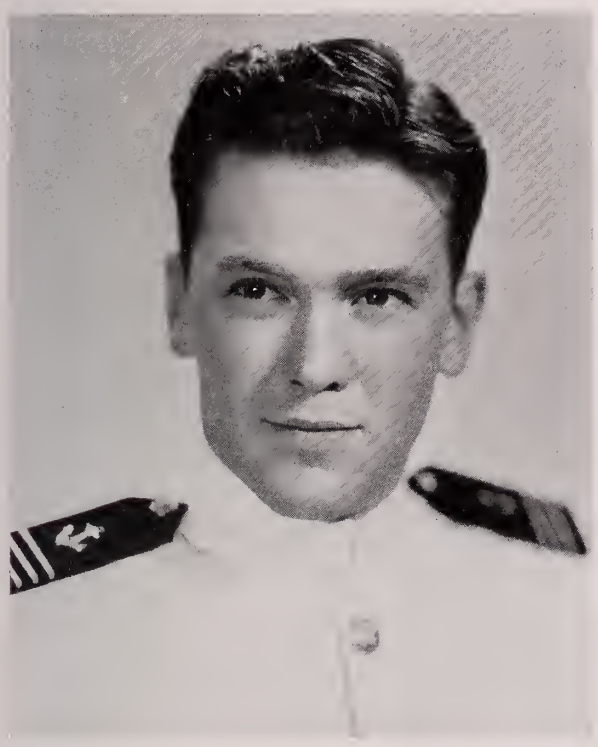
Rodger Bosworth Herrington

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Known as "Bozz" at Cornell, Binghamton's pride has been called "Rodge" or "Ja" by his countless friends at the Academy. A valuable man on anyone's track or soccer team, "Rodge" could seldom be found within the hall after classes. A good student and a capable organizer, he became Advertising Manager of the *Log*. To pass up a dragging weekend was a major disaster, and to miss a hop unheard of with him. An ardent jive fan, his plebes usually kept the "vic" hot while he showed them steps found only in New York's "southern tier." Energetic, enthusiastic, and efficient, "Rodge" was the Academy's loss and the Fleet's gain.

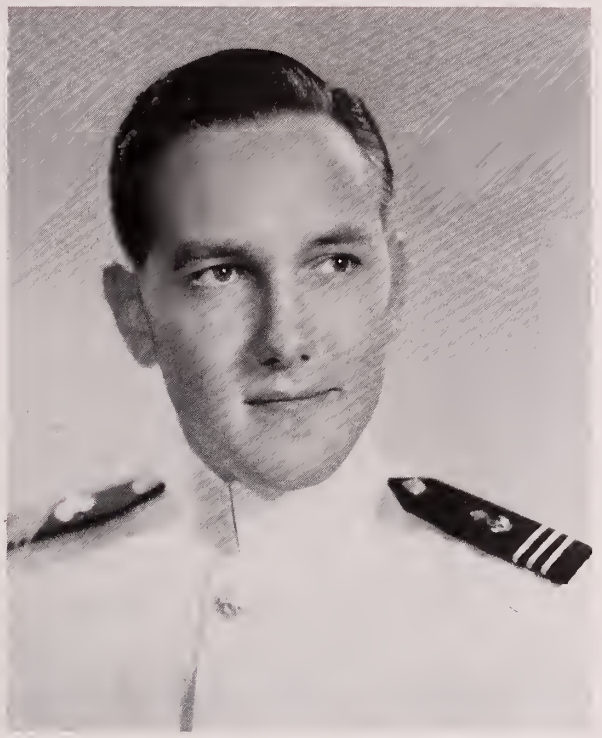


A cigarette after taps and a letter from home were Hic's favorites. Unobtrusive, but never meek, Hic and his famous smile made Academy life a pleasure. Notable among his accomplishments were sailing, wrestling, and the fact that he could knock off as many one arm push-ups as any member of the gym team. Hic was the boy who was always bilging the math exams with a 3.68 and forcing the Navigation "profs" to resort to trick questions. After his experience with the tall trees in Illinois U.'s forestry school, Naval Academy academics were just a group of saplings. Practical-minded, resourceful, Hic will find his place in the line.



Robert Emmett Hickle

Jacksonville, Illinois



John Presley Hilburn

Tampa, Florida

An afterthought of Congress, "J.P." soon proved that the Navy was the place for him. A true representative of that well known class, "the Southern gentleman," he didn't miss a hop after acquiring his first diagonal. All one had to say was "California," and then duck while J.P. took the floor. An avid reader, he spent all of his study hours buried in Mahan or composing a rebuttal for Seversky's latest theory for victory. Lazy at heart, he was sure never to take the "long way round," except when walking home with a pretty girl. Jack aspired to get to the top by starting from the bottom—in submarines.

William Giroux Horton

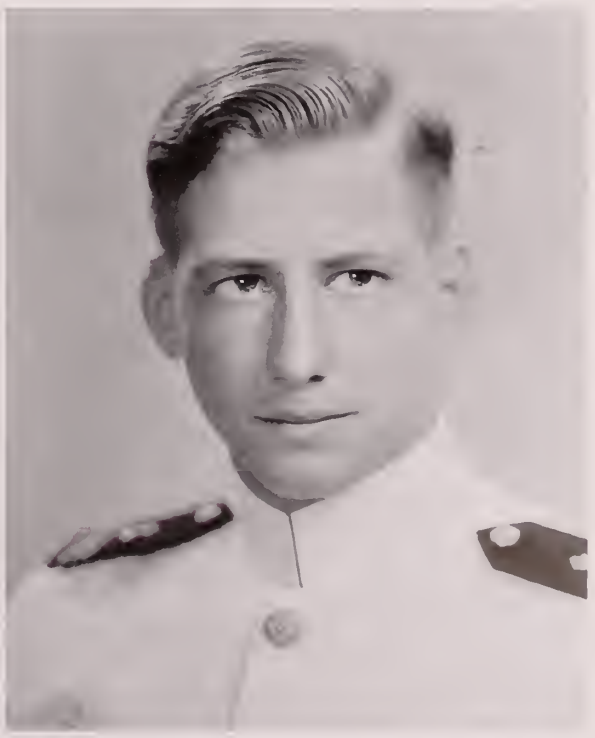
Greenwich, Connecticut

With a broad "A" and a profound passion for Boston brown bread, "Beaver" was definitely "New England." His ever ebullient wit kept his bevy of women constantly worried about which way was really up, and his fellow midshipmen wondering as to where Giroux would strike next. Hiding his deep love for the Navy behind a smiling, "hail fellow" manner, Bill was none the less a hard worker, and a participant in several extra-curricular activities, including track, football, the Afternoon Poker Association, and of course the hops. In all, the Academy will long remember Willie, and remember him as the right kind of a fellow to have around any time.

Horace Chilton Hogan, Jr.

Roby, Texas

This tall, gangling wanderer who had done a little of everything, including college at Texas A. and M. and service with the Marines, came from the West Texas prairies. His luck was supreme; one never bet with Tex if he wanted to win. His motto was "to get the mostest done with the leastest effort." Weekends found him dragging or playing bridge with his roommates. His flair for selling showed itself in his victories over local merchants for advertising space in the *Log*, and in his Christmas Card Committee work. Tex's love for the sea is tempered by just one sentiment: "Ah likes it fine, but ah sure miss mah hoss."



Jay Stanley Howell

Woodsfield, Ohio

"Savvy" in the truest sense of the word, Jay found both theory and practice right up his alley. Entering the Academy fresh from high school, he "starred" plebe year and stood well under one hundred for the entire course. Three years of fencing, a fine collection of classical music (his pride and joy), some very artistic sketching and modeling, many rubbers of bridge — these were some of his hobbies and activities. "Snaking" at hops was a special joy but lightly done as there was an O.A.O. back home. Industrious, able, and conscientious, "Niche" won't miss making a name for himself in this Navy of ours.

Russell Anderson Hughes

Huntington, West Virginia

In coming to the Academy, "Rah-Rah" left behind a free and easy-going life in the West Virginia hills. With an eye cast towards Navy wings, he showed signs of his dormant desire for action. Like anyone else, he was sleepy in the morning, persistent in his search for chow, and had smoke-dreams about a projected sailing trip to a South Sea paradise. Possessor of a cool head and a keenly interested mind, he believed in living life to its fullest extent. His congeniality and vibrant sense of humor, plus a strong feeling of loyalty towards his friends, will make him a sought-for companion in any group.

"Remember that Michigan-Minnesota game in '39? We wuz robbed!" So saying, "D.O." walked through the portals of Bancroft Hall and right into the hearts of all who were lucky enough to know him. His sandblower stature belied his amazing energy in tennis, battalion football, bridge, and swimming. Needless worry about the trees and Executive Form Two were completely hidden by an infectious smile and inveterate joviality. Easy-going but thorough, conscientious but anxious to have a good time, and gifted with an impish shyness that caused many a throb in the heartstrings of unwary maidens, "Squeedunk" will go far; we're mighty happy to have him in '44!

Dart Oliver Irwin

Jackson, Michigan

Benjamin Fleetwood Jones

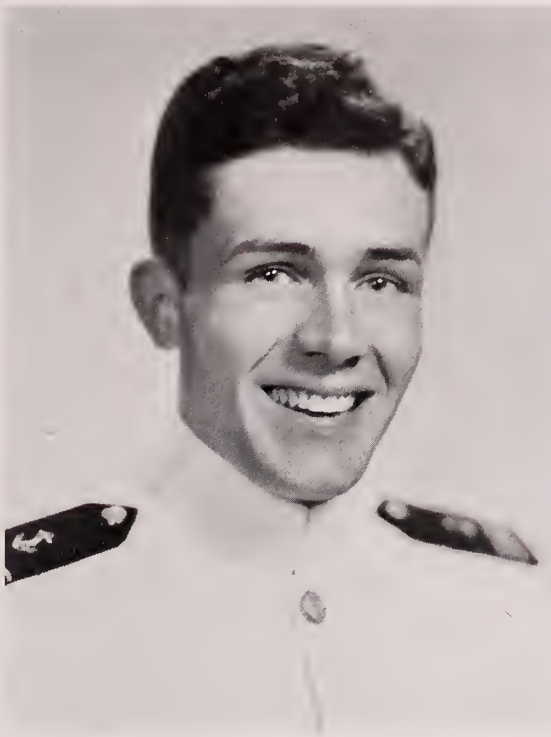
Tacoma, Washington

Yacht racing was Ben's specialty, and he was among the best. He was very amiable, but when one got him on the water he showed the potentialities of a stern executive officer. Unlike the mid-Western dry-land sailors, Ben came from a sea-faring town. Ben's nautical criticisms reverberate in our memories of plebe summer sailing exercises. Submarines appealed most to him; and, although his practicality would be welcomed in any branch of the service, "pig-boats" were his first choice for duty. His reliability will be a boon to any ship, and having such an officer aboard will inspire confidence and loyalty among all hands.

Coming from the fleet, George had no previous college training, but he was still able to wear stars. Athletics, as well as studies, were always right up his alley; he participated in all kinds, including football, boxing, and swimming. Crew claimed most of his attention, however, and his work was well rewarded with a varsity "N" youngster year. Along with his many other athletic accomplishments, he was an ardent sailing fan, at home in anything from a starboat to a yawl. There is no doubt that his great spirit, natural ability, and will to work will make George an important cog in the fleet.

George Frederick Jubb

Corpus Christi, Texas



John Gans Keller

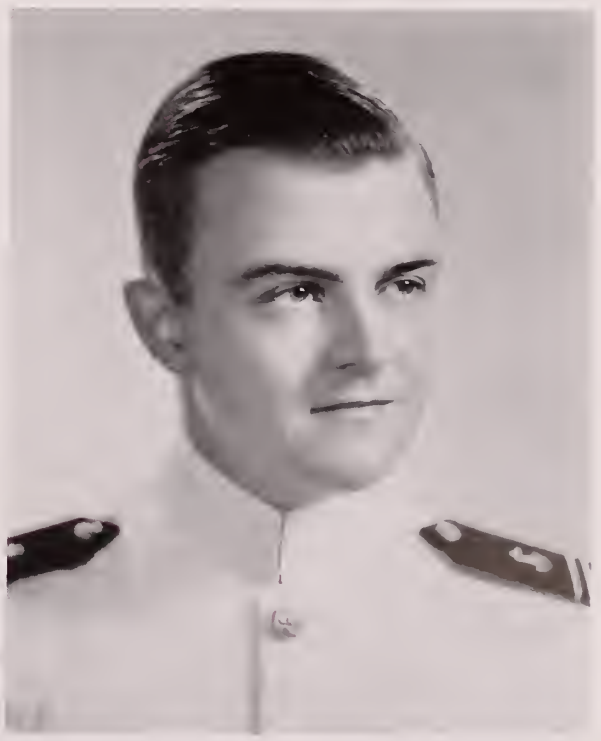
State College, Pennsylvania

After a year at Penn State, Jack came to the Academy with a grin on his face and some radical ideas in his head. The grin made a big hit with the girls, but his ideas started more than one argument. Jack worked hard, played hard, and believed that sleeping was a waste of time. He expended excess energy playing varsity soccer, typing letters, and reading. Keller had a weakness for classical music and the *Dodgers*. A "snake" of the first water, he was once seen dragging on five consecutive afternoons. Activated by a supercharged nervous system, he just had to be accomplishing something or he was unhappy.

Francis J. G. Kelly, Jr.

San Francisco, California

"Hi, Butterball!" "Friccanick Dick with a boo—ghee beat!" Anyone could spot Frank for the middle man of that dialogue. A smooth looking chap from the Sunshine State, "F.J.G." had an astounding way with females; but all other women paled out for him in the glow of his O.A.O. Many's the mate who groveled in his own gore for not being prompt with that daily letter from 'Frisco! Besides the lover, there was much of the sportsman in Pancho; he really liked to shoot (guns, not dice), and picked up several medals with the pistol team. His ambition is to put that proficiency to work on the enemy.



Robert Jacob Kendall

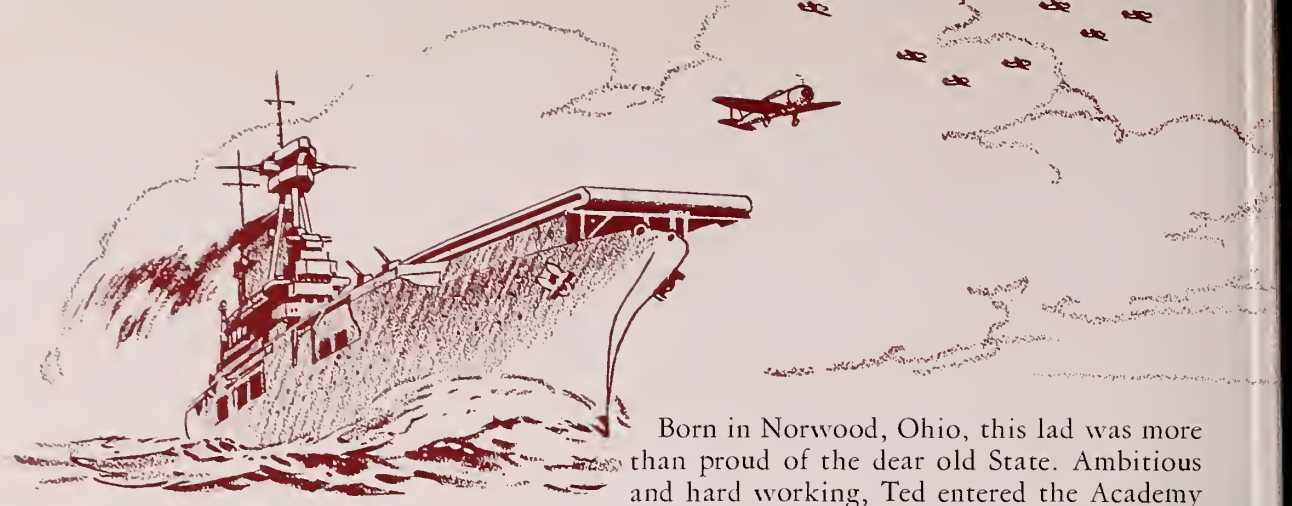
Danville, Illinois

"Jakie" would try anything once. As a result there was never a dull moment when he was around. He might have been savvy if "Bull" and "Dago" had been left out of the curriculum, but such was not the case. "I wouldn't get that "Bull" and "Dago" if they didn't teach anything else!" was often heard from his side of the room. Many thought him a "Red Mike" but he was far from that. "You can't drag from 800 miles very often," he would always say, and let it go at that. His competence, sense of duty, and will to win are certain to make Bob an excellent naval officer.

Evangelist William King

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK

Although Van stowed his rifle and fishing pole when he left upstate New York, he showed us he could still put a pellet through the "five" with either pistol or rifle. If he wasn't seen at the hops, it was because Muriel lived five hundred miles away and not because he was a "Red Mike." "Bull sessions" weren't complete without him to add that necessary bit of verve and humor. Preferring submarines to larger ships, he will be a welcome addition to our undersea forces; many a Japanese skipper will rue the day that Van put his periscope cross-hairs on the emblem of the Rising Sun!



Randolph Winchester King

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

"Sleep and the world leaves you behind." That was Randy's motto, and it adequately explained why he was always on the go, and why he headed for the fleet prepared to make a good start. He worked hard in crew and academics, and when "44's" honor-roll was posted, he was near the top. The Christian Association, *Lucky Bag* and Radio Club were Randy's extra-curricular activities. His keen pride in his personal appearance and his mania for doing things right were two of his outstanding qualities; and whether it was wearing three stripes, escorting Margie or helping a classmate, he was always in there throwing punches and getting results.

Born in Norwood, Ohio, this lad was more than proud of the dear old State. Ambitious and hard working, Ted entered the Academy after having been an enlisted man. He was very fortunate in having a mind capable of quick decisions, and when he was right there was nothing that could move him. Two words, duty and love, governed his life. Only one hate has ever been in his heart; he hated everything not above-board and straight. If fight and determination can spell success, then Ted will be among the successful. Keep your eye on him in days to come; there is much ahead wherever he may be.

Theodore George Klein

NORWOOD, OHIO

James Lee Knight

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

After three years of college "J.L." couldn't quite understand the necessity for all the plebe rates and soon became well acquainted with "Miss Springfield." Understanding plebe rates or not, his ability in class was unlimited and a minimum of lackadaisical study gave him stars. Though his hairline began to show his knowledge, his suave way with the fair sex was the envy of most midshipmen. Jim's consistent winning in the "Afternoon Poker Association" was just an example of his ability to keep an ace up his sleeve for any situation. Jim's pleasant personality, along with his quick wit and good judgment, will carry him to great things in the Navy.

"Punchy" was the easiest-going, roughest, toughest son of Ohio that ever hit the Academy. Time spent looking for a better-natured fellow was wasted because "Ace" was tops. Practically every man in the Regiment was able to say, "Sure, I know 'Punchy' Knox!" "Ace" thrilled the fans with his outstanding performances at the guard position on the football team or when he flexed his muscles for the boys on the wrestling mat. He also found a little time for baseball and golf during his off-seasons. When all the scrapping is over, and the final goal line is crossed, look around for "Punchy" in the van—he'll be there.

Arthur Cassius Knox

Painesville, Ohio

William Harlough Knull, Jr.

Tampa, Florida

It was easy to find Willie. One just cruised around until he found an argument on Florida vs. California, or submariners against aviators, and Willie was sure to be there in the middle of it. A native of Florida, Bill was one of those fortunates who went to submarine school in New London instead of taking annual leave in 1942. As a result, the air about him was usually charged with the wonders of submarines, that is when he ran out of propaganda from the Florida Chamber of Commerce. But he did much more than talk; he even studied—sometimes. And he was never at a loss for amusement.

William Edward Kurtz

Ironton, Ohio

We had never heard of Ironton until Bill came along, but after that we never heard of anything else. When he came to Annapolis, Ohio State lost one of its most promising law students. Although he never liked "Bull" or "Dago," he easily stood in the upper fourth of the class. Bill was a great one for exercise; he was at home anywhere from the lacrosse field to the squash court. The only girls who seemed to affect him much were those from down on the Ohio. Whether it is battleships or submarines, the fleet is getting a real man in this quiet, red-faced guy from Ohio.

John Frances Laboon, Jr.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

"Big Jack" was big! One of the tallest men in the Regiment, "Boon" starred as an end on the football field and as defense man on the lacrosse team. Even though he is serious minded, Jack has an ever-ready grin which is as infectious as it is long. Academically, "Boon" never had to worry, yet his conscience kept him working with the result that he always was "in the velvet." Returning the good natured gibes of "organ grinder," and "peddle pounder" with his incomparable smiles, he played the organ at his church. Hoping that he can squeeze himself into a cockpit, Jack plans to enter the Air Corps.

Leslie Norman Landes

New York, New York

An army family background did not prevent Les from realizing his ideal of entering the Naval Academy. Always ready for a lively "bull session," this product of Manhattan was up to the minute on almost any subject in the book. The ever-challenging academics were not a serious obstacle in his path, but he always had a pessimistic outlook after examinations. Plebe and battalion crew were the principal diversions for Lester's six-foot, two-inch frame. His attempts to emulate golf's Sam Snead and his mad antics on the squash court were always amusing. The fleet will find Les doing things in the grandiose manner.

Henry Stanley Lawrence, Jr.

Scranton, Pennsylvania

According to Larry, Scranton had more coal and more beautiful women than any other city in the world. This one-man chamber of commerce from the "Electric City" never let academics worry him much and was an ardent exponent of the noble art of shooting the "bull." Even with varsity swimming, Larry found time to play battalion football and company softball. One couldn't call him a "snake," but he never had any trouble getting a drag. Although he generally took things easy, his knack for doing the right thing when the right moment came should make him a "J.O." any skipper would be glad to have.

The Arizona Chamber of Commerce beamed with pride on its representative in our class. Jonny never tired of singing his native state's praises. Not greatly interested in athletics, he spent each day ceaselessly typing out *Log* and *Trident* work, and keeping up a large correspondence. Still large, his mail now centers on one of Manhattan's fair ladies. Whenever the Skinny Department got abreast of Jonny, he got to work and pulled out in front where studies again took care of themselves for awhile. His intense interest in world affairs always reminded us that there was a world outside of our own. Lots of good luck in that world, Jon!

Jonathan Leff

Glendale, Arizona

Alan Benjamin Lemlein

Flushing, Long Island, New York

"The biggest little man in the Regiment" best characterized Al, a sand-blower deluxe who compiled a man-sized quota of achievements during his three years at the Academy and seemed only to have begun. Academics were always of secondary importance; "Porky's" main problem was to carry on three or four romantic intrigues simultaneously. Diving was his athletic forte. No company ever had a more imposing commander than "A.B." wearing his gold starred full dress and the colossal medal with the orange ribbon he won youngster year. His ready wit and constant willingness to appreciate a joke on himself made Al an ideal "wife" and a popular striper.

Lew always made a definite place for himself wherever he happened to be, and we could not help feeling that his absence was a decided loss to any gathering. His fine work as photographic editor of the *Lucky Bag* and duties as manager of the cross-country team used up whatever spare time he could salvage from the academic routine. Although no exceptionally outstanding achievements were recorded alongside his name, Lew could always be counted on to deliver more than his share when the time came to put out any real effort. His thorough dependability, shown during our three Academy years, assure his continued success.

Robert Simpson Lewellen

Indianapolis, Indiana

Donald Solon Lindberg

Cuba, Missouri

In all the fine work which Don accomplished as Managing Editor for this *Lucky Bag*, nowhere is the phrase "as different as night and day" to be found. Day and night, Don religiously rested his massive muscles, a habit which his three years at Missouri's School of Mines and his stars at the Academy allowed him to cultivate. Aside from his remarkable propensity for sleep, Don distinguished himself by being an associate editor of the Regiment's yellow journal, the *Log*; his raucous singing will never be forgottten, nor his interest in current affairs. His life was Audrey, his love the Navy—and Don loved his life and lived his love.

Richard Graham Lindsley

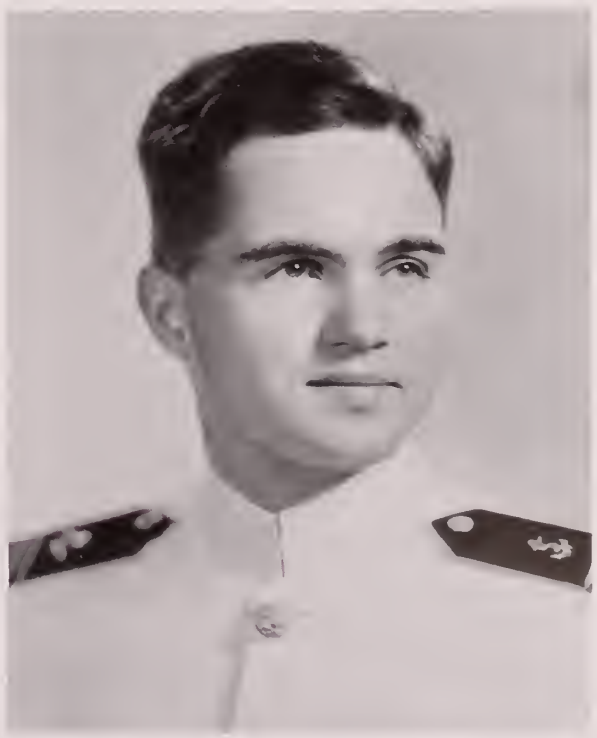
Los Angeles, California

It all started in the messhall plebe summer, and to most of us he was "Twitchy" ever after. A native of Southern California, "Twitch" lost no time demonstrating his spectacular Western basketball to Navy's Eastern opponents. He played on the championship eighth company softball team, was active on the Reception Committee, and in the Boat Club; and one could almost see the stars budding on his full dress collar. To round out a full Academy career, one need only mention the nickname, "Fox," picked up on youngster cruise liberty. Wishing this blond giant good luck on graduation is unnecessary, for his combination of brains and brawn can carry on regardless.

Richard Babson Linnekin

Jersey City, New Jersey

Straight from the land of the "Jersey Bounce" came this chubby-cheeked lad. Christened "Olive Branch" because he looked so peaceful, Ollie soon solved his greatest problem. Weekend ketch trips presented the best means of combining his three great loves: blondes, jive, and sailing; and so Dick became captain of the *Bull Frog*, famous in ketching annals for unfailingly having kept two inches of water beneath her keel. Ollie is heading for the Air Corps, and his unassuming courage, undaunted by three years of almost "starring," bodes ill for the enemy when he finally gets those stars on the wings of a combat plane.



John Cochran Little

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"J. C." whiled away the long study hours flopping records and adding to the outgoing mails, letters addressed mostly to females. Springtime youngster year turned "J.C.'s" fancy for good. Anyone who met Emmy agreed that he had much for which to be happy, especially when he was able to spend his leaves with her in his nearby pre-Navy stamping grounds, Washington. Having earned plebe swimming numerals, "Juicy" was inspired to seek less strenuous activities, as indicated by his varsity rifle letter. Our second June Week, Johnny was able to attend the N-Dance by virtue of some fancy pistol shooting on our national intercollegiate championship pistol team.

John Benton Livingston, 11

PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

With a commission in the Marine Corps as his goal, "Doc" left the campus of Nebraska University and descended upon Bancroft Hall with only a half-dozen pipes and a collegian's love of a good time. He found a big obstacle in plebe year academics, but by putting out that extra ten percent he pulled through. Youngster and first class years proved easier; it was then that dragging became his speciality. Ketch sailing interested him when the O.A.O. was far away and he more than qualified as a salty sailor of the Chesapeake. Whether it be the Marines or the Fleet, "Doc" can be relied upon always.

A product of our nation's capital, "Maho" went a long way in the difficult art of making friends and influencing people. Although he never took studies too seriously he always managed to keep his head well above water. When the weekends rolled around he could usually be seen dragging. Week-day afternoons found him working out on the rings in the gymnasium. A connoisseur of music, both classical and swing, his record collection gave almost continuous service during those many otherwise cheerless study periods of first class year. His spirit of co-operation, plus the desire to get ahead, have assured his success in the naval profession.

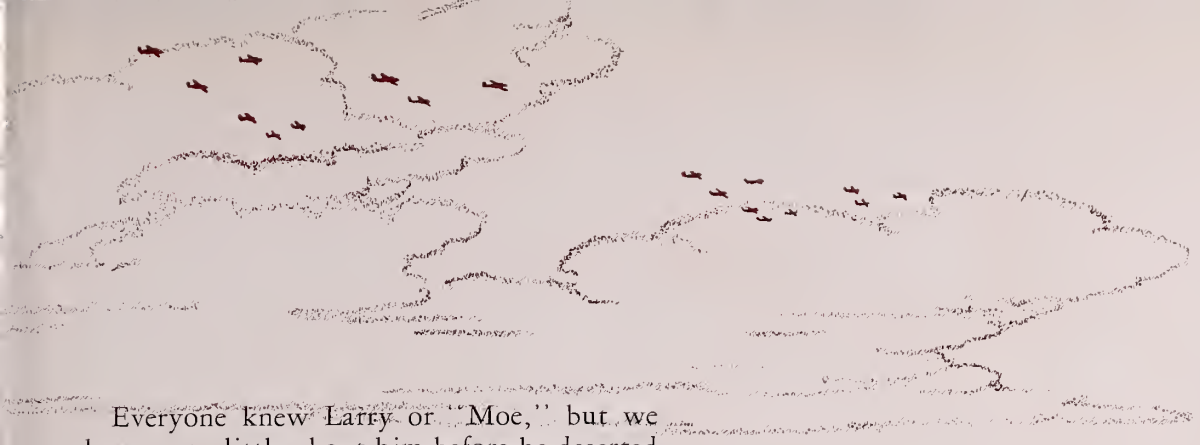
George Henry Mahoney

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Walter Francis Martin

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

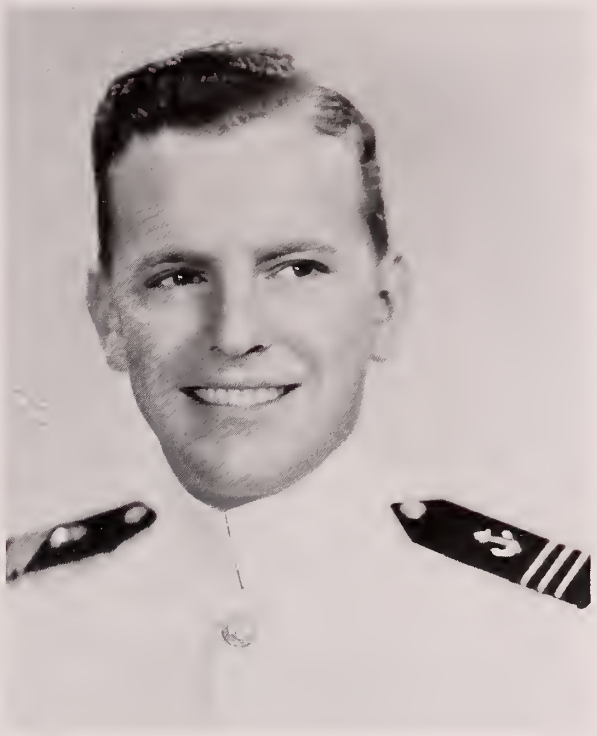
Massachusetts boys have always been going down to the sea in ships, and Walt was no exception. When Masefield's "Sea Fever" filled the air, it was obvious where his thoughts lingered, to say nothing of his frequent visions of a certain nurse back home. Winning national intercollegiate acclaim as the eagle-eye of the Academy pistol team, he was a formidable foe for anyone. Invigorated by a job well done, "Cueball" carried on with a spirit that was not put down until all before him was conquered. "A tall ship and a star to steer her by" will find Walt at the helm with the situation well in hand.



Everyone knew Larry or "Moe," but we knew very little about him before he deserted sunny California for the cobblestones of Annapolis. Between the periods when the Executive Department claimed him for extra instruction in infantry, one could always find him at one of his two favorite pastimes, writing letters or making a fourth at bridge. Moe had his women troubles, but they finally were ironed out because of the "girl back home." Although the Regiment practically "borrowed" him out of house and home, Moe was nobody's fool and we could always count on him to lend a helping hand when the going was tough.

Lawrence Ades Mayer

San Francisco, California



John Harris McDonald

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Fresh from the Oklahoma oil fields and three years of college engineering, big "Mac" entered the Academy with the firm conviction that life is fine duty for those who refuse to see its darker sides. Blessed with real intelligence plus a love of sports, he was equally at home with a slide rule or athletic gear. His big infectious grin attracted all of us to lasting friendships. Jack also proved to be one of '44's foremost snakes, as a dragless weekend was rare indeed. Leadership and ability he has in abundance, and the Navy has a large niche reserved for this fine shipmate.

Andrew Todd McKinney

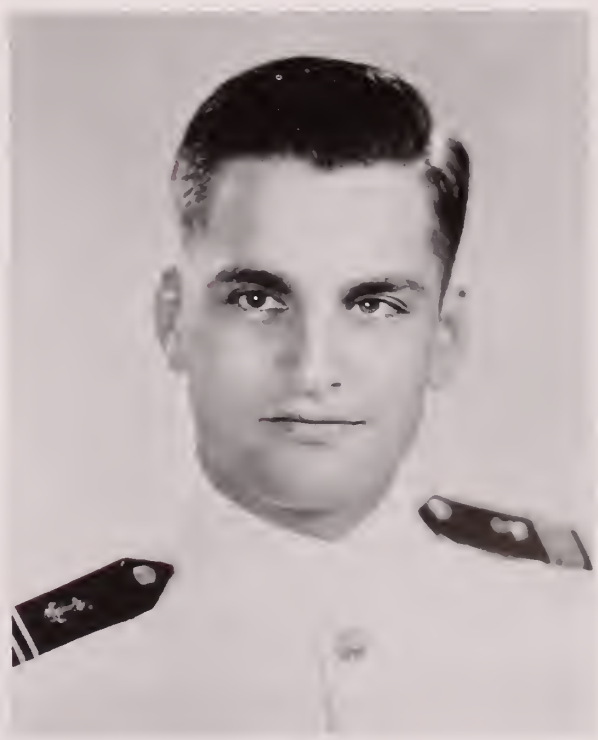
Huntsville, Texas

The sound "Anybody want to make a fourth?" ringing down the corridors indicated a desire for exercise by the "Huntsville Terror." This stalwart radiator man was a Texan from stem to stern, and woe unto him who denied that the Lone Star State was superlative in every degree. From girls to grapefruit, everything in the land of the rolled-by-hand cigarette came off the top shelf. Tex came to us from Sam Houston College, of which you've probably never heard; and that, said he, is your tough luck. He brought with him a ready wit which frequently became operative to enliven, though seldom enlighten, an otherwise dull class period.

Richard Brady Mears

Portland, Oregon

During three hard years "Muscles" was a man with a smile in the midst of moaning. "Granddad" had the happy faculty of seeing the ludicrous side of even the most tragic situations, and nothing damped his good spirits except the trials of advertising-managing the *Trident* or the manipulations necessary to keep his romances intact. Easy going, he seldom was close to starring, but the Academic Departments held few terrors for him. Besides dragging, one of his main diversions was weekend sailing. Beneath an amiable exterior is a fine determination to succeed in his naval career; those of us who knew him best feel sure that he will.



William Louis Mellott

Woodsfield, Ohio

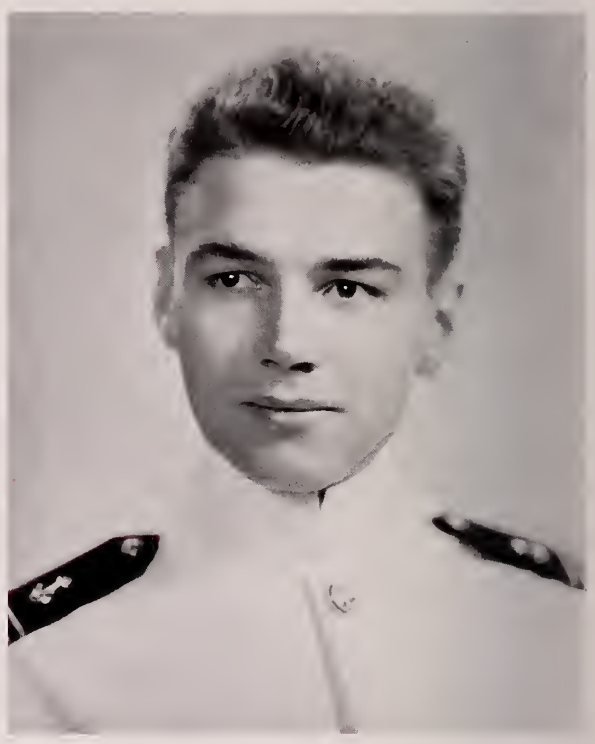
"Heck, fellows, the Naval Academy is 'fruit'! Why, back at State . . . " So Bill displayed his disregard for academics, and pride in dear old Ohio. He was always ready to tell you about Woodsfield and those girls he left behind. With virile, mature ideas, violent likes and dislikes, he was characterized by equanimity and poise. An ardent collector of popular music and avid sports fan, Bill was always ready for a game of touch or tennis. He fought hard on the Second Battalion basketball squad and ninth company softball team. Ninety-nine percent "Red Mike" but one hundred percent regular guy, Bill will make the enemy rue the day he graduated.

Rupert Stevens Miller

Galesburg, Illinois

Rupe was truly one of '44's "salty sailors," for many hours of yawl and dinghy races literally encrusted his face. He did well academically in spite of rigorous daily drills on his "supersack." Ship design was his particular hobby, but was followed closely by arguing, particularly on the vices of anything from the "system" to "dragging." "Stoop's" athletic aspirations nearly wore out the gymnasium rope and with each new test his efforts doubled. A great interest of his was the choir. Rupe's huge fund of useful—and otherwise—information was a sledgehammer that he used in order to pound agreement into the head of anyone who contradicted him.

We received this Connecticut Yankee fresh from Georgia Tech—and we have received from him ever since. Whether it was a question of athletics, academics, or social activities, Gene always gave his classmates a helping hand. No star man in studies because he spent little time on his assignments, Gene used his leisure to enliven our study hours. His forte was chess problems; woe be unto the man who brought one he thought unsolvable, for he was liable to be dragged from bed some night to be shown the solution! Determined to be a good officer as well as a perfect gentleman, Gene is headed straight for our fighting fleet.



Eugene John Monsport

Fairfield, Connecticut

Warren Garrett Montgomery

Keyser, West Virginia

Whether one called him "Monty," "Brud," or "Bull," or suffered a bruise from him in football, wrestling, lacrosse, or basketball, all hands knew him and his happy-go-lucky ways. This product of West "————," Virginia, never found studies too easy, but that didn't matter half so much as a bad tackle, or a missed block. Though he never set out to snake, Monk's fine physique, broad smile, and love for a big time made women sit up and take a look. There's little doubt that Brud will be one of Keyser's most famous citizens, a popular and able officer, and above all, a real pal.

Philadelphia was Walt's home town and its Navy influence probably set his career. In any case it taught him the knack of extracting the maximum enjoyment from limited liberties and also gave him a broadminded philosophy of life. Walt's special preferences were swimming, music, softball, and squash. From a line of co-ed schools he developed a marked personal taste in feminine beauty, but this field was just one in which he was well-versed. The extra preparation from one year at Temple made his plebe year considerably easier than it was for most of us. Now he is relying on natural intelligence with ample success.

Walter Richardson Moore

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

George Francis Moran

Ocean Gate, New Jersey

Sports, stripes, studies, sack drill—name any of the Academy's major activities; George tackled them all with equal zeal. Little difficulty with academics left him plenty of time for extra-curricular work. His "N" in track came youngster year, but an ankle injury kept him from a football award first class year. Not bothered with trifles, George wisely saved his energy for important matters like "Dago" exams. His philosophy of life—to have a try at everything—he vigorously put into practice. Appealing earnestness and wit accompany George wherever he goes; and that isn't all. Add loyalty, ambition, and a sincere interest in a variety of subjects. That's the combination!

Warren Robinson Mullen

Jackson, Michigan

"Moon" came to the Naval Academy after a year spent studying chemical engineering at Cornell. This, of course, was good background for "starring" in the bewildering maze of academics that confronted us plebe year. He was not only a student, but had a practical turn of mind as well. Besides his academic pursuits, Moon was a softball pitcher of ability, and during the spring he could generally be found on the mound. "Moon" leaned particularly toward submarines and intended to enter that service as soon as possible. Whether he is in submarines or some other branch of the service, however, he will undoubtedly continue to "star."

Walter Edward Muller

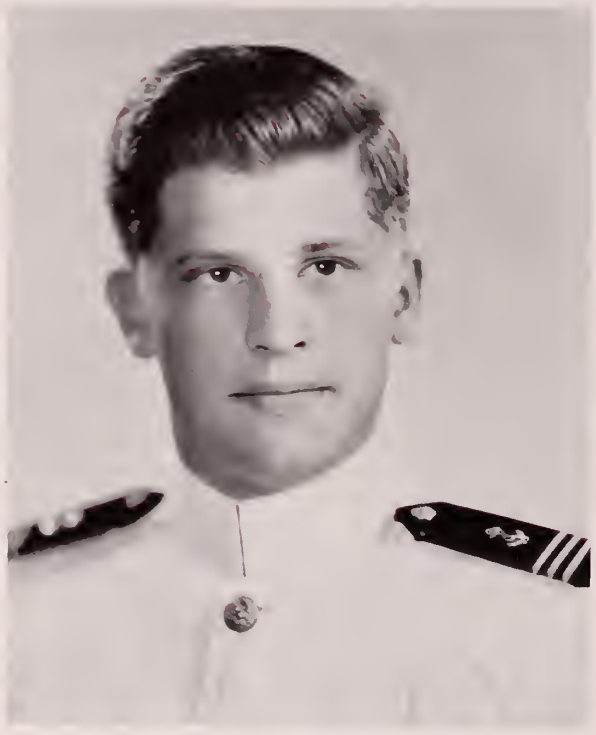
Balboa, Canal Zone

Panama lost a fishing guide when Walt scuttled his scow and entered the Academy. A star in academics was not enough to keep "Skipper's" mind from the sea; command qualification won him captaincy of the third battalion ketch, *Crocodile*. A real "salty sailor of the Chesapeake," "Skipper" spent his weekends hitting every Eastern Shore port. Weekdays he managed battalion football and was the Movie Gang's cameraman for Navy athletics. One of the first to wear the "E," he carried its spirit to his new company. Enthusiasm for the Navy, friends, and himself, was personified in Walt. If he keeps that color company spirit his future success is assured.

Edward Dankey Napier

Macon, Georgia

Born in Pittsburgh, Ed moved South and went "whole hawg." When it came to the Civil War, he argued with the best; and when it came to work, he stopped to rest. Ed didn't need to struggle; he made laziness a virtue in which his versatile brain backed him up. The harder a task became, the wider the smile Ed always wore on his face. He gloried in competition. Few men were as imaginative, fertile and inquisitive in their thinking. If there was an easier way to skin a cat, "Easy Dog" found it. Nature made him enthusiastic, natural, staunchly loyal, and thoroughly competent – one of her better recipes.



Robert Wesley Netting

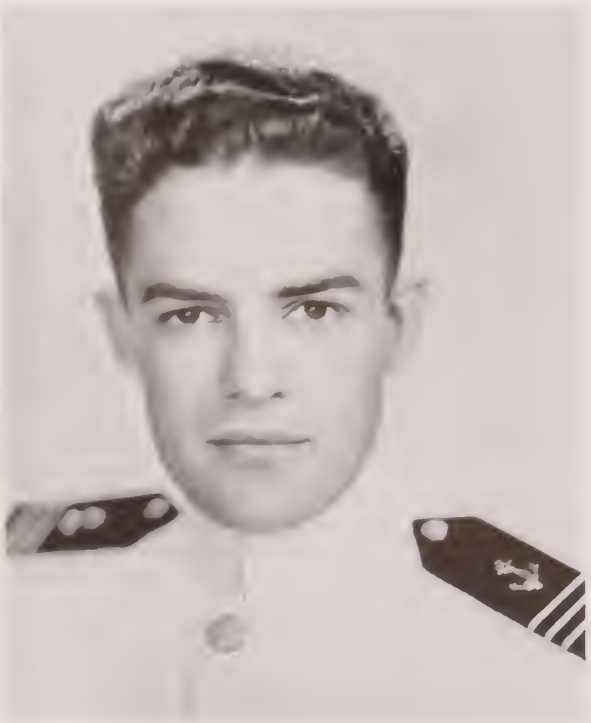
San Antonio, Texas

"Hammock" was all Navy when he entered, and forever will be. "Salty" was the kind of fellow with a good sense of organization; he didn't mind hard work, and liked to see things shipshape. With academic pressure upon him on several occasions, "Hammock" showed that he could be serious with his words, "I've done it before and I'll do it again!" Through this worry he lost none of his energy and managed to get in a little football, boxing, cross country, and an occasional drag. Bob had two big ambitions: one, to command his own ship; two, to settle down some day on his own goat ranch in Texas.

Bob was a true Westerner from way out in Colorado. A studious, hard working fellow, he had no trouble with the academic system. He arrived at the Academy a thoroughgoing land-lubber but soon came to be a regular old salt. Bob, a little too light for the varsity, pitched in and stroked his battalion crew to victory. However, his favorite sport was dancing; an ardent admirer of the fair sex, he dragged almost every weekend. He didn't let women worry him, but they nearly always kept him broke. Bob has put his heart into the Navy, and from all appearances should make a fine "J.O."

Robert Winfred Newell

Pueblo, Colorado



Oscar Francis Nicholson

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Although some people seemed to think that Nick's size and weight were a handicap, he proved them to be advantageous by being an active coxswain in crew and by gaining the coveted Navy "E" in the traditional cruise box racing during plebe year. The Academic work was more or less a bore for Nick until the Medical Department discovered that he could hardly see. Upon learning this Nick secured studying and began concentrating on the more logical things of life, such as the company of beautiful young ladies, liberty and athletic games. In short, Nick was a big thing that came in a little package.

It really wasn't fair to call Guy lazy, because he was very energetic. The trouble was that he tired easily. You could always count on an extra burst of energy to pull him through, though, when the going was tough. Outside of sleep and studies, Guy's chief interests were in an Iowa girl and, despite his size, boxing. His only vices at the Academy were swing records and skags. He was taught to march with the best of us, though, because the Executive Department claimed he had many others. How an Army brat got in the Navy was beyond comprehension; but he's here to stay, and we're glad of it.

Guy Vernon Padgett

Des Moines, Iowa

Andrew Jackson Papageorge

San Francisco, California

"Pappy" came to the Academy via the Army. His exuberance and cheerfulness backed his claims about San Francisco and its populace. "Pappy" spent most of his time plebe year in the fencing loft developing that odd style he used when wielding a saber. All that practice paid dividends, including the N.A. Saber Championship youngster year and a berth on the varsity team youngster and first class years. Between fencing seasons, "Pappy" found the *Freedom* an excellent means of spending his spare time. He may have had occasional difficulties with the books, but he took them in his stride as he will all the troubles he may encounter in the Fleet.

Ivan Worth Parkins

Milton, Indiana

One would hear what appeared to be a Southern drawl, but it was just Parky's own Hoosier way of putting out the dope. When anyone wanted to know about world happenings, Ivan supplied a comprehensive summary of the latest news and enjoyed nothing more than a friendly "bull session." Never very athletically inclined, he spent many hours in the library and with the Quarter Deck Society. Parky had numerous original ideas on different subjects, and one could bet he tried to do something about them. He had his troubles with the fair sex, but generally ignored the girls. There is always success awaiting one with Ivan's perseverance and determination.

James Monroe Parker, Jr.

Pacific Palisades, California

Why Californians ever leave their land of sunshine and oranges was one of those things Jim's awestruck associates could never comprehend. Another was why we paid good money to hear Bing Crosby when we had such a crooner right here—free! Hours spent riding the west coast surf gave Monroe the kind of chassis that made gymnastics look easy. Daily workouts in MacDonough Hall brought him the Intercollegiate Flying Rings Championship, as well as captaincy of the gym team. Showing that it was mind over matter, and not just brawn, Jim jumped a small matter of 400 numbers third class year, to prove conclusively that "youngster year was fruit!"

Robert Kennedy Patch

Northampton, Massachusetts

Bob's interests covered the wide range from women to "pig-boats"; he either was or thought himself to be an authority on everything except academics. Robert Kennedy Patch, romanticist par excellence, could be seen any study hour, in a minimum of clothes, pipe, and carefully "salted" cap, planning how Patch-commanded submarines would revolutionize naval warfare. An uncanny ability to evade the Executive Department gained him unlimited envy. Amateur philosopher, professional protagonist with a passion for constructive criticism, organizer supreme despite a violent reaction to routine, his own dope sheet would read "twelve hours, submarines; six hours, Estella; six hours, sleeping and eating; remainder on studies."

The University of Washington in Seattle was Bob's alma mater. He and his cynical smile spent two years there, where he was active in the N.R.O.T.C.; he obtained the singular honor of being one of the few members of '44 to have made a battleship cruise (to Hawaii!) before graduating from the Academy. Bob's extra-curricular activities included swimming for the varsity squad and reading fifty-page letters from Lil, the gal he left behind. Not to be slighted are the weekend ketch trips which seemed to hold forth such a deep fascination that the Sundays Bob spent at Annapolis during first class summer were few and far between.

Joseph Patterson Jr.

Norfolk, Virginia

From the time he exchanged that snappy suit of green "civies" for a pair of Navy whites, Joe was in there plugging for that one broad stripe and gold star. Although never deviating from his course, he had plenty of spare time for extra-curricular activities, the most prominent being fencing and dragging. Fencing earned many trips to New York for him, and an "N" during first class year. It was in dragging that he really "starred"; we awarded Joe an unofficial "N" first class year for outstanding activity in that field. Now, however, a blonde back home in Norfolk has Joe for the captain of her first team.

Robert Norval Pearce

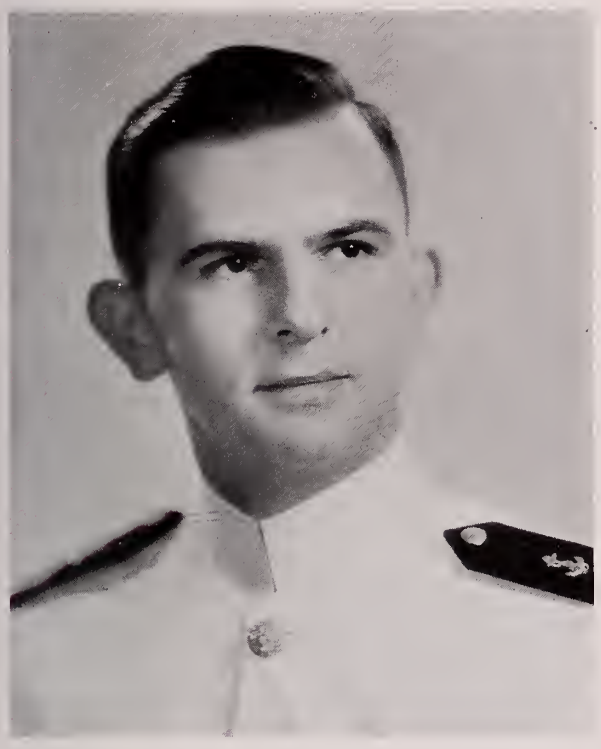
Seattle, Washington

Roy Stribling Phillips

Balboa, Canal Zone

"Jeep" was an old bush-whacker from south of the border, who claimed that someday he was going to circumnavigate the globe looking for mermaids! As an active member of the gym team, he spent many hours in MacDonough Hall standing on his head developing himself into that "perfect specimen." When not so leisurely engaged, he could usually be found in the model room perfecting his super-yacht. By his friendly disposition and jovial manner, "Jeep" readily won a permanent place in the Regiment. We all know that some day he *will* cruise the seven seas, and sincerely hope that he never gets "bricked" by a mermaid.

Shadow's cruise box boasted, "Hamtranck, Michigan—where men are men!" It didn't take us long to learn the truth of this veiled threat. A proud possessor of tennis numerals from Wayne University, he was a consistent winner for the championship battalion team. Boxing also attracted him for a while, albeit with somewhat unhappier results. A top student, he devoted many of his free hours to our Class Crest and Ring Committees. He was a prolific letter writer, and never stopped believing that he could "find a way or make one" to beat Annapolis' pinball machines. Hard working and eager to learn, John has a brilliant career ahead of him.



John David Plawchan

Hamtramck, Michigan

Palmer Allen Quarles, Jr.

Amarillo, Texas

When "P.Q." left the Texas panhandle for our home on the Severn, he came with a previous knowledge of military schools gained from his two years at Texas A. and M. He was always an ardent supporter of the Lone Star State. We knew him best, however, by his affinity for sleep. His love life was composed of two parts: writing to a little girl from Amarillo, and relaxing in the arms of Morpheus. P.Q. liked his sleep; but in spite of "that tired feeling" young Quarles will go a long way before he cashes in his chips. We wish him the best luck in the world.

Carey Kent Quinn

Chevy Chase, Maryland

The first day Kent was here we knew that he was a man to be reckoned with. Photos of his Maryland beauties showed that he'd been around, while the glint in his eyes reflected his good-naturedness. What we couldn't see at first glance was the seriousness of purpose and native intelligence that put Kent close to the top of his class. No stellar athlete, C.K. was nevertheless far from being a wall flower among the men of muscle, and engaged in various battalion sports. But the thing that's most important about him is that he's a good egg, the kind of a man you like to have around.

Richard Dunraven Quinn

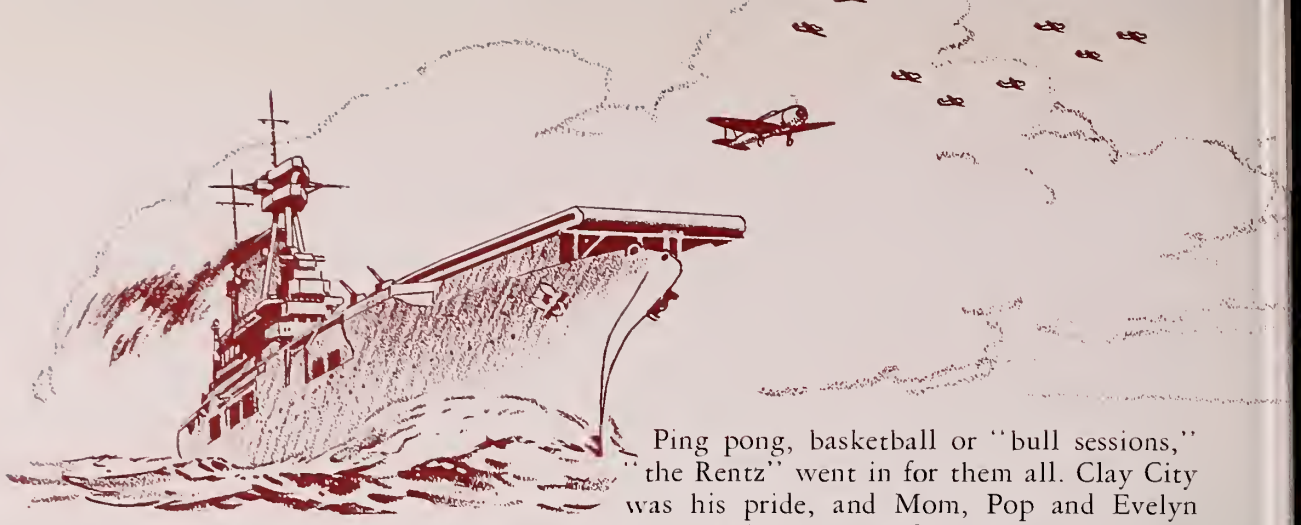
Woodbridge, New Jersey

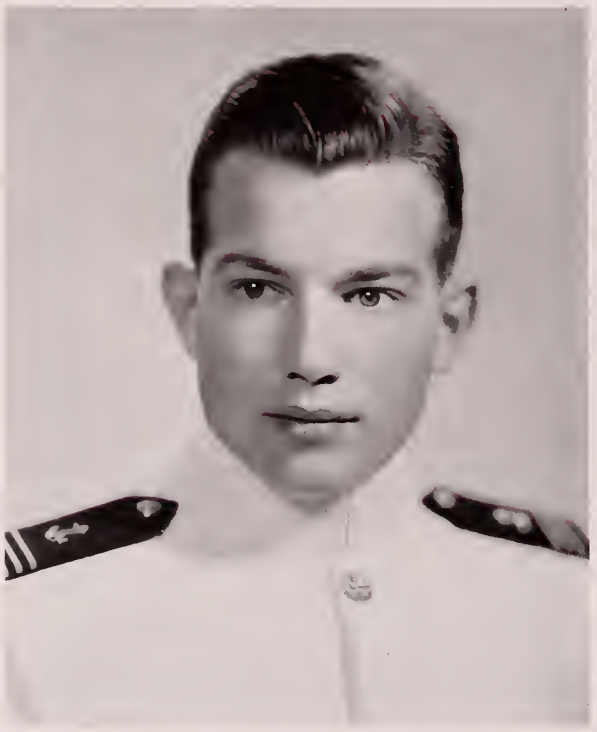
The legendary electrical wizard of Bancroft Hall had nothing on the "Boozer," whose delvings into the effects of various electrical phenomena drove many a radio fan to distraction. Although not an outstanding athlete, he was always active in some sport, usually handball or battalion lacrosse. Two years spent "on the banks of the old Raritan" gave him an edge over many of us that was made even sharper by his natural ability to "get this stuff" with apparently little effort. Dick said he preferred a life free from the delusion of women. Confidentially, we think he was just waiting for the right one to come along.

Frederick Ellis Rau

Grand Forks, North Dakota

Having spent a year prepping in Crabtown before entering the Academy, Fritz knew the ropes and was always one jump ahead of the Academic and Executive Departments. Poise was his most noticeable characteristic and one could hardly conceive of a situation that would disturb him. He seldom hurried, took routine in step, and was unaffected by gold braid. His cheerful smile, helping hand, and ready encouragement won many a friend and made him the best of roommates. Although he was not a "snake," there was a steady influx of mail bearing feminine handwriting; his emotions were subject to change without notice. For Fritz, a Navy man, a Navy word—shipmate



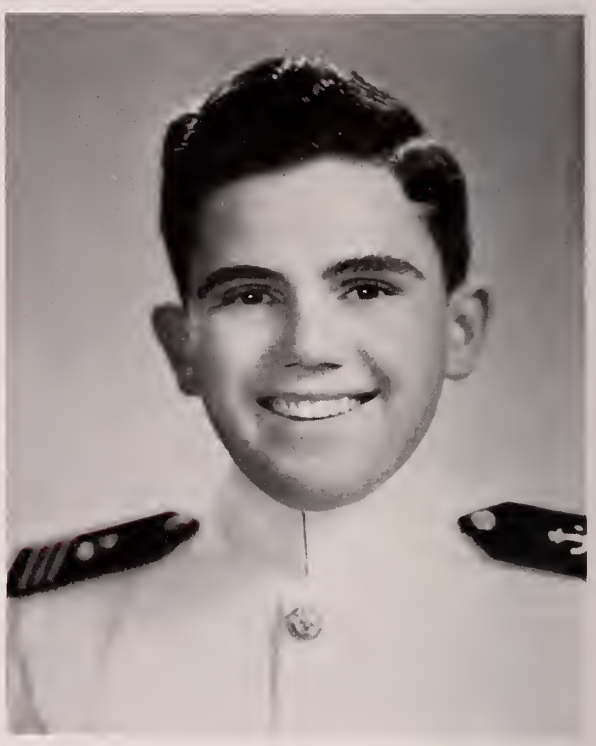


Jerome Alexander Rehberg

Bennington, Kansas

We thought Kansas was just wheat country 'til we met Jerry. Loquacious on the glories of rural life, the "Rube" soon showed his ardor for big city stomping. Two years in college made academics no hindrance to the Berg's enjoyment. Whenever he felt the urge he dragged, but his glib tongue was faster than Cupid's arrows so he's still free to make feminine hearts jump when he's ashore. Another of Jerry's pastimes was performing official duties in the somewhat unofficial Afternoon Poker Association. In everything he did Jerry demonstrated that his was a cool head that will concoct bad news for the enemy at sea when the going is tough.

Ping pong, basketball or "bull sessions," "the Rentz" went in for them all. Clay City was his pride, and Mom, Pop and Evelyn were his loves. Fresh from Purdue, he found academics "fruit"—after plebe steam. By youngster year he was one of the best paddle-pushers in Smoke Hall, and his good-natured love for arguments made him welcome in any heated discussion. Easy-going, yet forceful, "the Rentz" made many friends among all classes. When his sea-going days are over, Rentz wants a farm back home in the old Eel River Valley, and we all feel that he will make a great success there too.



Don Burger Rentschler

Clay City, Indiana

Tom Hunter Reynolds

Elgin, Illinois

Tom is the first name, not Thomas. At least that's what was on his cards, in his ring, and in a miniature now being proudly displayed by a certain girl from Illinois. Tom was always a source of information to us with regard to the mail deliveries. We could find out if the mail was out by merely asking Tom if he had his daily letter from Kay. Tom's hobby, besides pipes and records—ten pipes, 250 records—was winning the high jump at track meets. Tom has a quick mind which, combined with his ability to be popular, will serve him well in the future.

Larry sailed into '44 from the Bay Region of California, and there were no shoals in the course he steered for the top of the class. Although busy with such sports and extra-curricular work as lacrosse, soccer, boxing, various offices and committees, and with enough academics to win a pair of stars, he was never one to stay away from the hops. His handling of the job of Regimental Sub-Commander was particularly characteristic of the restless energy and efficiency with which he attacked any task. Larry showed us by his Academy record that he will be more than worth his salt at sea.

Laurence Baxter Richardson, Jr.

Sausalito, California

Irving Anthony Robinson

Glens Falls, New York

Look at his picture. You can see that his hair wouldn't straighten; and frequently the "mirror, mirror on the wall" made Robbie say, "that chap's it!" Robbie was more like the grasshopper than the ants. Nevertheless his fiddling brought him a wealth of friends. "Starring" would have been "fruit" if the "Skinny" slips had been on the latest issue of *Cosmo*, but a consuming professional interest will make him welcome on any ship. A spasmodic athlete, "dragger," and savoir, Rob had definite views on all subjects—definite, but changing. Don't let him run you, fellows, he's only kidding. Say, Robbie, have you got a skag?

Hugh Grant Rounds

Ogden, Utah

Jock? Yes, although the gang back in Utah remembered him as "Hutch," this was the monicker we preferred. Playing guard and weighing only 150, Jock found it tough going in football. But his spirit was hard to stop, and he made good on both the plebe and varsity football teams. At first base he sparked the "Flubbing Fourteenth's" softball team to many a victory. The "Skinny" Department gave him a little scare youngster year, but in general, he was a good student and was seldom troubled by academics. With the same ease he'll meet the challenge of the Service. He's a regular fellow from whom we'll regret being separated.

Hugh James Rosania

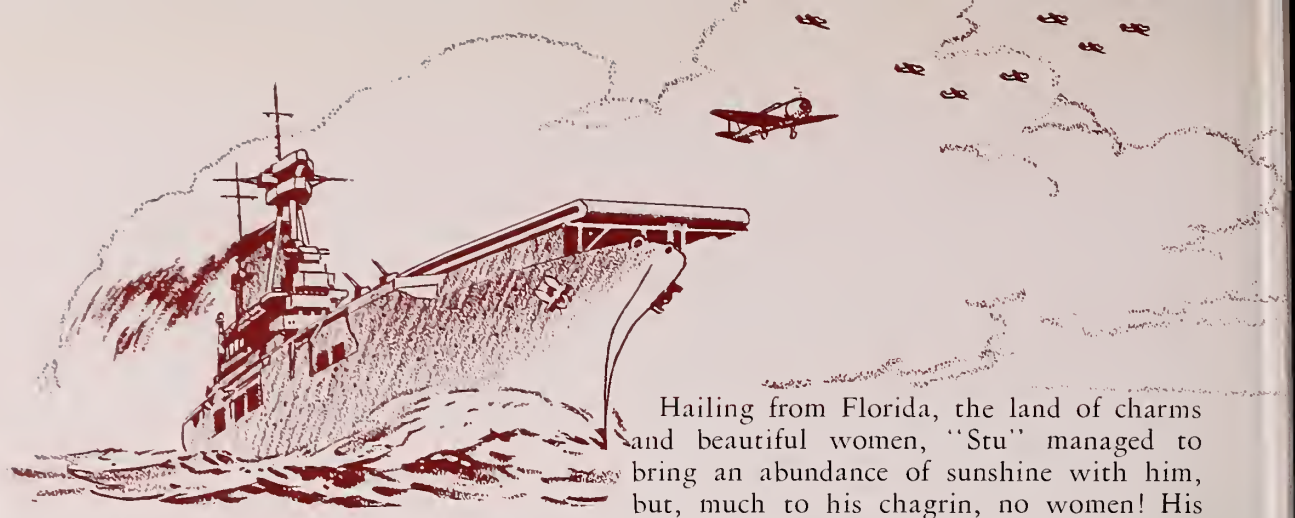
Somerville, New Jersey

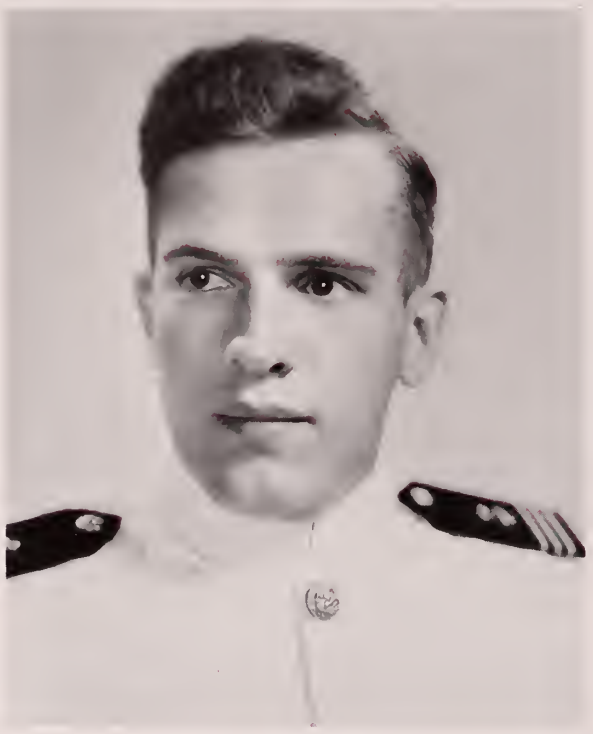
Rutgers lost a "hep" man when Navy obtained priorities on Rosie. Neither the strict discipline nor the tough academic routine slowed him down one bit. When the course became rough, he steered to the "Jersey Bounce," going completely out of this world. Equally as smooth on the lacrosse field as on the dance floor, as adapted to scoring goals as to winning friends, easy-going, well-mannered, agreeable, and handsome; these were but a few of his qualities. He will make as good a shipmate as he did a classmate, and the future seems to be equally divided between duty at sea and the gal with the green convertible.

Bruce Albert Rushlow

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

With his better half back in Saginaw, Michigan, "Short Stride" spent his spare time with his second love, music. Any time the N.A.-10 was on exhibition, the "Chief" was present under the spotlight with his sax. Aside from one controversy with the Academic Board plebe year, "Short Stride" was never troubled with academics. He found time enough to play company softball youngster year and first class summer. He would like to be one of the Semper Fidelis boys. But whether it's the Navy or the Marine Corps, his initiative, energy, and forcefulness foretell a successful future for him in the armed forces of our nation.





Richard Adolph Ryzow

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Jolly "J.B." with his infectious smile and spontaneous quips could always be found in the middle of the group, adding to everyone's enjoyment. His pleasing personality won for him many friends; his ability to perform his duties well gained him the respect of all. While at the Academy Dick directed his efforts to varsity lacrosse and company soccer; because of his excellent coaching abilities, the twentieth company soccer team developed into a winning combination. On the weekends Dick, although far from his native Milwaukee, never had trouble finding a drag from nearby. A cheerful willingness to learn and a determination to succeed will combine to make Dick an outstanding officer.

Stuart Tees Sadler

MOUNT DORA, FLORIDA

Hailing from Florida, the land of charms and beautiful women, "Stu" managed to bring an abundance of sunshine with him, but, much to his chagrin, no women! His overflowing radiant energy found outlet in helping out his company softball and basketball teams. Most of it, however, was applied in his attack on the academic departments, which he drove home with apparent ease. A small portion was held in reserve for that daily letter to his O.A.O. Stu's other passion was the sea; this found an outlet in weekend sails on the trim Academy yachts. Possessing true officer-like qualities, Stu will be a welcome cog in the fleet's machine.

Elroy Charles Sandquist, Jr.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

This tall, handsome lad from the Windy City, a former University of Chicago student, was able to inform us about any subject whether it concerned sports, Glen Miller's orchestra, or games from bridge to basketball. At hops he really shined; he knew all the dance steps, waltzing and jitter-bugging included, and the very latest songs. Sandy had plenty of fun, but he worked too, and despite his many activities, such as business manager of the *Trident Magazine* and writing occasionally for the *Log*, he wore stars. His versatility and adaptability, requisites of every naval officer, will make him a valuable addition to the fleet.

Hailing from deep in the heart of that great big state, Sax could not be stopped if he heard someone say Texas. Although he would "rather be a Texas Aggie," John managed to make himself at home in the salty atmosphere of Annapolis. Rapidly learning the ways of the sea, he became a proficient ketch sailor, enjoying weekend ketch trips immensely. Afternoons playing tennis or company softball kept kept him in good shape for the eternal struggle with academics, which he managed to take in stride. One who inspires confidence in those under him, he is sure to rise to the top in this man's Navy.

John Solon Saxon

Bryan, Texas

Gerhard Willy Schlierf

Detroit, Michigan

This happy-go-lucky "Wolverine" seemed to need only the letters from Michigan to inspire his successful hurdling of the Academy's obstacles. Two years at Michigan Tech also helped a little in making his only worry that of finding time for his varied activities. His friendly smile, genial nature, and willingness to lend a helping hand won him many friends. After earning numerals in plebe gym, Gerry forsook varsity competition for the less formal battalion team, where his ability helped it win the regimental championship. With his determination and knack of getting along with everyone, Gerry will be as successful in the fleet as he was at the Academy.

Thomas Markham Searles, Jr.

Rosemont, Pennsylvania

One of the late arrivers during plebe summer, the "little man" from Philly, benefiting from his experiences in Farragut, soon was "in the groove" here at the Academy. He proved his ability as a gymnast on the rings and the horizontal bar, and earned his numerals and N.A. awards plebe and youngster year. Tom did consistently fair work in academics. He exhibited the tell-tale characteristics of a true "Red Mike," although a pretty face or figure was always a magnet for his eyes. Because he did not often drag, Tom became the perfect wife, with a little spare cash always on hand to lend his mate.

Fred Anthony Schnurr

Baldwin, New York

What a hunk of man! He was huge without gear, but when the Navy rooters saw "73" run on the field, they knew the tackle hole would be plugged. Being an N man in football was not Moose's only claim to fame. Baseball, wrestling, and tennis were other sports in which he excelled, showing that he was an all-around athlete. He was living proof that athletes aren't dumb. Academics were at times bothersome, but never a threat. Fred could be serious and act tough, but inside we knew existed a big heart and friendly spirit. If you are looking for brawn or brains, fun or fight, here's your man.

John Oscar Sherman Jr.

Forest, Mississippi

"I hope my eyes hold out so I can make the air service!" Thus we met "Josh," whose burning ambitions were, first, to be a naval aviator, and then someday to sail around the world in his own schooner. Being from the Deep South he was not too fond of the nickname "General," which was given to him as soon as he arrived. Oscar enjoyed hunting and fishing and after a leave he usually had some fine stories to tell. Although by no means a "Red Mike," he was not addicted to dragging. He preferred to spend his weekends high-jumping with the track team or sailing the Academy yachts.

Cecil Hall Simpson

Lenoir City, Tennessee

"Simp" was a farm boy whose desire for the Navy led him to enlist the day he was seventeen. Until the time that he came to the Academy he served on the U.S.S. *Enterprise* and the U.S.S. *St. Louis*. Simp was no "star" student, but his ability to be practical and his will to win carried him through. Most every afternoon found "Simp" over at the pool, jogging on the track, or exercising in the gym where he worked on the plebe gym team. Simp always said he'll return to the farm. Let's hope he doesn't, for classmates will miss him when they gather in the wardroom.

A natural "saviness" and a will to work enabled Kirk to steer well clear of the clutches of the Academic Departments and to devote much of his time to recreation. Dragging was his chief hobby, and he was seldom absent from any hop or informal. Sailing experience, gained on the shores of sunny California, gave him a berth on the varsity sailing team. He entered the service with more than the necessary attributes of a successful naval officer. Kirk left the Academy with an enviable record; and what was more important he maintained the high aspirations with which he joined us plebe summer.

Pfaeffle Simpson, Jr.

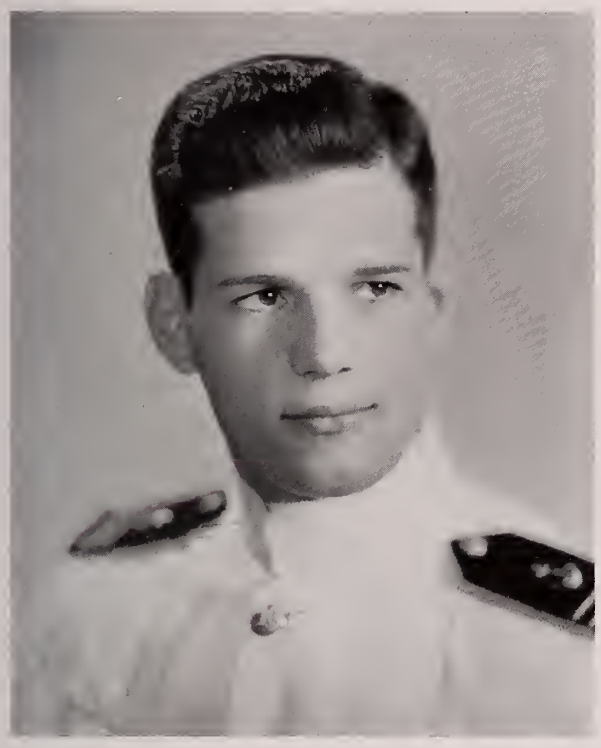
San Diego, California

Charles Betts Smith

Florence, South Carolina

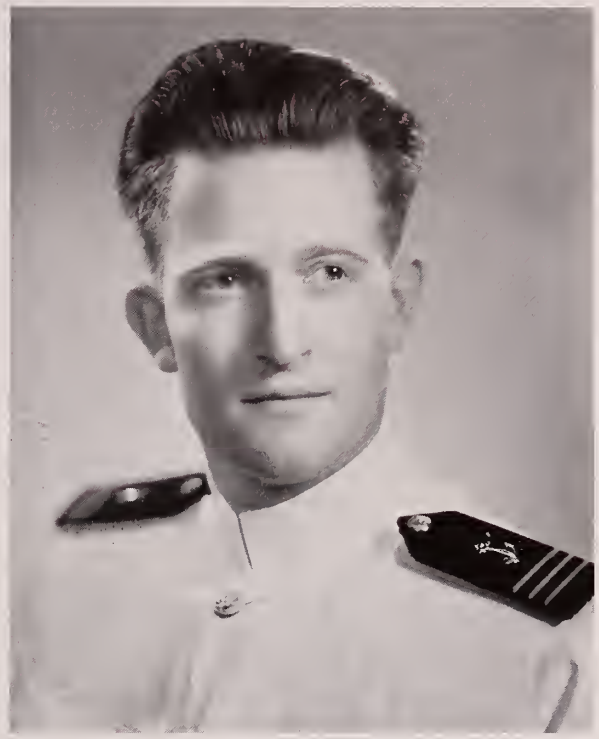
Headed for a commission in the Navy and to P.T. boats or tin cans where he can best display his initiative and common sense, "C.B." came to the Academy from Florence, South Carolina. While he was here he spent his time well—swimming, sailing, swinging a lacrosse stick to fit himself physically, or dragging and composing poetry for pure enjoyment. However, academics were hard on Smitty; several times he had to spend more than fifteen minutes on a lesson! Few of us found more zest in life than did "C.B." He played hard and he worked hard. With Smith on deck his shipmates will be able to sleep well.

During our three years here we could find "Smitty" any afternoon at the wrestling loft or on the football field. Rewards for the many hours he spent were his numerous letters and numerals, as well as his reputation for being a good sport. Harold took academics in stride, having ups and downs along with his classmates. He did not "star," but he displayed a well-rounded practical knowledge in all his subjects. Harold goes into the fleet with a practical mind, a good professional knowledge, and an athletic background to fit him for war service. We are sure that he will be a valuable addition.



Harold James Smith

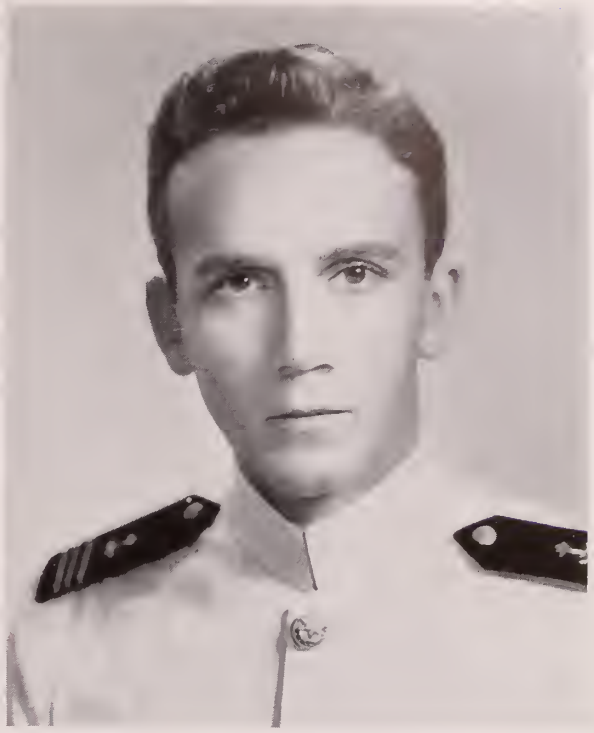
Baltimore, Maryland



Norman Sherrill Smith

Lenoir, North Carolina

Haha! And so another joke by the *Log's* feature editor was finally interpreted to the crowd. Forced to be a "Red Mike" through ardent faithfulness to his one love, Smitty spent his time in the *Log* office, fencing loft, and radio club room. In spare minutes he diligently slaved over crossword puzzles. Yet his real joy was gained from exercising his vocal chords. Just as Red took supreme delight in answering naval questions plebe year, he also took pleasure in confusing the fourth class with the knowledge he learned in the fleet. Although a surface man as a gob, his present desire is to become a submariner.



Bernard Bertholf Smyth

Washington, D. C.

A native of Virginia, Bart was the pride of Augusta and Fork Union Military Academies. During plebe summer he was known for his smartness and precision. Later Bart was elected representative on the class crest committee. Always popular with his classmates, he was elected company representative, which he remained until graduation. Bart also made a name for himself in several sports, having won awards in battalion lacrosse, football and pistol. Beartolf, as he was sometimes called, took studies and activities as they came. Although never "starring," his natural intelligence and quickness were outstanding and demonstrated that he possessed all the requirements for becoming a dependable officer.

Harry Edwin Snyder

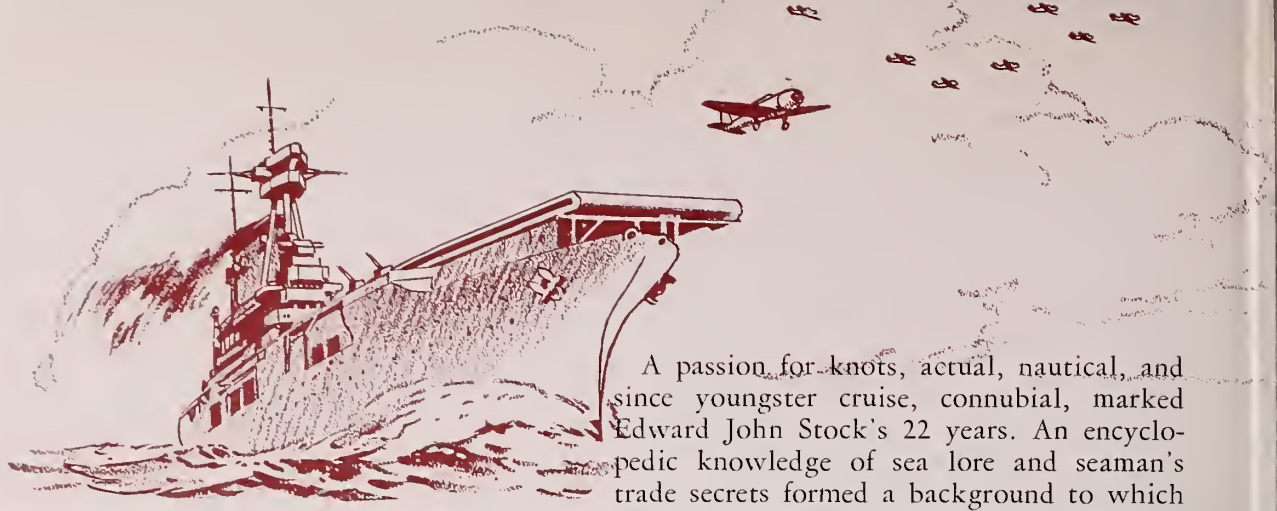
Des Moines, Iowa

The "Doctor" grew up to be a little man, but his work on the wrestling mat developed a robust, muscular physique. "Doc" had the ability to do everything he undertook well. His ingenuity in applying a wide variety of talents always produced something new and different. Soon we learned to listen for and appreciate his sage remarks, for he never lacked a clever expression for any occasion. Although "Doc" worked diligently while at the Academy, he eagerly awaited leave when he could go home and try his charms on the girls. His good humor and ability to win many friends coupled with a keen insight are insurance of his success.

John Carlyle Standish

WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

No stars graced his collar and no medals were on his chest, but he was a thoroughly dependable man. Myles came to the Naval Academy via the Coast Guard Academy. The snappy climate of his New England home probably was partially responsible for his readiness to participate in any outdoor activity. If hard and continuous work could always reap its just reward, there was little doubt in our minds of Myles being a success at any job. His faithfulness to the girl next door and hence his failure to have a girl in every port was the one reason he was not a true sailor.

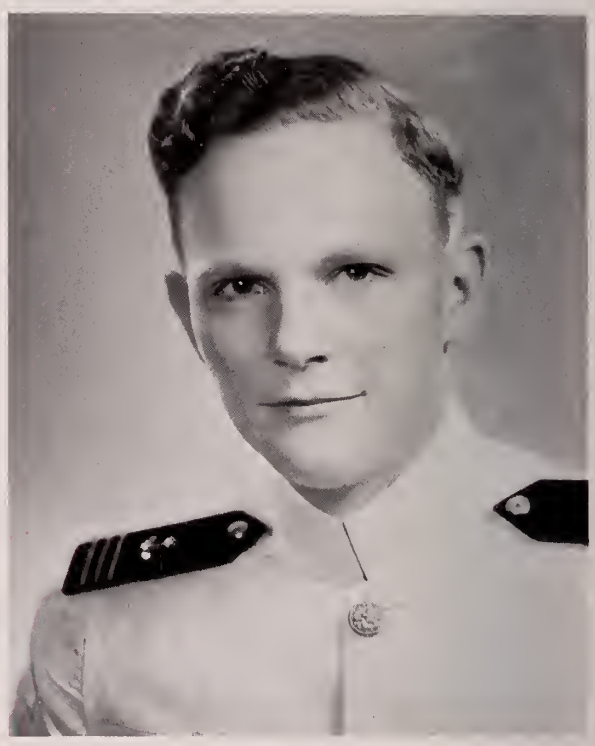


Philip Steiner

ELMHURST, LONG ISLAND

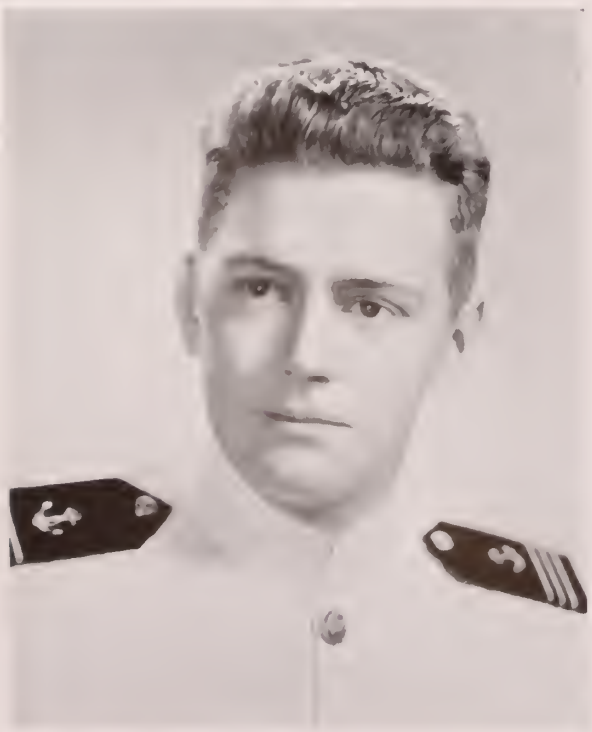
If you wanted to know about anything from the Fleet to the girls in "Ole New York," you could ask Phil and he'd be right there with the answer. Phil came from the Fleet, where he served on the *U.S.S. Wyoming*. Aside from dragging, swimming and sunbathing were his favorite extra-curricular activities. Plebe year he was on the crew squad, but later, when academics became rather exacting, he gave up rowing. Although Phil was the quiet type, he was dynamite when aroused. We can't help feeling that Phil's genuine love for the Navy and his devotion to duty will make him an outstanding officer.

A passion for knots, actual, nautical, and since youngster cruise, connubial, marked Edward John Stock's 22 years. An encyclopedic knowledge of sea lore and seaman's trade secrets formed a background to which hard work added those things the Academy provides to make a good naval officer. Continually submerged in the Severn River water which flowed copiously into the hull of the 14-foot dinghy, Eddie's happiness was proportional to the square of the number of competitors astern. Gadgeteer par excellence, an assiduous and minutely accurate workman with the infinite patience really to enjoy "calling a jib" or following the routine, he knew what he wanted and how to get it.



Edward John Stock

CLEVELAND, OHIO



Donald Edgar Storey

MT. VERNON, NEW YORK

Bidding a fond farewell to the frivolities of civilian life, Don left the "Big City" in order to become a midshipman. Easily conquering first year academics, "Blondie" became what is every plebe's greatest ambition, a youngster. By no means a member of the radiator squad, he utilized his energies playing battalion basketball and company softball. Never serious about the local belles, Don remained true to his O.A.O. "Stretch" didn't stand one in Steam, but he tackled his professional subjects with a zest that is certain to bring him success in the future. His quick mind and conquering spirit will aid Don greatly in becoming a fine officer.

One of the most versatile and likable individuals we have met, Fred arrived from Shamokin shy, but definitely earnest. The Academic Departments immediately recognized him as a savoir. That his plebe year was a success was very apparent from his high standing in the class. A top notch wrestler, Fred was ever physically fit. He appreciated good music, read extensively, and loved poetry; come what might he was always in there pitching. His red hair marked his forceful character; his brown eyes showed calmness and steadiness. Fred is looking toward the Marines; we'll miss him and we'll never forget him—the squarest-shooting fellow there is.

Fred Elmer Stout, Jr.

Shamokin, Pennsylvania

John Pipes Street

McComb, Mississippi

A civilian one day, "in the Navy" the next. During his college days down there in Mississippi, Johnny was really a full-fledged civilian. But one day in June changed the picture. No more of those pretty Southern girls for a while. Plebe year was mostly work and no play, and Johnny did a good job from the very start. Academics, battalion gym, tennis and sailing kept him even busier youngster year. The aforementioned Southern girls had quite an influence in making quite a perfect youngster year June Week for him. When you want good company, a swell time, or a job well done, call on Johnny. He's your man.

Francis Joseph Suhre

Baltimore, Maryland

Frenchy was forever getting sand in his shoes. It was rumored that he played soccer with so much ease because he could run along at full tilt and, without stooping, clip his opponents behind the knees with his shoulders. This small and mighty lad spoke staccato French to the constant joy and occasional disconcertion of the "Dago" professors. Born in Haiti and brought up in France, Francis called our English course his foreign language; but he almost lost his Le Havre accent at the Academy. Often, in the midst of wild and stormy discussions, he emerged on top because, when the air became blue and bitterly agitated, he could laugh.

Jack Collins Stuart

Texarkana, Texas

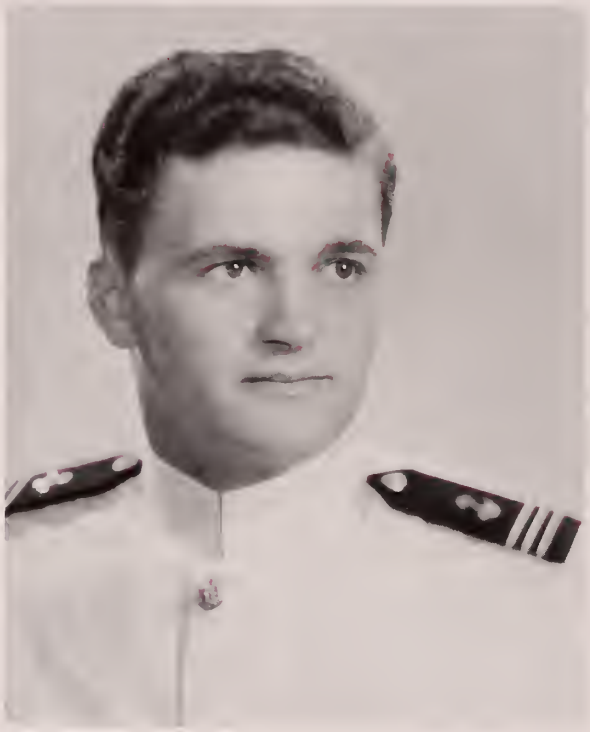
Cactus Jack! All of us were immediately attracted by his Texas smile. Yet sometimes envy arose because that same smile attracted entirely too many of our girls. Black is White! Jack said so! We learned the futility of argument. Jack always won, and so we were convinced that thermo-dynamics was easy. Behind that jovial smile there was deep earnestness and marked sincerity. Whether he was in class or in the gym, this inherent earnestness claimed the foreground for Jack. His genuine sincerity gained for him the enviable position as one of *the* men of "forty-four." With aspirations for naval aviation, Jack is certain to be a high flyer.

Myron Boyd Sutton

Los Angeles, California

California lost her greatest press agent when Mike came to the Academy. With his easy manner and disarming grin, he made many friends. His high forehead, the butt of many good-natured jokes, hid an adept brain, for when the studies were toughest Mike would be boning *Cosmo*. He toiled many hours on the extra duty and football squads; during weekends not supervised by the Executive Department, he always dragged queens that rivaled Hollywood's best. Mike's stories were always welcome and a party was incomplete without him. His superb confidence in himself was shared by all; Mike will be in there leading us when the going is the hardest.

There was no one in the Regiment who could, either literally or figuratively, speak louder when he wanted to be heard than Shuford. He commanded respect by his efforts to make the Regiment a co-operative group instilled with pride in the Navy and its traditions. If his voice and sincerity did not convince a slacker, his known wrestling prowess lent weight to his words. Shuf was a champion heavyweight, who wrestled with the same inspiration, tenacity, and aggressiveness that characterized all of his undertakings. High regimental rank was just recognition of his achievements. And yet, only "dangerous" "mischievousness" could describe the humor with which Swifty enlivened his everyday life.



Joseph Leo Svejkosky

St. Louis, Missouri

"It's Svejkosky, sir; Svej like in sway." Behind that name we found an energetic and likable fellow headed for the top of the heap. To know Joe was to like him, and to be called his friend was indeed an honor. Joe hailed from the Mound City, and naturally believed that there was no ball club like the Cardinals. He would admit, however, that Brooklyn was still in the league. Afternoons were spent leading his victorious softball team or taking on all comers in four-wall handball. We're all looking forward to being shipmates with him. He'll be in there pitching, so look out, you Japs!

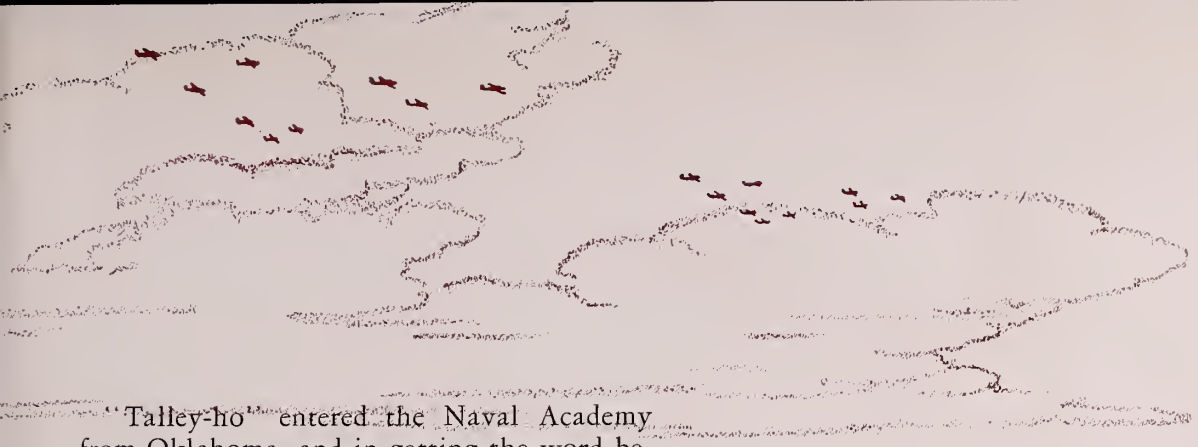
Charles Shuford Swift

San Leandro, California

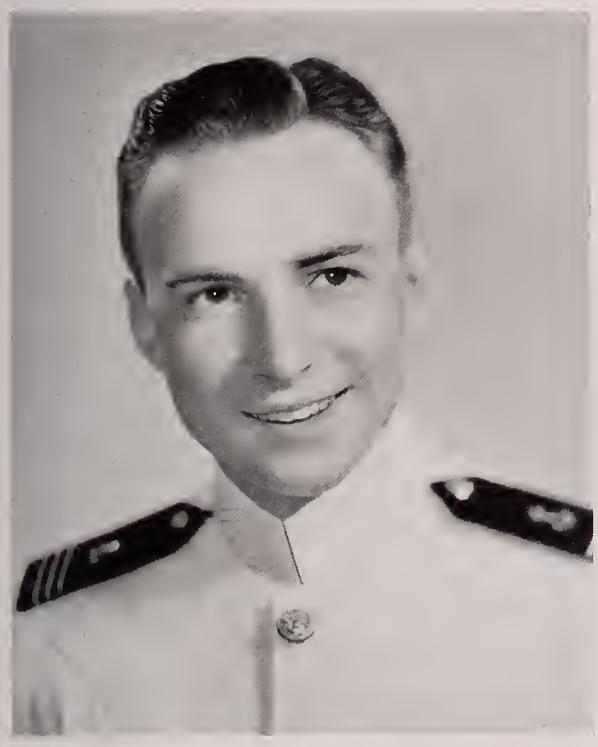
Joseph Wilmer Talbott

Bristol, Maryland

Easily understanding the theory and being practical as well, Bill found little to trouble him here. Hitting the books much less than most of us, he handily "starred" in that "easy" youngster year. In the afternoons "Tal" was over at the gym, or on one of the athletic fields. During the fall season he earned his "N," shin-kicking on the soccer field. Bill's hearty sense of humor, bred on a Southern Maryland farm and enriched by two years in the fleet, plus a quick wit, made things hum when he was around. Whether it was dancing, athletics, liberty, or academics, Bill threw his best into it, and that was plenty.



"Talley-ho" entered the Naval Academy from Oklahoma, and in getting the word before the rest of us he became a "Sooner." A consistent wearer of stars, he had no worries about academics, and found sufficient time for extra-curricular activities. His favorites were tennis, gym, sailing, the orchestra, and the Masqueraders, in all of which he made a good showing. On weekends we usually found him dragging a lady friend from Washington or the vicinity, and he was more than once a member of the "flying squadron." George's fine personality, scholarly traits, professional interest and gentlemanly manners will earn for him only the best in the future.



George Clyde Talley, Jr.

Lawton, Oklahoma

James Winsor Taylor

Massena, New York

Whether you knew him as "Big Jim" or just Jim, you could always expect a cheerful hello and a helping hand. As a friend, a classmate, and shipmate, Jim was 4.0 in everything he did, said, or believed. Hailing from upstate New York, he arrived here with one ambition—to be a naval officer—and that he will be. Although not a varsity man he was a devoted "B" squader of no little skill. Like all of us, Jim had his ups and downs, but you can be sure he came out on top and will continue to do so in everything he attempts.

Scott Edmunds Terrill, Jr.

Burlington, Vermont

Whether he was managing the baseball team, adding harmony to the choir, or bidding a slam, Scotty was equally successful. His geniality and good fellowship won for him a host of friends in the Regiment, not to mention his far-flung network of beautiful drags, but his heart was ever true to his O.A.O. Although his spare time was usually absorbed by carefree activities, he somehow managed to remain active in athletics and to keep up that all-important class standing. Endowed with a good sense of humor and able to do the right thing at the right time, Scotty will always be on the "prefer to have" list.

Robert Richard Thoe

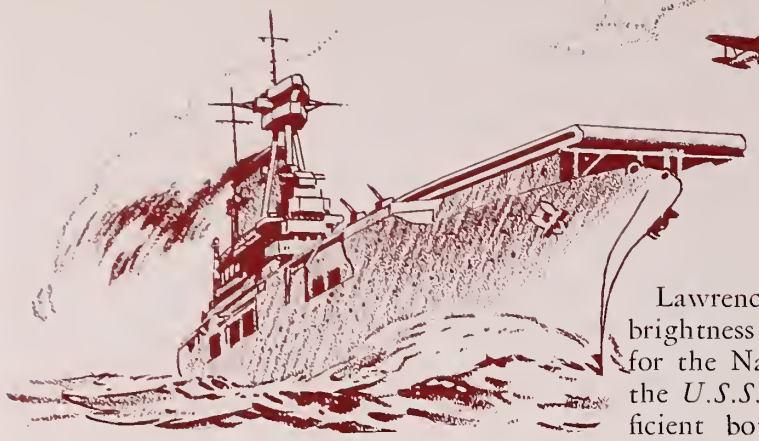
Lake Mills, Iowa

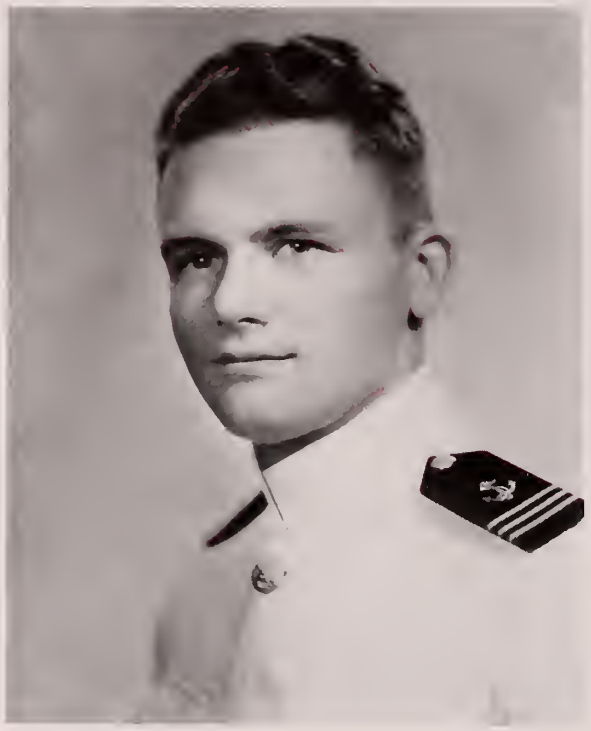
One day in August, 1940, a typical "College Joe," with a stalk of Iowa corn in one hand and a copy of *Down Beat* in the other, appeared at Crabtown. From that day "Dad-Bob" kept the halls of Bancroft ringing with his victory march, "The Wreck of the Old '97," and his pet slogan, "Benny Goodman for President." On the savvy side, he found sufficient time for varsity track, intramural cross country and boxing, plus plenty of bunk drill. A man whom his subordinates admire, his classmates swear by, and his superiors depend on, we know we'll always find Bob where the going is toughest—"giving 'em hell."

Jack Elzey Tingle

DALLAS, TEXAS

Among the outstanding men on the track team was "Tingle of Navy," whom we soon came to know as a tall, likable Texan and a personal friend. Occasionally dubbed "Jingle-Jangle," Jack consistently won the 100 and the 220-yard dashes, and after meeting West Point's best, sported an enviable chest of medals. In knowledge of popular music and modern orchestras he likewise excelled, and received just recognition. Finding his scholastic background at Irving School in Tarrytown a firm foundation on which to build, he added to his academic structure without undue effort. Consistent, thorough and reliable, Jack is well prepared for official responsibility in any line of duty.





John Hallett Torbert

WETHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT

Jack is a Californian by sentiment, a New Englander by spirit and ancestry, and a Washingtonian by residence. Perhaps the fundamental reason for his sincere attitude toward the "Bear State" was a deep interest in a certain University of California co-ed. Plebe year he had rather bad luck with his wives, two of which went by the board academically. Soccer, swimming, and badminton were his sports, and the boat club his pastime. Although not quite a star man in academics, or a hero in the field of sports, his energy, common sense, tact, and loyalty will prove him to be one of the better officers of our great Navy.

Lawrence, Massachusetts, lost much of its brightness when "Happy" left the Boy Scouts for the Navy. After spending a year aboard the *U.S.S. Helena*, Hap decided he had sufficient bottom-of-the-ladder experience and realized his ambition by coming to the Naval Academy. Steam, the sailing team, playing "Dago" savoir, and messhall life occupied him during plebe year, while a blonde Delta Zeta from Washington, D. C., was added youngster year. Always the stoic, ever the gentleman, with a grin for all from the lowest plebe to the company officer, Happy goes forth to laugh and fight with our most complete confidence. *Fais de ton mieux; bonne chance, Lieutenant . . . !*

Albert Roland Trottier

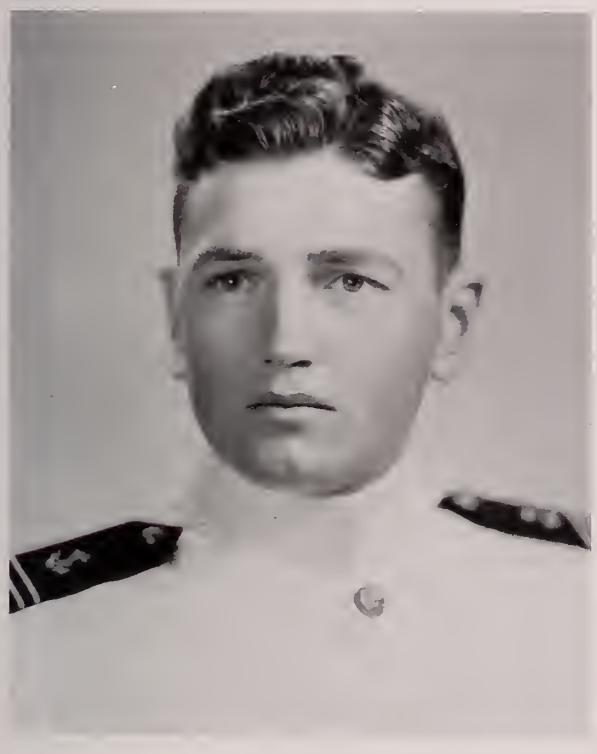
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

Charles William Ullrich

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Following "Wild Bill's" year at Notre Dame, another Hoosier entered the Academy. Before the class was allowed radios, many were the riots he started with his mellow C-sax. He afterwards found ample opportunities to pound the piano in Smoke Hall or to blow the latest tune through some Plebe's mouth organ. Bill spent most weekends on sailing trips, seeking that coveted Saturday night liberty. A renowned sandblower, he showed his ability in plebe crew and battalion football. As for love, he steered a steady course and established a good fix at the Ring Dance. Unfaltering in loyalty to Dot, to friends, and to the Navy — that was Bill.

Tall, quiet, capable, and handsome was a nutshell description of "Van." Always looking for something different to do, this curly-headed lad found many enjoyments overlooked by the rest of us. Recreation periods usually found "Van" engaged in some type of athletics; sailing held a special attraction because it permitted dragging. For complete relaxation "Bob" turned to his bunk and the music from his excellent collection of records. Though quiet, "Van" exhibited a ready wit which came to life when those blue eyes began to sparkle. With his ability to make friends and do a job well, Bob is sure to succeed in this man's Navy.



Robert Gibson Van Horne

Tucson, Arizona

James Clement Van Pelt

Marion, Kentucky

From his home in Marion, Kentucky, via Columbia Prep to the fourth deck of Bancroft was for Van an advancement that still continues. Hiding his red hair in a helmet each fall, Jimmy played battalion football. Although no academic star, the "Commander" did well enough. On the extra-duty squad he was a consistent companion of "Miss Springfield." Weekends he spent on ketches—or rather off them in liberty ports on the Bay. If not too tired after a week of intramural wrestling, "Pinky" and his 10-20 eyes valiantly sought the punch bowl for his drag at Saturday hops. Many friends, not too serious, a sure success—that's Van.

William Richard Wakeland

New Orleans, Louisiana

Bill hailed from New Orleans and Tulane. He delighted in tackling problems that demanded clear thinking; and, as a result, academics were duck soup for him. Outstanding was the manner in which he put all his effort and ability into whatever he did. His enthusiasm in doing a job, no matter how difficult, did much to assure his success. When not attempting to improve his already superior golf game, Bill could usually be found in the dark room exploring the magic of photography, or deep in a reverie. The reverie had a name, too—Tiny. He left the Academy the memory of his perpetual smile and ceaseless activity.

Charles Doyle Walker

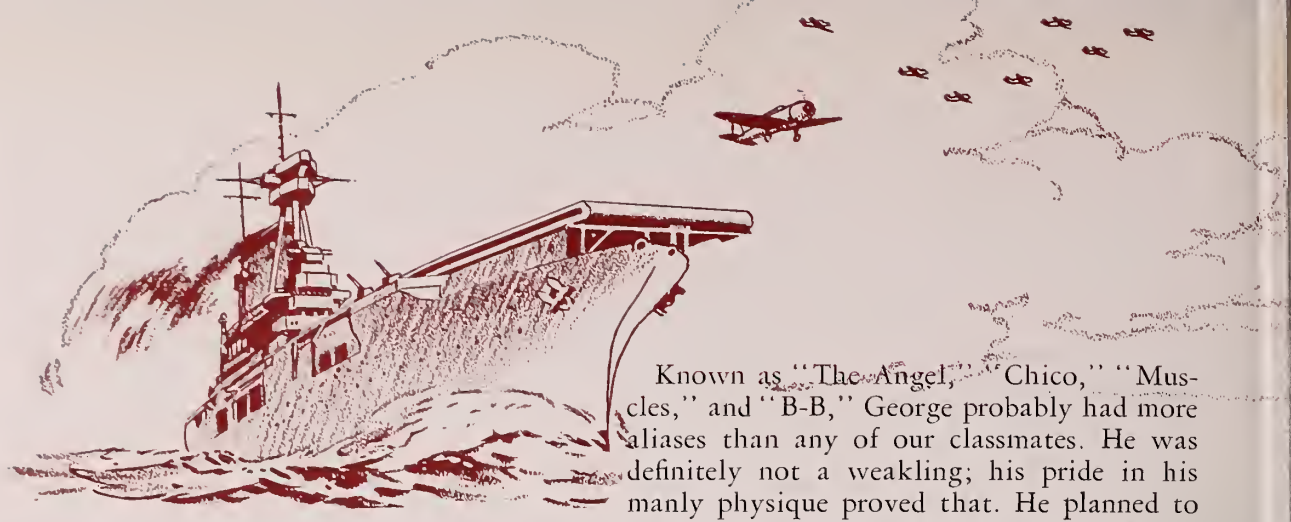
Havana, Illinois

It was a great loss to the Illinois dairy and soybean industries when Dewey came to the Severn Country Club, with cherished hopes of seeing the world via youngster cruise. His dreams shattered by the war, Doyle instead learned about Chesapeake sea nettles as one of the "Yippee" boys. Bolstered by an endless chain of sour-cream chocolate cakes from Mom back in dairyland, our man championed the sabre team, when not busy refuting Archimedes principle in the natatorium. A walking, talking copy of the World Almanac, Doyle was a tough man to fool. A sleeping wildcat at the Academy, when he breaks hibernation in the Fleet he'll be unbeatable.

John Gorham Ward

Butte, Montana

The "Guvnor" to his friends, John was a man's man. A physique hardened by continual daily exercise and weight lifting, a firm will and the ability to stick to anything he started, were among his strong points. He was a friend to all. His Irish temper flared quickly, but as quickly died down. Although "Bull" and "Dago" were his bugbears, technical subjects were his specialty. Liberty, swing music, and handball were his favorite enjoyments. After his daily workout he could always be found writing to his O.A.O. John's determination and an unconquerable will to win make him a good man to have on our side.



Richard Lee Warren

Olustee, Oklahoma

The school band, the local Boy Scouts, and the town's radios obtained a welcome relief when this young man went to Oklahoma Military Academy. There, succeeding with his flying instructors and professors of military science and tactics, he succumbed to the lure and call of the sea. Although not a varsity man, he believed in a daily workout. "Variety," said he, "is the spice of sports." If all chemistry books were turned face to face, Dick solemnly promised he could put a sixteen-inch shell thru dead center. The radio club held a strong fascination for "Dickie," because he liked to build radios. Here's luck to a swell shipmate.

Howard Paul Weirich

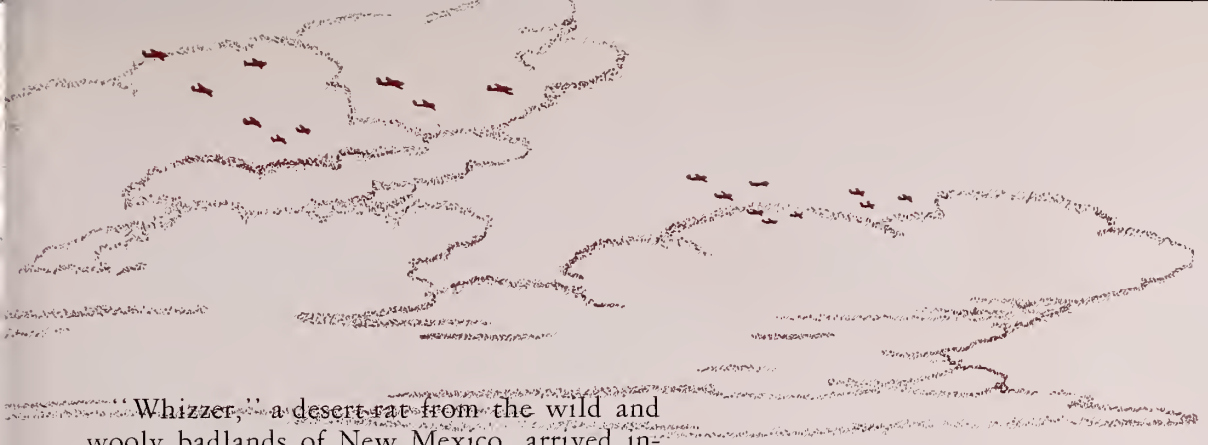
Evanston, Illinois

Paul was probably excited sometime in his life, but no one here ever saw it. Tall, husky, easy-going, nothing appeared to bother "Horse Power." Behind all his seeming indifference, though, was a clever mind that always had an answer for every situation. And when the mood struck him, Paul could be uproariously funny in a subtle way that left his whole audience gasping. Women were admittedly a matter of total disinterest to Paul; somehow, though, everytime he got back from his happy hunting grounds in Chicago he had several more terrific pictures for his desk! When the blue chips are down, Paul will be in there slugging.

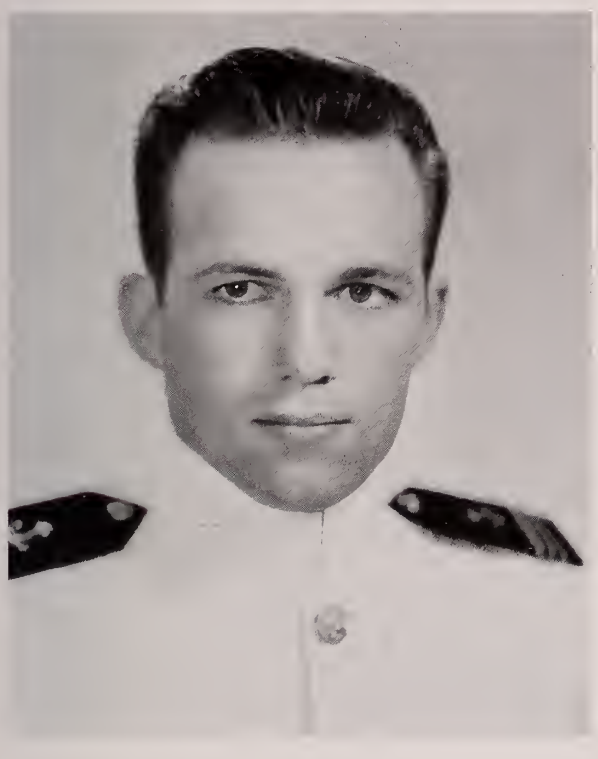
Known as "The Angel," "Chico," "Muscles," and "B-B," George probably had more aliases than any of our classmates. He was definitely not a weakling; his pride in his manly physique proved that. He planned to get rapid promotions and numerous decorations in either the air corps or submarines. The girls couldn't stay away from George and he couldn't stay away from them. He was always able to take time off from his wrestling, sailing, track, and committees to enjoy the company of the pulchritudinous hordes. In fact, he walked much extra duty because he couldn't break away. As long as admirals have wives and daughters, he'll have no worries.

George Clinton Watkins

Pasadena, California

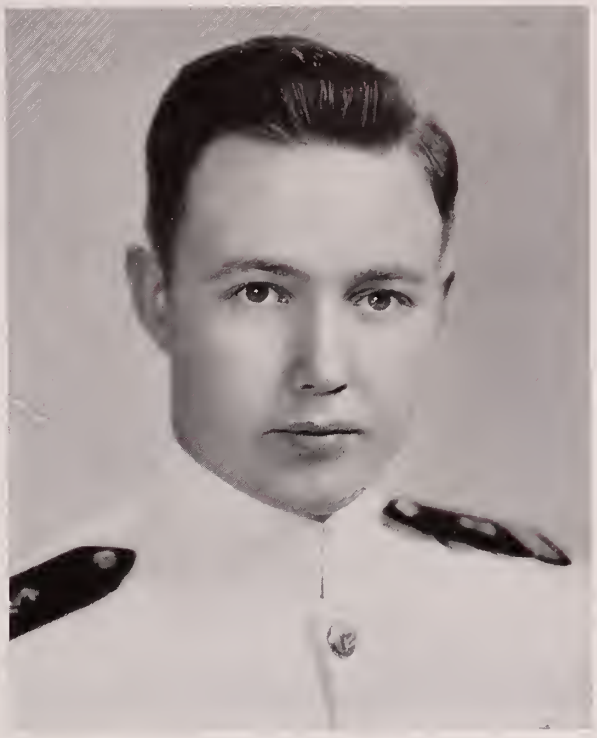


"Whizzer," a desert rat from the wild and wooly badlands of New Mexico, arrived inside these cold gray walls after having started his fourth year in engineering college. Beginning again to learn the A, B, C's of "Bull" and "Dago" was hard. The first thing that struck his new friends was his bevy of locker beauties— they soon dwindled, with one exception. First class year Whizzer shouted his lungs out as one of the indispensable cheer leaders. Spare time found Bill slaving on the *Crocodile*; the mighty midget was in the center of everything resembling work. He may be small, but men as well as dynamite come in small packages.



Willett Edward White

Fort Stanton, New Mexico



Norman Leslie Wilky

Hollywood, California

Arriving at the Academy in army uniform, Norm wasted little time in showing that Navy Blue was his favorite. Not satisfied with a plain blue uniform, Norm added stars plebe year; and when first class year rolled around, he had it trimmed with four stripes. He was always in front, in a soccer game or a parade; and always pulling for Navy, even in a battalion shell. At hops all of us were glad to see Norm drag, as we knew he would never stay in a stag line very long. We will be glad to row him aboard our ship anytime, a shipmate whose first love is the Service.

Victor Fremont Williamson

Laurel, Mississippi

"Ready, serve—it's an ace!" Many bright afternoons Willie spent on the courts, smashing his way to another Navy victory. Then came a romantic night, a hop where his ability in wielding a tennis racquet was converted into the grace of a perfect ballroom dancer. At home, Vic devoted most of his time to fishing and hunting, both for game and "Southern Belles." Vic possessed an uncanny wit which, combined with that slow, pleasing Mississippi drawl, made him a boon companion at any "bull session." Seriously speaking, Vic shall command his ship with the same grace and ease that he used on the courts or ballroom floor.

John Bright Winningham

Terre Haute, Indiana

This young man came east, and brought with him a crisp, sparkling manner that embedded him deeply in the hearts of his associates. He had sincere enthusiasm, not only for the Service, but also for any cause which he believed had merit. He was a strict advocate of regular living and self-discipline. Jack was raised in the mid-West and claimed allegiance to both Ohio and Indiana. Although he was an admirable connoisseur of womanhood, he seldom dragged. He is a man with a high sense of duty, a man who has all those qualities which go into the making of a naval officer and gentleman.

Jack Lyons Wohler

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

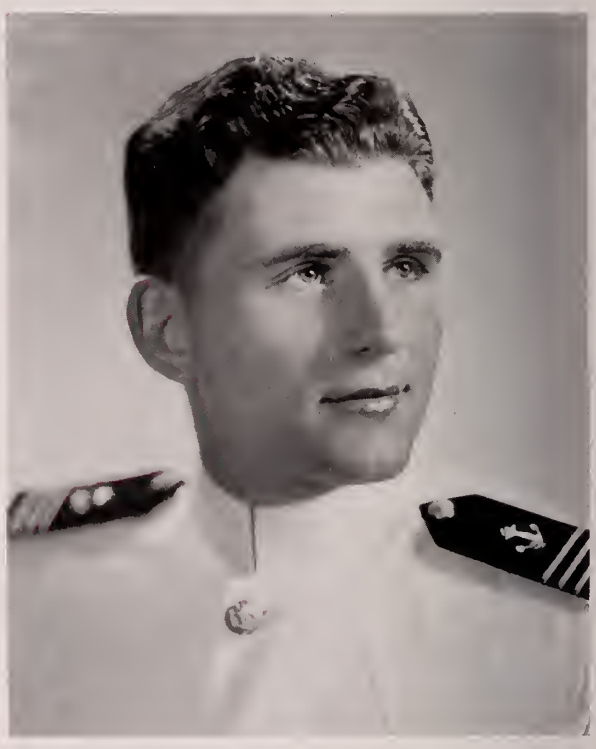
A quiet sense of humor, easy smile, good looks, and intelligence made Jack a swell fellow to have around. He had no struggle with academics, and during youngster year he jumped three hundred numbers. Having a keen interest in athletics, he could often be found playing basketball or throwing the javelin. His daily letter to his O.A.O. was a vital factor in his life, and his obsession was figuring out how two could live as cheaply as one. Many will remember Jack as one of the few to qualify in handling yawls. His congenial nature and pleasant disposition are to his advantage in a naval career.

Robert Lowell Wolf

SANDPOINT, IDAHO

Possessor of one of those names that is a nickname in itself, we were never able to tie anything else on him. Bob hailed from D. C., though previous stops on the line included Washington, Wisconsin, and Idaho. Bob was quiet but firm; his determination and scholastic ability will lead to Pensacola and the PB's to which he aspired. He had an avid interest in photography, an ear for sweet music, and a heart for one girl. The *Trident* photographic staff and the Model Club appropriated most of his spare time. Bob has the Navy blue in his heart and the gold of Pensacola's wings in his mind.

"Versatile Wooten at the strong side end," said the *Log* describing Big Bob's football accomplishments; indeed, versatility marked all his activities. "Woot" was a natural on the gridiron, in the varsity crew, and with all his blind drags. Injured and unable to play football first class year, the "Doctor" became one of Bill IX's able guardians. Spending a quiet Saturday night listening to good music, reading Steinbeck or Hemingway, and writing letters constituted relaxation for Big Bob. Quiet and reserved, Woot took life easily and never let the little things annoy him. Characteristic shot; the "Doctor" sitting with his feet propped on the desk thinking about Mary.



Robert James Wooten

EVERETT, WASHINGTON

Earl Preston Yates

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

From the beaches of Carolina came the "Ube"; and in a few short months, with the aid of Lee and Jackson, he won the Civil War for the South. Youngster year Bud never missed a hop. He was never seen twice with the same drag, and never once with a brick. Then first class year he was snagged by a "crab." Chronologically, the kid of the class; dynamically, father of us all. We all admired "Ubangi" for being capable of living more life per minute than others lived per day. Earl is a powerful fellow with a forceful manner, and possesses the characteristics of the officer men strive to follow.

When Ike took the big step from the hills of West Virginia to the halls of Bancroft, he knew what he wanted and he was well on his way to getting it. Endowed with all the qualities that count, he was soon recognized by his classmates as one of those rare individuals fittingly described as "Big Time Operator." Having no academic worries, he always had sufficient leisure in which to develop his talents in swimming, sailing, football, on the Reception Committee and in the important occupation of pleasing the female variety of humanity. Lloyd and his big smile will always be remembered by his friends, whose numbers are forever increasing.

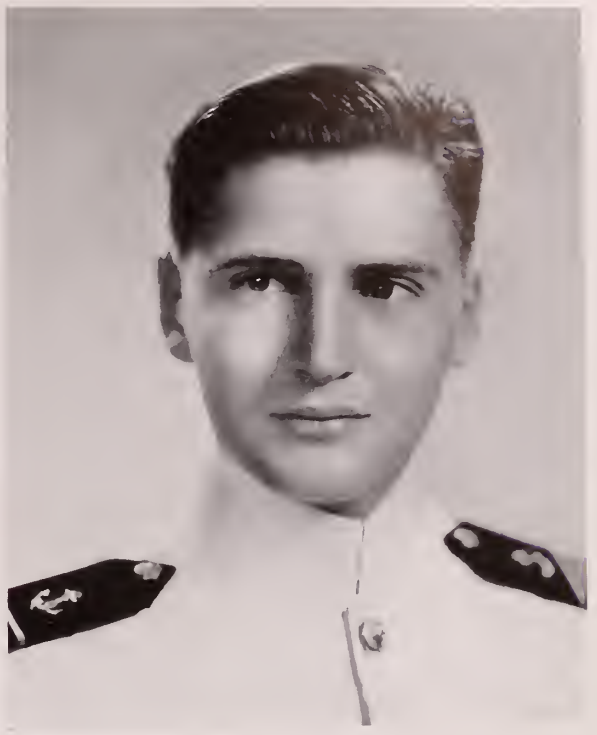
Lloyd George Yeich

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Robert James Young

PHILLIPSBURG, NEW JERSEY

Phillipsburg's first midshipman, "Hymie" Young outwardly gave the impression of being a quiet, shy fellow; but to us who knew him well, his gift of gab and temper were second to none. Bob's athletic achievements included playing two rugged seasons of battalion football, plebe baseball, and company softball. His accomplishments were not due to brawn alone, for his high class standing gave ample proof that his keen, fast thinking brain had much to do with his success. A former bank teller and Eagle Scout, Bob the scholar, athlete, and associate editor of the *Lucky Bag*, has set an excellent example for future P-burg midshipmen to follow.



Robert John Young Jr.

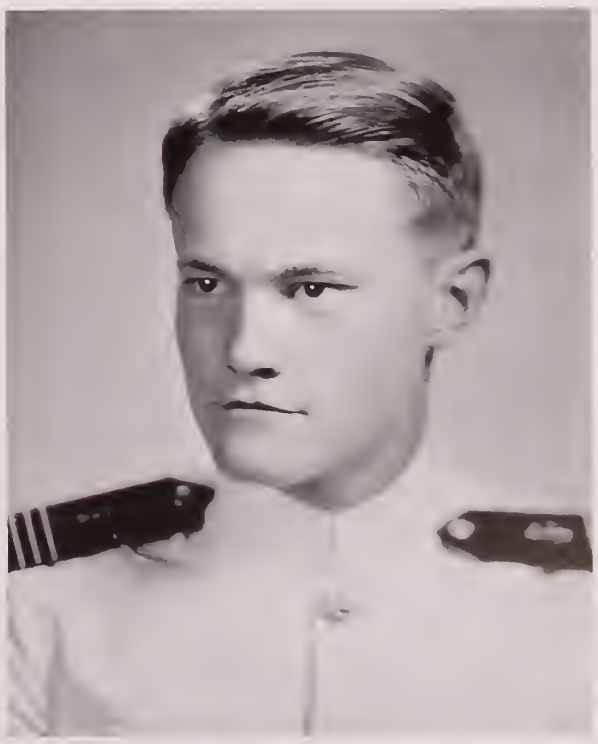
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Graduation was the happiest day in Bob's life; it ended a three-year struggle with the great bugaboo, academics. Studies did not stop him from enjoying Academy life, however, for every weekend found him dragging or sailing. "Junior" never lacked friends; wherever he went his personality livened things up for those with him. In fact, he had to worry about holding back some of his irresistible charm, a deed he never quite succeeded in doing. The string of broken hearts he left behind when he put Uncle Sam's call first speaks well for his pleasing manner. An all-Navy man, Bob will be a daring, cheerful, scrappy officer.

David Spencer Zachry, Jr.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Zing! Another smash deep in his opponent's court and "Zach" won again. Yes, he was quite a tennis player, one of Navy's best. Dave excelled on the courts and in academics. His officer-like qualities, high class standing, pleasing personality, and athletic talents brought him command of the Twentieth Company. A confirmed "Red Mike," he went to hops occasionally but very seldom dragged. For his amusement outside academic limits, a movie and a Bar-B-Que sufficed. Frequent trips to the record shop also helped this swing-lover to idle away his free moments. When this Southern gentleman is on the waves, he will scrap with the best of them.



Ernest Jerome Zellmer

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

An Academy version of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, "Zeke" probably knew more midshipmen than any man in the Regiment. During youngster year, he managed to take enough time from dinghy sailing, the *Trident* photographic staff, and the camera club to win a pair of binoculars, prize for standing first in physics. Proximity to Smoke Park made him the Academy's finest binocular operator. Always laughing, energetic, and generous, Zeke was a Beau Brummel at hops, a mental genius, a canteen cowboy par excellence and one of the foremost bulkhead-butters on the handball courts. Zeke's gripe: "I haven't had a letter from her since day before yesterday."

Appreciation

The 1944 LUCKY BAG Staff offers its sincere thanks to:

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN R. BEARDALL, *Superintendent, for his gracious permission to produce a LUCKY BAG as we saw fit.*

CAPTAIN HARVEY E. OVERESCH, *Commandant of Midshipmen, for his splendid cooperation, without which a LUCKY BAG would be impossible.*

COMMANDER EDWARD L. B. WEIMER, *Officer Representative, for his invaluable aid and unceasing interest, his tireless patience and welcome advice.*

MR. FRANCIS J. MULLER *of the Leo Hart Company for his constructive criticism and loyal help through all phases of the production of this annual.*

MR. ROBERT HART *of the Leo Hart Company for his fine endeavors to give the Naval Academy the best possible LUCKY BAG at a price compatible with our means.*

MR. JOSEF SCHIFF *for his superb photography throughout the entire book.*

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MR. C. GORDON BRIGHTMAN *of the Jahn and Ollier Engraving Company for the first germ of the idea that grew into the LUCKY BAG you now own.*

MR. HARRY K. LEVENTEN *for his efforts in the advertising field which helped make this LUCKY BAG financially possible.*

MR. JOSEPH H. HARDISON *of the Edwards and Broughton Company for his invaluable aid to the embryonic staff in the first stages of production.*

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER E. B. DEXTER *of the Executive Department for his willing assistance and technical advice in regard to naval subjects incorporated in this annual.*

THE OFFICERS AND MIDSHIPMEN OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY *for their spirit and unfailing cooperation which has made the 1944 LUCKY BAG a success.*

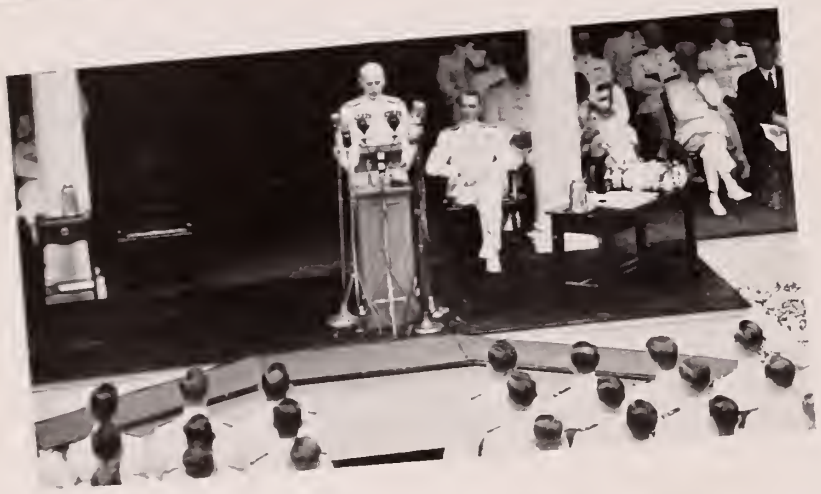
The Call to Arms

We had seen graduation before. We watched our First Classmen march up to the speaker's platform, shake hands with the Admiral, grasp their diplomas, and march away as we sat down. We heard the cheers, saw the white caps spin toward the high girdered roof of Dahlgren Hall, listened to the *Blue and Gold*, and thought that our day was yet far away.

Time seems short, looking back; the long hard years we had visualized passed quickly. Our day arrived, finding us eager to lay away midshipman life and see ourselves as commissioned officers. Beneath our thoughts of broad gold stripes and ten days' leave ran a subtle nostalgic undercurrent of memories—those we leave behind, happy days, Navy days.

We sat and heard our call to arms, a call away from prep school ways and young ideas. For three years the spirit of the fleet had grown within us. For three years that spirit had been buffeted by tough discipline and tougher academics. The years had passed, the day had come.

In our ears lingered the words of the speaker, in our minds the call of the sea, in our hearts the voice of God....



SBS
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THE CHAPEL

JBS
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Her imposing poised structure was a sobering influence when we saw her every day....she gave us a weekly spiritual boost that made us more determined to carry on proudly....open always to all faiths for worship of Almighty God....where Chaplain Thomas advised and strengthened many of us....where a few hours after graduation many of us said "I do" beside our chosen mate...a haven that will linger in our memories and bolster our morale in time of need....

The wise work of Captain W. C. Thomas,
Navy Chaplain Corps, came to us Sunday mornings

Chapel Facade Sunday

Academy Religion at War

The Chapel is a proud monument to the sailor's God. The Academy motto, "Ex Scientia Tridens,"—from knowledge seapower—bespeaks the academic purpose of this great school. But what is knowledge without wisdom? And where is there wisdom but in God? The Chapel represents the power of Truth. It is the Shrine of the Navy.

Three years of Sundays have seen us pass through the giant bronze portals. Three years have brought us many thoughts and much wisdom by the nation's finest ecclesiastics. And from this procession of sermons has come knowledge of life's meaning and purpose, its true perspective in the eternal scheme of things.

It seemed to us at times a little difficult to reconcile a profession of arms and war with a God of Love and Peace and Charity to all men. But we were shown. Every nation forms its code of behavior about its particular God. But many nations worship false Gods, man-made Gods, Gods of Force, Gods of Ruthlessness, Gods of Greed. Not Gods, but every one Mammon. And since Mammon is manufactured, he is perfect to his makers. And thus misguided by their own conceptions, these nations attempt to misguide the World. So it happens that we here must destroy such blasphemy that good works may flourish. We were taught to harden ourselves for the task by the firm establishment of faith in the true God and understanding of our mission for Him.

"The commanders of vessels and naval stations shall cause divine services to be performed on Sunday whenever the weather and other circumstances allow it to be done; and it is earnestly recommended to all officers, seamen and others in the naval service diligently to attend at every performance of the worship of Almighty God" . . . Articles for the Government of the United States Navy.

Since the gray dawn of his beginning man has charted his course through unknown waters. His courage has been great, his knowledge little. But within him were the seeds of unlimited knowledge and all wisdom. These were nourished in the pure beauty of spiritual communion with his God. From Him came all strength. The worship of God was as fundamental as man himself. Every seafarer who has known the sting of salt spray on his cheek, the silver brittleness of morning breaking above the eastern wave, the clean, wide expanses of the sea has felt the unutterable harmony and peace of his soul at one with God. To him prayer is strength and protection.

We of the Academy are of many faiths, for we are Americans, and America is the heritage of a free mind. Some of us in our young blindness were out of touch with religion, but those wiser than we had provided for our spiritual education. All beliefs we found were respected equally; only lack of belief was not tolerated. The doors of the Chapel and the local Churches opened to us. We entered them.

Parading of national and academy standards was a colorful and integral part of the Sunday services.

And yet another view of the stately Chapel

Navy juniors were taught the fundamentals of the Gospel by such volunteers os Midshipman Kreutzer.

Church Parties

The Naval Academy Christian Association was an organization designed to present to the Academy some wholesome form of entertainment on Sunday evenings. Programs varied: there were officers back from the wars, singing quartets, harpists, hypnotists, and adventurers. The club subscribed for and provided the popular magazines and periodicals which were always on hand at the reading desks in Smoke Hall. A similar periodical library was maintained at the hospital for the benefit of ailing comrades.

Freedom of worship is a right Americans have fought for. It is now inherent in our system—so inherent that we are too prone to forget that it is an inalienable privilege, and in forgetting it lose appreciation of present rights possessed. But that is not only to be expected, but in this civilization indeed to be prayed for. For such is the manner of a true democracy. But notwithstanding, this right is fully enjoyed.

Men came here from all parts, of all faiths. Annapolis afforded churches of all denominations, Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Jewish, Mormon, Adventist, Lutheran. The men here gathered devoted themselves to the preservation of strange and wonderful ideals—the right to differences of opinion, of religion, or of life! Freedom is its general aspect.

The church parties formed military units morching to ond from Annapolis churches.

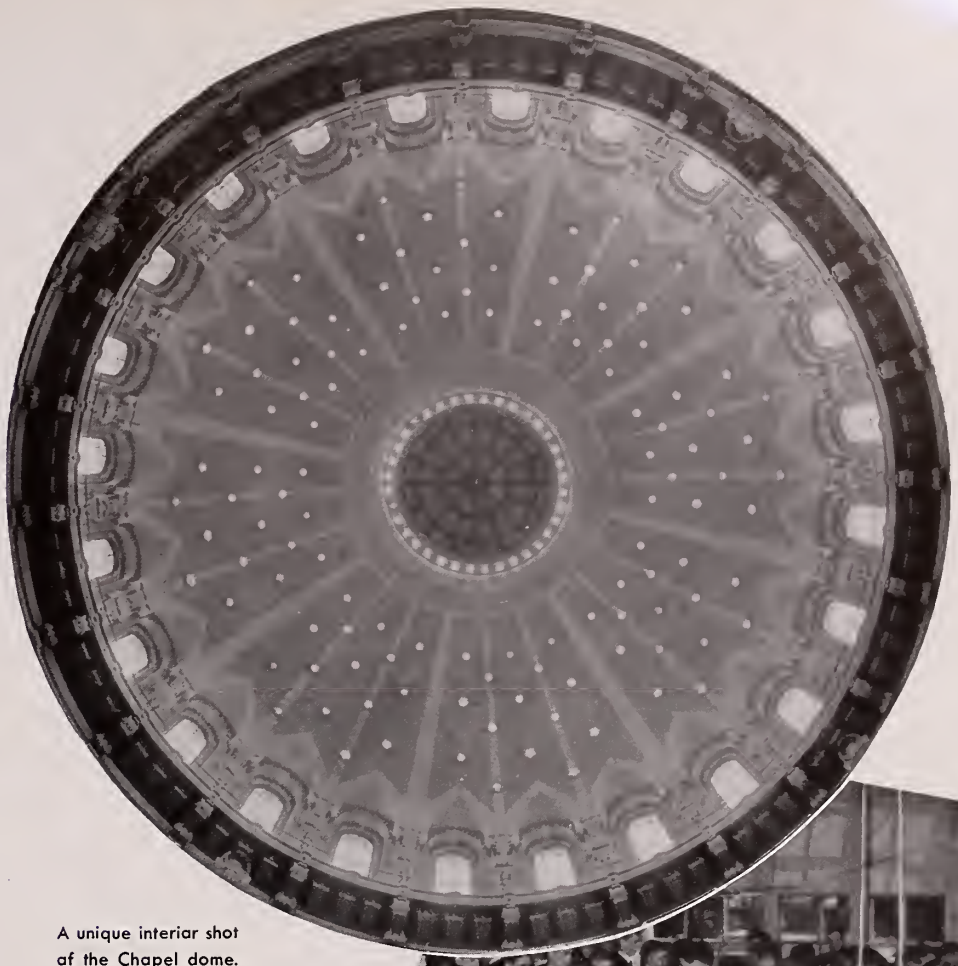
The NACA council: sitting eft to right, W. R. Brown, W. B. Stanard, D. W. McCorthy, R. W. King, E. J. Christman; standing left to right, W. A. Kinnaman, D. J. Robeson, and Chaploin Thomos.

Professor Crosley was officiol organist and choir director.

Naval Academy Choir

All men like to sing. Gather well over one hundred trained and eager voices, give them direction, and though the time be small, their ardor will produce good music. The Naval Academy choir was just a group of men who loved to sing. There really wasn't much time to rehearse—the only practice was held for a short hour Wednesday afternoon. Sunday morning the choir rehearsed the anthem once before the service. Despite this meager preparation, the offerings were splendid. The remark was often heard that the choir lent great beauty to the Chapel services. The grand old man to all choir singers was "Prof" Crosley. All of us knew him from the plebe summer song fests where he taught us the many songs which are Naval Academy tradition. Few of us knew he was the author of our beautiful Alma Mater, "Navy Blue and Gold." Directing the choir required finesse and a psychological insight—directing midshipmen in any kind of work required these—and "Prof" knew midshipmen thoroughly. Jim Judy, Fred Miehe, and Sam Kreutzer worked in the solo department. "Prof" knew how to blend soloists and choir into wondrous harmony.

There were those—about 96% of us—who called the choir a prize lot of gold brickers, because they practiced during Wednesday parades. But actually the practices were hard work. Once for three days the choir paraded in full dress in the hot sun for a movie short. The annual trip to Washington Cathedral required a hard and intense drill that the choir might be in top form. Still, when the choir sang to us, they always touched something deep. We shall never forget.



A unique interiar shot af the Chapel dome.

The Regiment held a lone prayer service every morning of the year at morning mess.

Sob Sunday" crowds congregote before the Chapel after services.

The choir led the cangregation in singing praises to Almighty God.

BENEATH the great dome of the Chapel is this memorial to John Paul Jones, Maker of Naval Tradition. Tradition is the soul of the Navy. In it we are partakers of the glory established by the earlier members of our brotherhood. "The worth of a sentiment lies in the sacrifices men will make for its sake. All ideals are built on the ground of solid achievement, which in a given profession creates in the course of time a certain tradition, or in other words, a standard of conduct."—JOSEPH CONRAD.

The strength of a Navy is its organization. The strength of organization is discipline. The strength of discipline is tradition. The Crypt is a symbol of the lofty motives and high ideals which have forever been the Navy's fountain head of success in seeking out the enemy and destroying him. These motives, these ideals it has been a purpose of our course to impart to us. Armed by them we leave in full faith that by them we may acquit ourselves as creditably as that brave array of men before us.

"... And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your country, and that you belong to her as to your own Mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your Mother."

—Hale.

And so, with varied emotions, we of the class of 1944 bid farewell to the Academy. As we enter the fleet to take up our part in the fight to establish the freedom of the peoples of the world, we leave you, the classes of 1945 and 1946, with the responsibility of so leading the Regiment that that organization will continue its function in the training of efficient officers for our Navy, and with the responsibility of so conducting yourselves that you will become such competent officers.

Adams, K. V.
Adams, P. A.
Adams, W. M., Jr.
Adrianse, H. R.
Alderton, D. W.
Alexander, C. M.
Alexander, R. G.
Allisan, J. K.
Allmendinger, P. F.

Anania, V. J.
Anderson, V. F.
Anson, H. O., Jr.
Ashley, T. C.
Asman, G. H.
Atherton, C.
Atkinsan, W. L.
Atwell, R. B.
Axelsan, R. R.

Axene, D. L.
Bagby, H. L.
Bain, E. C., Jr.
Bain, E. M.
Baldwin, J. H., Jr.
Baldwin, R. B.
Barber, F. J.
Barnes, W. C.
Barnes, W. E.

Barnhart, R. C., Jr.
Barnhart, R. G.
Barr, F. O.
Barrett, E. R.
Barron, J. C.
Barry, D. C.
Barry, S. J.
Barton, J. A.
Bascom, W. R.

Bates, R. H.
Batte, J. T.
Bayless, H. L.
Beahan, J. T.
Bear, R. B.
Beardsley, W. J.
Beck, C. L.
Becker, M. D.
Beckstead, L. M.

Beezley, E. E.
Behm, E. W.
Beierl, P. G.
Bell, L. F.
Bennett, W. G., II
Benson, W. S., 2d
Berger, W. A.
Bergesen, A. E.
Berkshire, W. S., Jr.

Bermann, C. P.
Berry, D. C.
Berry, F. T.
Bessac, N. B.
Bessette, A. C.
Best, G. A.
Bexten, K. W.
Billings, R. B.
Biordi, R. V.

Bitney, R. H., Jr.
Blackburn, A. W.
Blair, C. H.
Blandin, S. W., Jr.
Blankenbush, B. E., Jr.
Bloom, C. O.
Blount, R. C.
Blum, F. E.
Blum, H. E.

Boak, J. K.
Bock, J. J.
Bock, J. P.
Boelens, J. H.
Bolger, J. F., Jr.
Bolger, W. G. J.
Bonds, J. E.
Boone, J. T.
Boswell, H.

Botts, F. W., Jr.
Bowcock, C. S., Jr.
Bowes, W. A.
Bowler, R. T. E., Jr.
Bradley, J. F., Jr.
Braginton, P. R.
Brantley, J. P., Jr.
Bratten, T. J., Jr.
Braun, J. F.

Third Class

Brennecke, C. N.
Brenner, F. E., Jr.
Bridges, R. K. M., Jr.
Brightman, R. W.
Bristow, A. B., Jr.
Brooks, D. H.
Brotherton, W. D., Jr.
Brown, B. J.
Brown, G. C., Jr.

Brown, J. E., Jr.
Brown, J. W.
Brown, L. W., Jr.
Brown, W. I.
Brown, Z. F., Jr.
Bruk, F., Jr.
Bruner, E. L.
Bryan, C. R.
Bryan, J. S., Jr.

Bryant, O. J.
Bryce, T. A.
Bryson, W. L.
Buck, A. L., Jr.
Buck, R. M.
Bucknell, H., III
Burde, N., Jr.
Burdett, P. F.
Burnquist, B. B.

Bush, L. M.
Bush, T. A., Jr.
Bussey, S. T.
Byrne, C. S.
Cabaniss, J. K.
Callahan, J. D.
Callaway, S. W., Jr.
Camp, J. M.
Campbell, D. A.

Campbell, R. J.
Campbell, W. R., Jr.
Caple, E. S., Jr.
Captain, E. S.
Carpenter, D. B.
Carrier, W., Jr.
Carroll, J. A.
Cathcart, C. W.
Chaires, W. F.

Chambers, K. W.
Channell, A. B.
Chapman, J. W., III
Chappell, J. R.
Charles, J. M.
Chester, W. R.
Chisholm, J. E.
Christofferson, E. A., Jr.
Chrysler, L. G.

Church, F. W., 2d
Clancey, P. J.
Clapp, P.
Clary, J. P., Jr.
Claterbos, H. L.
Clements, D. C.
Clifford, F. F., Jr.
Close, P. A.
Cobb, C. H., Jr.

Cobb, J. B.
Cochrane, E. L., Jr.
Cockrill, J. T.
Cogswell, G. W.
Coldwell, W. W.
Cole, J. C., Jr.
Cole, J. O.
Colegrove, W. P.
Coleman, E. P.

Collier, W. W.
Collin, M. S.
Colton, J.
Colvin, T. H.
Conklin, E. W.
Conlin, J. J., Jr.
Conover, W. V.
Converse, P. V.
Cook, L. A., Jr.

Cooke, P. J.
Cooley, S. M., Jr.
Cooper, W. H.
Copeland, A.
Correia, F. B.
Cosgrove, W. P.
Coulthard, P. O.
Counts, W. D.
Cox, J. W.

Cox, L. A.
Cranney, W. L., Jr.
Crawley, W. B.
Creel, C. A.
Crenshaw, W. P.
Crimmins, M. J.
Crosby, P.
Crow, F. B.
Crum, L. R.

Culbreath, H. L.
Cullen, J. P.
Cummins, J. W.
Cummins, R. M.
Cunneen, W. V., Jr.
Cunningham, B. A.
Curley, R. G.
Curley, T. J., Jr.
Curran, D. C.

Curtis, D. P.
Curtis, R. H.
Dale, O. N.
Daly, J. J.
Dame, A. M.
Daniel, R. T., Jr.
Daubin, S. C.
Davidsan, H. Y.
Davis, H.

Davis, R. G.
Davis, R. N.
Davis, S.
Dawley, J. H., Jr.
Day, A. C.
Day, J. H., Jr.
Dean, B. H.
Decker, B. W., Jr.
Dedrick, W.

DeGrazier, J. A.
Delaney, R. J.
DeLany, W. S., Jr.
Delgado, R.
Derr, P. B., Jr.
Dibble, B. T.
Dietzen, W. N., Jr.
Dinwiddie, J. M.
DiVito, A. J.

Dix, R. E.
Dmuchowski, E. F.
Doak, J. J., Jr.
Dobbin, R. D.
Dobbs, C. E. W.
Dobson, R. H.
Doehler, W. F.
Donaghy, C. F.
Donavan, R. D.

Donnelly, M. P.
Donohue, G. A.
Donovan, R. M.
Doolin, E. H., Jr.
Dosien, R. W.
Doubt, W. A., Jr.
Douglas, R. G.
Douglass, A. H.
Doyle, H. B., Jr.

Drake, S. F.
Duff, J., Jr.
Dunn, A. R.
Dunnican, W. H.
Durr, R. H.
Dyer, W. C.
Dzikowski, R. J.
Eakin, J. C.
Earl, H. D.

McCool, R. M., Jr.
Eaton, W. G.
Eder, R. H.
Edge, D. B.
Edmonds, L. S.
Eidson, R. A.
Elicker, C. H.
Elkins, C. J., Jr.
Ellenberger, V. H.

Ellenbrand, R. E.
Elliott, E. M.
Elliott, P. M., Jr.
Ellis, G. F., Jr.
Emslie, D. F.
Engelmann, R. H.
Englehart, H. A.
Eppes, G. P.
Erickson, P. M., Jr.

Third Class

Eriksen, G. A.
ErkenBrack, K. B., Jr.
Esmiol, M. A., Jr.
Evans, G. G.
Everhart, O. C., Jr.
Everts, J. C.
Ewald, F. W.
Ewing, R. H.
Fabrizio, R. J.

Faddis, J. M.
Fadeley, C. F.
Faig, J. L.
Falardeau, R. F.
Fallon, E. B.
Fannin, W. E.
Farrell, C.
Farris, F. E.
Favreau, C. J.

Fay, R. C.
Ferguson, J. C., Jr.
Ferguson, W. P.
Ferrin, R. W.
Fick, T. R.
Findly, L. B.
Finnegan, G. T., Jr.
Fitch, L. F.
Fitchett, G. L.

Flanagan, J. S.
Fleming, J. B.
Flynn, W. J.
Forbes, B. B., Jr.
Forman, M. W., Jr.
Forrest, J. J.
Forrester, J. W.
Fortson, R. M., Jr.
Foster, V. F. H.

Froyd, G. R.
Fuselier, M., Jr.
Gaffney, G. H.
Gale, P. C., Jr.
Gallagher, M. J.
Gallemore, J. G.
Gambrill, N. J.
Gardner, C. A., Jr.
Gatter, G. S.

Gay, G. R.
Gayle, J. R.
Gayler, G. C.
Geiger, A. D.
Geneste, E. A., Jr.
Gerich, W. R.
Gilbert, J. R.
Gilfillan, J. T.
Gillcrist, J. A.

Gillooly, J. F.
Gilman, F. M., II
Gilmore, A. J.
Giorgis, A. S.
Gleason, T. E.
Gleberman, J. H.
Glotzbach, D. J.
Glynn, J. J., III
Godshall, W. H.

Gore, F. S.
Gorsline, S. G., Jr.
Gossett, C. R.
Gowan, P. W.
Grod, C. F.
Graham, W. A.
Graham, W. L.
Gralla, E. A.
Gray, W. A.

Graybill, D. A.
Greeley, P. B.
Green, J. P.
Grey, V.
Griest, T. P.
Griffin, G., Jr.
Griffin, J. L., Jr.
Griffith, G. P.
Gronemann, C. W., Jr.

Groth, D. F.
Grove, C. S., Jr.
Gullatt, V. P.
Haines, F. L.
Haines, F. L.
Hale, F. A., Jr.
Hale, P. P.
Hall, D. W.
Hall, E. A.

Hall, H. W.
Hall, J. J.
Halsted, A., Jr.
Hamburg, J. W.
Hamilton, G. A.
Hammer, J. G.
Hannifin, P. J.
Hansen, J. B.
Hansen, W. E.

Honwell, R. W.
Harding, G. K.
Hardy, R.
Harritt, W. L.
Hort, G. M. D.
Hartzel, H. C.
Harward, P. S.
Haselwood, S.
Hossenplug, F.

Hastings, E. E., II
Hayes, R. S.
Hayes, R. V.
Hayler, W. B.
Hecker, G. M.
Heinze, A. D.
Heller, S. W.
Hemphill, J. I.
Henderson, W. B.

Henderson, W. G.
Hennegan, J. B.
Henson, J.
Herman, E. W.
Herrick, R. W.
Hertzig, R. D.
Hicks, J. D.
Hightower, J. I., Jr.
Hildebrand, J. H.

Hill, D. P.
Hill, E. T.
Hill, J. F.
Hilliord, J. R.
Hilson, R. A.
Hineman, D. O.
Hirsch, A. J.
Hirsch, S. M.
Hirshberg, M. J.

Hoch, E. G.
Hodsdon, R. S.
Hoedtke, J. F.
Hoffer, H.
Hoffmonn, D. P.
Hogsed, R. A.
Holsclaw, C. R.
Holzbauer, J. F.
Hoover, W. H.

Hopwood, G. R.
Horgan, J. P.
Horn, J. O.
Horner, L. E.
Howord, A. R., Jr.
Howard, G. M.
Huckabee, W. B.
Huckenpoehler,
W. B., Jr.
Hughey, G. H., Jr.

Hume, H. D.
Humes, J. A.
Hunt, P. K.
Hunter, C. E.
Hustad, P. A., Jr.
Ingram, J. T.
Irvin, L. V., Jr.
Ives, C.
Ives, T. K.

Jackson, G. C.
James, E. F.
Jameson, L. D.
Jarvis, C. W.
Jenkins, W. Jr.
Jennings, G. O.
Jensen, P. A.
Jewell, C. D., Jr.
Johnson, G. M.

Johnson, H. T.
Johnson, J. R.
Johnson, J. V.
Johnson, K. A.
Johnson, T. L.
Johnson, T. S.
Johnson, W. H., Jr.
Jahnston, P. D., Jr.
Jahnston, R. H.

Third Class

Johnston, T. W.
Jones, F. P.
Jones, R. K., II
Jordan, R. C.
Jortberg, R. E.
Joyce, C. R.
Julian, A., Jr.
Kalina, J. F.
Kane, M. J.

Kasten, R. L.
Kavanagh, R. T.
Kays, R. L.
Keevil, A. K.
Kelley, F. J.
Kelley, J. W.
Kelly, M. E., Jr.
Kennedy, D. W.
Kennedy, J. S.

Kerr, A. A.
Kerr, C. E.
Kessler, R. J.
Kidd, J. D.
Kiernan, L. J., Jr.
Kimball, K. W.
King, E. J., Jr.
King, E. P. K.
King, J. J.

King, S. R.
Kinnaman, W. A.
Kirk, R.
Kistler, W. C.
Kleber, F. T.
Kmetz, W. H.
Knick, V. R.
Knowles, R. M.
Knudsen, J. T.

Knudsen, L. B.
Knudson, I. H.
Kraushaar, D.
Krecek, J. A.
Kribs, D. A., Jr.
Kridle, C. E.
Kritzer, G. R.
Krone, O. D.
Kuhnmuench, L. E.

Kurfess, J. F.
Ladd, E. F.
Lalor, F. M., Jr.
LaMar, B. D.
Lancaster, E. B. R.
Lamb, H. M.
Lampert, B. J.
Lancaster, E. B. R.
Landreth, D. E.

Lane, W. D.
Larkins, A. T., Jr.
Larson, M. B.
Lauer, R. J.
Lawrence, H. T.
Lawrence, J. K.
Lawson, W. E., Jr.
Lax, M. H.
Layton, S. L.

Leavitt, E., Jr.
Leavy, P. M., Jr.
LeBourgeois, J. J.
Lee, R. H.
Leecraft, B. M., Jr.
Levy, A. E.
Lewis, A. C.
Lewis, W. Charles
Lewis, W. Clarence

Lewis, W. L.
Linker, C. R.
Lipfert, R. G.
Lipscomb, J. W., Jr.
Lissy, F. K.
Lockwood, C. C.
Loel, R. D.
Loftin, E. H., Jr.
Logie, D. J.

London, J., Jr.
Longfield, J. N.
Longnecker, K. W.
Longton, D. M.
Looney, W. B.
Losure, J. E.
Loveday, J. C.
Lowery, H. H., Jr.
Lucas, B. L., Jr.

Luebbe, H. R.
Lusby, J. A.
Lynch, L. D. J.
Lynch, T. C.
Lyon, J. O.
Lyons, T. H.
MacEwan, C. L., Jr.
MacGuire, W. J.
Mack, R. B.

Mackay, D. S.
Madigon, T. W.
Mahan, E.
Manherz, J. M.
Manley, R. B.
Manning, D. G.
Markle, F. H., Jr.
Marquardt, D. K.
Marschall, A. R.

Martin, D. R.
Martin, R. L.
Marzluff, J. O.
Masica, E. M.
Mason, H. C.
Masters, J. C., Jr.
Mathesan, J. C.
Maxwell, L. G.
May, R. E.

Mayer, A. G.
Mayer, B. W.
Maya, H. T., II
McAdams, J. K.
McBride, C. E.
McCartan, E. F.
McCarthy, R. T. P.
McCaskill, J. M.
McClaren, W. J.

McClintic, S. H.
Eaton, J. D.
McCord, S. R.
McCulloch, W. L.
McDevitt, R. J.
McDanald, L. S., Jr.
McDowell, E. J.
Horn, J. O.
McGarry, W. J., Jr.

McGuire, J. J.
McIntyre, D. E.
McLain, J. F.
McLaughlin, W. H., Jr.
McMenamin, J. T.
McNiff, T., Jr.
McPike, H. D.
McQuilling, T. M.
Meints, A. L.

Memory, C. G. K.
Merrick, R. H., Jr.
Midgett, J. L.
Milhan, H. L.
Miller, Roy H.
Miller, W. W. K., Jr.
Milliken, M. D.
Mills, H. F., Jr.
Mills, J. M.

Mitchell, C. N., Jr.
Mize, C. D.
Moglewer, S.
Molano, S. C.
Montgomery, J. W.
Montillon, H. A.
Moore, A. C.
Moore, C. K.
Moore, J. E.

Moore, R. F.
Moorer, J. P.
Morgan, E. H.
Morrison, C. O.
Morrow, J. W.
Moyer, F. E., Jr.
Moynelo, H. C., Jr.
Mulbry, W. W., Jr.
Mullen, J., Jr.

Mullins, R. H.
Munninger, K. O.
Munson, T. E.
Murphree, H. D.
Murphy, R. J.
Murphy, T. A.
Myhra, M. R.
Nance, J. W.
Nataniewski, A. A.

Third Class

Neale, S. K.
Nelson, W. S.
Nepo, F. H.
Neuendorffer, R.
Newby, R. G.
Newman, H.
Nisbet, G. A.
Noll, W. T.
North, J. R.

Norton, H. L.
Nuschke, P. L.
Oates, H. N.
O'Brien, J. A.
Oden, R. L.
Oder, L. D.
Ogier, H. L., Jr.
Oliver, D. A., Jr.
Oliver, R. B.

Olsen, A. R., Jr.
O'Malley, J. M.
O'Neil, J. F.
O'Neil, W. H.
Orbeton, M. C., Jr.
O'Rourke, G. G.
O'Shea, G. A., Jr.
O'Shea, G. J.
Ostrom, E. M., Jr.

Packer, F. A., Jr.
Packer, M.
Padgett, J. B., Jr.
Podis, A. A.
Page, W. P.
Panawek, G.
Paolantonio, J. F.
Parke, E. A.
Parker, R. L.

Pate, J. A.
Patton, G. J.
Paul, D. H.
Pavelka, L. R.
Pearce, J. E.
Peck, S. E., Jr.
Peed, G. P.
Peregoy, F. C., Jr.
Perkins, P. R.

Perry, C. N., Jr.
Perryman, E. K., Jr.
Peters, J. V.
Petersen, C. C.
Petersen, F. S.
Petrat, W. F.
Peyton, H. A. R.
Phillips, C. T., Jr.
Pinto, F. R., Jr.

Pirra, J. J.
Pledger, W. G.
Plomasen, B. W.
Poe, D. T.
Polk, R. R.
Polk, T. H.
Poorman, H. R.
Porter, R. C.
Potter, J. R.

Powell, A. A.
Powell, C. B.
Pressler, J. M.
Prewitt, J. M.
Price, J. N.
Price, M. E.
Prier, H. W.
Priest, C., Jr.
Prothro, R. H.

Pryor, G. H.
Puckett, P. B.
Puddicombe, R. W.
Purkrabek, P. V.
Raible, R. R.
Rand, W. M.
Randall, C. E.
Randall, G. T.
Randolph, B.

Rankin, B. H.
Ravenel, J. M.
Rawlings, F. T., Jr.
Rawls, E. S., Jr.
Rea, P. G.
Red, A. G.
Redden, E. T.
Reed, J. H.
Regets, W. M.

Reid, J. A.
Reiquom, E. T.
Rentschler, A. K.
Rester, G. F.
Reynolds, R. D.
Reynolds, T. C., Jr.
Rezner, H. L.
Rhinesmith, J. W.
Richords, D. R.

Richordson, J. R.
Riley, J. F.
Riley, R. R.
Riordon, W. F. J.
Rixey, P. H.
Roberts, F. E.
Roberts, J. W.
Robeson, E. J., III
Rockwell, D. E., Jr.

Roeder, H. E.
Roeder, W. C.
Rogers, B. C., Jr.
Rorex, S., Jr.
Rose, R.
Rose, W. S.
Roth, C. E., Jr.
Rowon, E. C., Jr.
Rowson, R. J.

Royalty, B. E.
Ruete, E. S.
Rumble, R. E.
Rush, M. R.
Ryan, L. L., Jr.
Sager, C.
Sanford, R. B.
Saroch, E., Jr.
Saunders, D. M.

Sawyer, A. A.
Schauffler, R. A.
Scherrer, R. A.
Schmeltzer, L. B.
Schofield, T. G.
Schriever, J. W., Jr.
Schroeder, J. H.
Schulz, Q. R.
Schwager, J. E.

Schwartz, W. W., Jr.
Scliris, L. G.
Searls, H. H., Jr.
Seelaus, F. A.
Seiler, M. W.
Selfridge, S. W., Jr.
Sells, W. H.
Sessions, F. B.
Sevier, C., Jr.

Shafer, W. M., Jr.
Shaffer, L. E., Jr.
Shaw, J. C.
Shaw, R. J.
Sheahen, F. L.
Sheehan, J. F.
Shelton, D. B.
Shepard, A. B., Jr.
Shepard, W. B., Jr.

Sherman, R. O.
Sherwood, J. M.
Shoemaker, C. H.
Shropshire, G. C.
Shulman, P. N.
Shuman, W. P., Jr.
Shutt, P. R.
Siegrist, W. A.
Silliman, H. G.

Simmelink, L. T.
Simonsen, F. N.
Simpson, S. R., Jr.
Sims, W. N.
Six, H. E., Jr.
Skinner, W. R.
Slaff, A. P.
Smith, J. A.
Smith, J. McCoach

Smith, L. N.
Snead, M. H.
Snowden, R. B.
Snyder, A. L.
Snyder, B., IV
Snyder, J. E., Jr.
Snyder, J. M., Jr.
Sobel, C. G.
Sorenson, A. P.

Third Class

Soulek, D. S.
Spangler, E. H.
Spencer, J. B., Jr.
Sperberg, F. R.
Sperry, P. E.
Spillman, F. L., Jr.
Sprague, W. B.
Stanton, R. F.
Starns, C. E., Jr.

Staser, B. D.
Staubitz, A. J.
Stebner, H. A., Jr.
Steele, G. P., II
Steele, R. D.
Steere, L. E., III
Stell, R. W., Jr.
Stephens, H. E.
Stephenson, C. B.

Stephenson, W. B.
Steuteville, W. V.
Stevens, William W.
Stewart, E. L.
Stewart, W. S., III
Stinnett, W. D.
Stout, G. T.
Straley, A. C., Jr.
Strand, J. A.

Strong, W. W.
Sturgeon, W. C., II
Sulick, T. E.
Sullivan, J. L., Jr.
Summers, G. W.
Swainson, G. F., Jr.
Swallow, C. E., Jr.
Swank, J. A.
Swanson, R. A.

Swensen, R. A.
Tartre, R. J.
Taylor, A. B.
Taylor, H. A.
Taylor, L. J., Jr.
Taylor, T. M.
Taylor, W.
Temple, W. N.
Tenney, R. E.

Thomas, H. B., Jr.
Thompson, M. E.
Thomsen, R. C.
Thorsby, W. G.
Townsley, J. G.
Trautman, W. C., Jr.
Traynor, W. J.
Tremaine, M. G.
Trueblood, H. J.

Turner, M. J.
Uhler, E. B.
Ulam, F. A., Jr.
Ursettie, H. J.
Utegaard, T. F.
Vale, S. A.
VanOrden, M. D.
Van Oss, W. B.
Vissering, V. M., Jr.

Volk, P. L., Jr.
Wagner, T. A., Jr.
Walker, J. P., III
Wallace, L. B.
Walls, E. D.
Walters, J. L.
Ward, D. E.
Waters, A. S.
Waters, P. M.

Watkins, E. A.
Watson, F. C.
Watson, P. H., Jr.
Weaver, D. H.
Webb, M. S., Jr.
Webster, G. H.
Webster, H. A., Jr.
Wester, J. F.
Wetzel, B. H.

Wheeler, F. H.
Wheeler, J. H., Jr.
Whetton, J. J.
White, Edward C.
White, J. D.
White, W. H., Jr.
Whiteside, C. E.
Wickham, L. V. M.
Wicks, J. W.

Widener, H. E., Jr.
Wiggins, J. R.
Wilcox, J. J.
Wilder, L. A.
Wilder, T. H., Jr.
Wilhelm, J. R.
Williams, B. C., Jr.
Williams, H. D.
Williams, J. P.

Williams, L. E., Jr.
Williams, R. Beresford
Williams, R. D.
Williams, W. A.
Williams, W. C.
Wilson, D. G.
Wilson, E. P., Jr.
Wilson, J. R.
Wilson, R. G.

Wilson, R. O.
Wingate, K. W.
Wise, J. P.
Wiser, F. C., Jr.
Wood, C. E.
Wood, R. C.
Woolley, G. C.
Wooten, J. A., Jr.
Wyatt, L. K., Jr.

Wynne, S. J., Jr.
Yark, R. P.
Young, B. W.
Young, R. D.
Yaung, W. L.
Zanazzi, F. B., Jr.
Zech, L. W., Jr.
Zeigler, W. T.
Zenisek, E. F.

Ziebell, D. H.
Zilligen, G. J.
Zinn, D. M.

CAMERA SHY

Bonwit, W. R. | Haines, J. B. | Lamartin, F. H. Jr. | Levy, D. P. | McCrary, R. D. | Moul, C. F. | Shively, R. M., Jr. | Wagner, M. E.

Third Class Officers

S. G. Gorsline
Secretary-Treasurer

R. B. Williams
President

L. D. S. Lynch
Vice-President

ELECTED at the beginning of their "youngster" year, the third class officers were helpful in guiding their class policy and in handling class matters. It has been a pleasure to the leaving first class to have dealt with such a likeable and capable crew.

Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Abernathy, W. S.
Agren, W. J.
Ashley, D. L.
Bagley, W. H.
Barratt, W. P.
Bellah, J. C.
Blair, D. D.
Bowen, L. D.
Brown, S. B.
Callahan, F. J.

Abrams, S. F.
Ahearn, J. F.
Ashley, L. S.
Baird, P. S.
Barrell, F. M.
Benjamin, H. L.
Bly, T. S.
Bowman, D. W.
Brumsted, P. B.
Cameron, P. E.

Absher, G. W.
Aicklen, W. J., Jr.
Ashton, S. C.
Baker, H. L.
Barry, V. W.
Bergs, R. A.
Blyth, C. W.
Boyar, M. S.
Buchanan, F. B.
Candler, S. L.

Ackley, K. A., Jr
Allen, A. J., Jr.
Atkinson, B. M., Jr.
Baker, J. H.
Baskin, J. D.
Bettis, A. M.
Baggess, L. J.
Bayle, R. M.
Bucala, M. J.
Canfield, C. H.

Acuff, J. T.
Althaff, W. B.
Atkinsan, E. C.
Bancroft, H. S.
Batchelder, T. H.
Beutler, A. G.
Baland, R. I.
Braddack, H. E.
Bumstead, J. G.
Cannan, J. G.

Adams, R. J.
Anders, S. G., Jr.
Auger, M. A.
Bandish, B. J.
Bauman, K. E.
Beyer, S. E.
Bolton, J. T.
Brady, R. L.
Burdy, D. V.
Carlin, W. P.

Adams, R. M.
Anderson, K. E.
Auger, T. E.
Banks, R. H.
Baylis, J. R.
Bierman, H., Jr.
Banham, W. R.
Branch, L. O.
Burhans, J. H.
Carlsan, M. A.

Adams, W. H.
Andersan, R. M.
Auslander, S. H.
Barcus, P. W.
Bayly, D. C.
Billings, C. L.
Baniface, J. G.
Branson, E. C.
Burk, C. W.
Carneghi, A. J.

Adams, W. S.
Andersan, W. M.
Austin, W. R.
Bard, G. M.
Beach, C. L.
Blackford, C. E.
Baaker, T. F.
Braseth, A. C.
Burki, A. A.
Carrall, T. F.

Adkins, L. W.
Andrews, W. F.
Babcock, R. F.
Barlaw, J. F.
Beard, H. S.
Blackwaad, R. R.
Bargerding, H. A.
Brack, A. W.
Cahalan, L. J.
Caskey, J. B.

Agnew, C. H.
Armstrang, W. F.
Bacan, V. L.
Barnes, W. A.
Beasley, J. S.
Blaes, J. H.
Bawen, A. M.
Brown, R. W.
Caldwell, G. A.
Cassan, R. M.

Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Cesari, H. A.
Cline, R. C.
Coope, P. M.
Croom, J. N.
Currie, J. W.
Dovis, T. E.
DeTemple, R. J.
Doughty, F. M.
Dwyer, J. C.
Engelmann, H. A.

Chambers, L. S.
Coffin, C.
Corbett, F. S.
Crooks, T. L.
Curry, J. G.
Davison, M. L.
Dibble, T. R.
Downen, R. E.
Dwyer, T. J.
Enyart, J. W.

Chase, B. S.
Cahan, H. A.
Corrigan, W. N.
Cross, T. J.
Cutter, L. M.
Deormon, A. J.
Dickey, G. L.
Downey, D. J.
Dyroff, W. F.
Erickson, J. W.

Chitty, T. C.
Cole, R. B.
Costello, E. J.
Crozier, F. J.
Dakos, D. P.
Decker, E. A.
Dienst, L. W.
Drumm, J. T.
Eagle, J. N.
Erwin, W. W.

Chokas, N. P.
Collins, H.
Coulter, J. B.
Cuccias, R. F.
Daly, G. O.
Dee, R. G.
Doherty, P A.
Dugger, J. A.
Earthmon, H. H.
Esorey, W. L.

Christensen, M. A.
Callins, J. J.
Couture, C.
Cullmon, H.
Damm, R. C.
Dehn, E. C.
Danahoe, G. B.
Duncan, R. C.
Eaton, W. M.
Eslick, T. G.

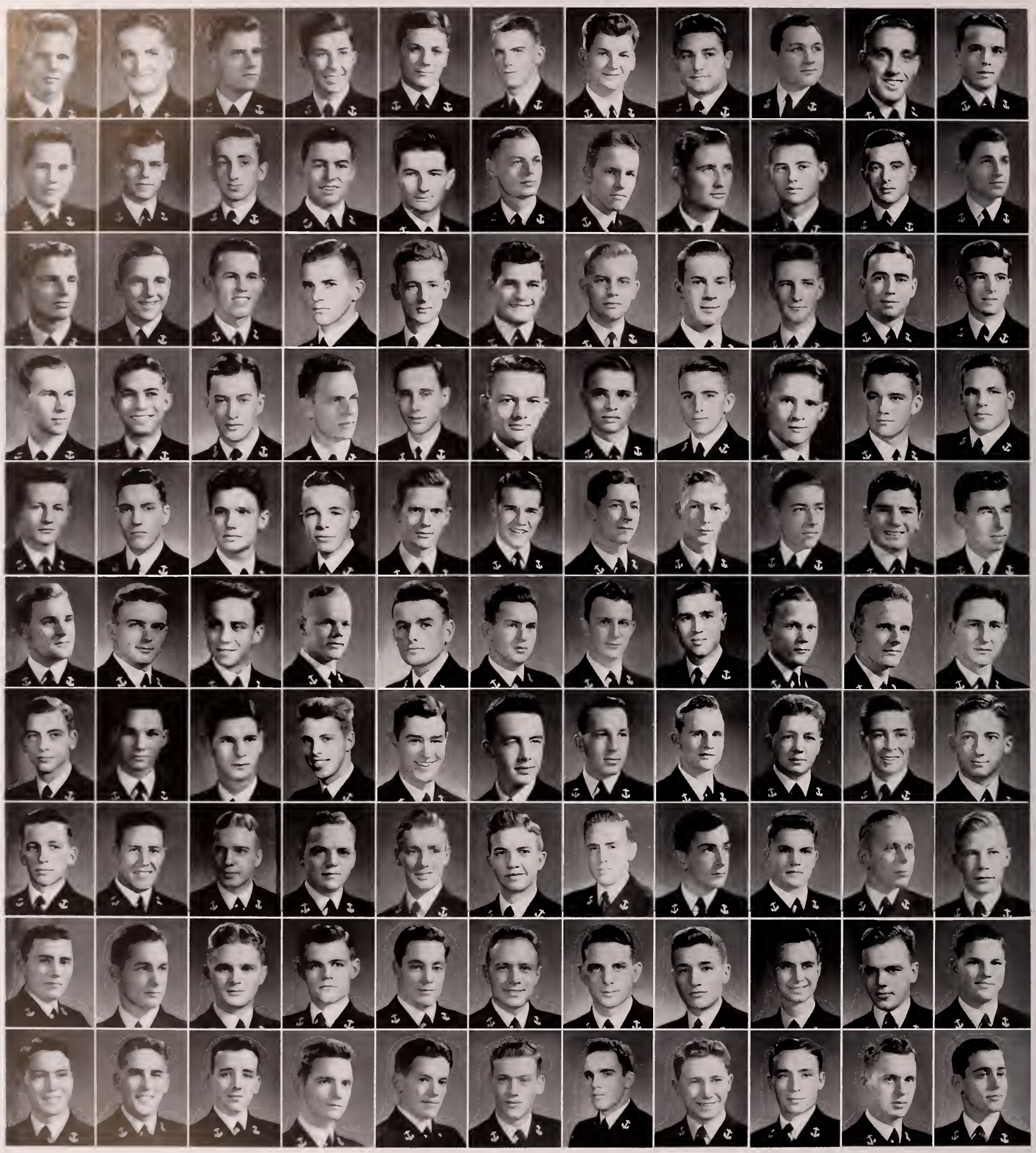
Clark, E. T.
Colloro, T. H.
Cox, C. A.
Culpepper, T. T.
Dana, R. B.
de la Llomo, P.
Donold, E. O.
Dunn, J. G.
Eckhart, M.
Espy, W.

Clark, G. T.
Canover, D. T.
Coyer, C. B.
Cummings, A. H.
Davis, J. A.
DeVecchio, A. J.
Donner, F. E.
Dunn, R.
Edwards, J. W.
Evans, J. G.

Clark, R. O.
Converse, R. G.
Crowford, R. E.
Cunot, J. J.
Davis, L. R.
DeMaya, J. J.
Doran, R.
Dunning, R. A.
Eells, J. P.
Everhard, W. D.

Clegg, G. B.
Canway, D. O.
Creigh, A. E.
Curnutte, B.
Davis, R. A.
Dempsey, C. D.
Dascher, C. R.
Dupler, W. W.
Ellis, E. H.
Fabry, V. J.

Clements, D. J.
Coon, A. H.
Critchley, J. P.
Curren, F. H.
Davis, R. S.
Dente, E.
Dougherty, F. S.
Dutton, G. O.
Ellis, R. L.
Fagan, J. F.



Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Fasley, P. J.
Fiske, S. L.
Francy, W. J.
Gatewood, W. P.
Glaister, F. N.
Gordon, J. G.
Greer, C. W.
Hall, J. F.
Hanson, W. V.
Haselton, F. P.

Farmer, H. C.
Floryon, J. E.
Frazier, G. N.
Gautier, P. H.
Glaser, W. A.
Gorton, P. J.
Grenier, P.
Hall, J. S.
Hardy, W. L.
Haslett, P. H.

Farner, J. E.
Foglesong, G. M.
Freeman, T. P.
Geaney, G. W.
Glass, G. H.
Goure, J. V.
Guentz, J. E.
Holl, P. P.
Haring, P. A.
Hotch, J. C.

Fenton, P. N., Jr.
Farquer, C. J.
Fridge, H. E.
Gear, R. J.
Glendinning, R. L.
Groefe, H.
Gulick, R. I.
Haller, J. J.
Harlan, W. R.
Hotsell, A. H.

Ferguson, J. W.
Forrester, J. J.
Fryer, W. S.
Gee, H. C.
Glennon, A. N.
Grahom, W. S.
Gullette, J. G.
Hollin, D. B.
Horman, C. W.
Hoyes, W. E.

Field, F. E.
Forsyth, W. D.
Fuller, R. E.
Gibbons, N. R.
Glindemon, H. P.
Grallo, E.
Gunderson, N. A.
Homby, J. G.
Hormer, F. D.
Hoys, S. T.

Finlay, R. W.
Foster, A. L.
Furland, F. W.
Gibson, G. W.
Godwon, E. R.
Gron, W. L.
Gwioadowski, P. P.
Homilton, L.
Harrington, E. M.
Heoth, J. D.

Finos, V. P.
Foster, W. L.
Gaebler, F. J.
Gibson, J. C.
Goldstein, C. C.
Granville, E. B.
Hoak, F. S.
Honcack, S. F.
Harris, J. L.
Heberling, D. A.

Fischer, K. W.
Faugerousse, H. L.
Gaehler, A. H.
Gibson, J. M.
Goloway, E. D.
Groves, L. J.
Hofer, A. A.
Honsen, J. E.
Hort, C. M.
Heesocker, B. A.

Fisher, E. H.
Foust, J. W.
Gollup, A. C.
Giedt, J. G.
Goode, E. W.
Greene, J. M.
Holey, R. S.
Honsen, J. W.
Hort, R. R.
Hefferon, T. G.

Fisher, J. R.
Fowler, R. L.
Gardner, G. H.
Gilliam, G. H.
Gorak, W.
Greenwood, B. K.
Hall, A. P.
Hansmann, A. C.
Harley, T. R.
Held, H. H.

Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Henningsen, W. J.
Haltan, J. F.
Hutchesan, W. A.
Jahnsan, C. M.
Joyce, K. J.
Kelly, L. D.
King, D. J.
Lange, E.
Leet, J. O.
Logon, C. F.

Herbert, G. R.
Hoaks, B. W.
Iocobelli, R. F.
Johnson, D. R.
Junod, L. L.
Kendrick, C. E.
King, F. T.
Langford, J. C.
Legare, A. F.
Langergan, S. J.

Herzag, J. J.
Horner, W. R.
Irvine, J. F.
Johnson, J. R.
Kaloupek, W. E.
Kennedy, E. L.
King, J. D.
Langille, J. E.
Leightan, D. T.
Long, C. D.

Hess, C. M.
Houpt, J. W.
Iselin, D. G.
Johnson, M. T.
Kane, B. B.
Kennedy, R. S.
Klopfenstein, H. C.
Larson, D. L.
Levine, S.
Long, S. A.

Heumann, M.
Haward, W. R.
Iverson, R. G.
Johnson, T. P.
Koppock, J. S.
Kenyon, E. C.
Knape, E. H.
Larson, J. H.
Lichtenberg, R. S.
Langton, W. F.

Hexter, R. T.
Howe, R. E.
Jackson, J. A.
Johnston, T. Q.
Korch, A. S.
Kephart, N. R.
Koch, F. B.
Latham, R. F.
Liebel, R. G.
Lonnquest, T. C.

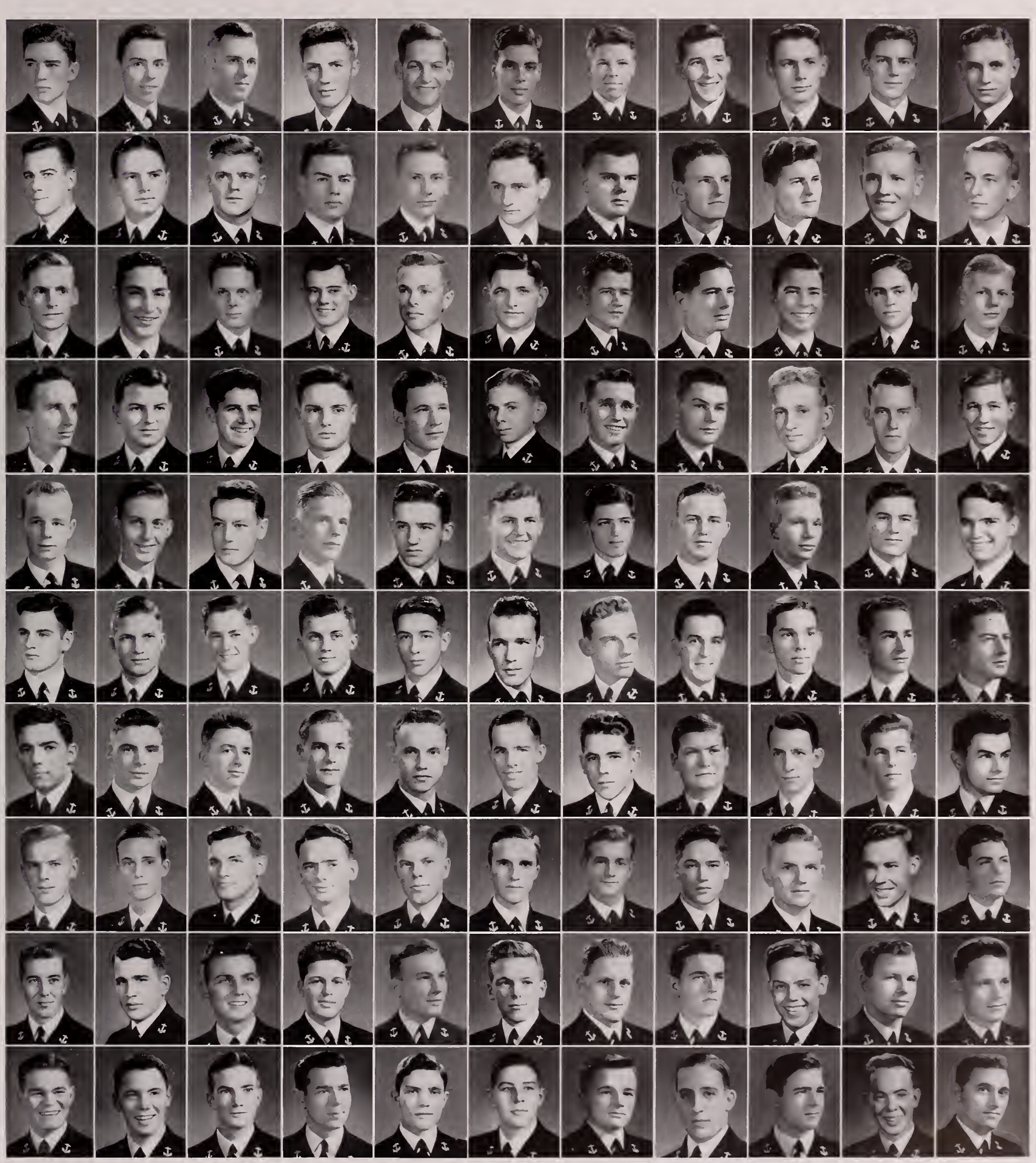
Highsmith, W. N.
Huddleston, W. E.
Jackson, J. P.
Jones, A. L.
Kaufman, J.
Kern, F. X.
Kaenig, S. W.
Lavelle, F. M.
Lilly, C. D.
Looker, R.

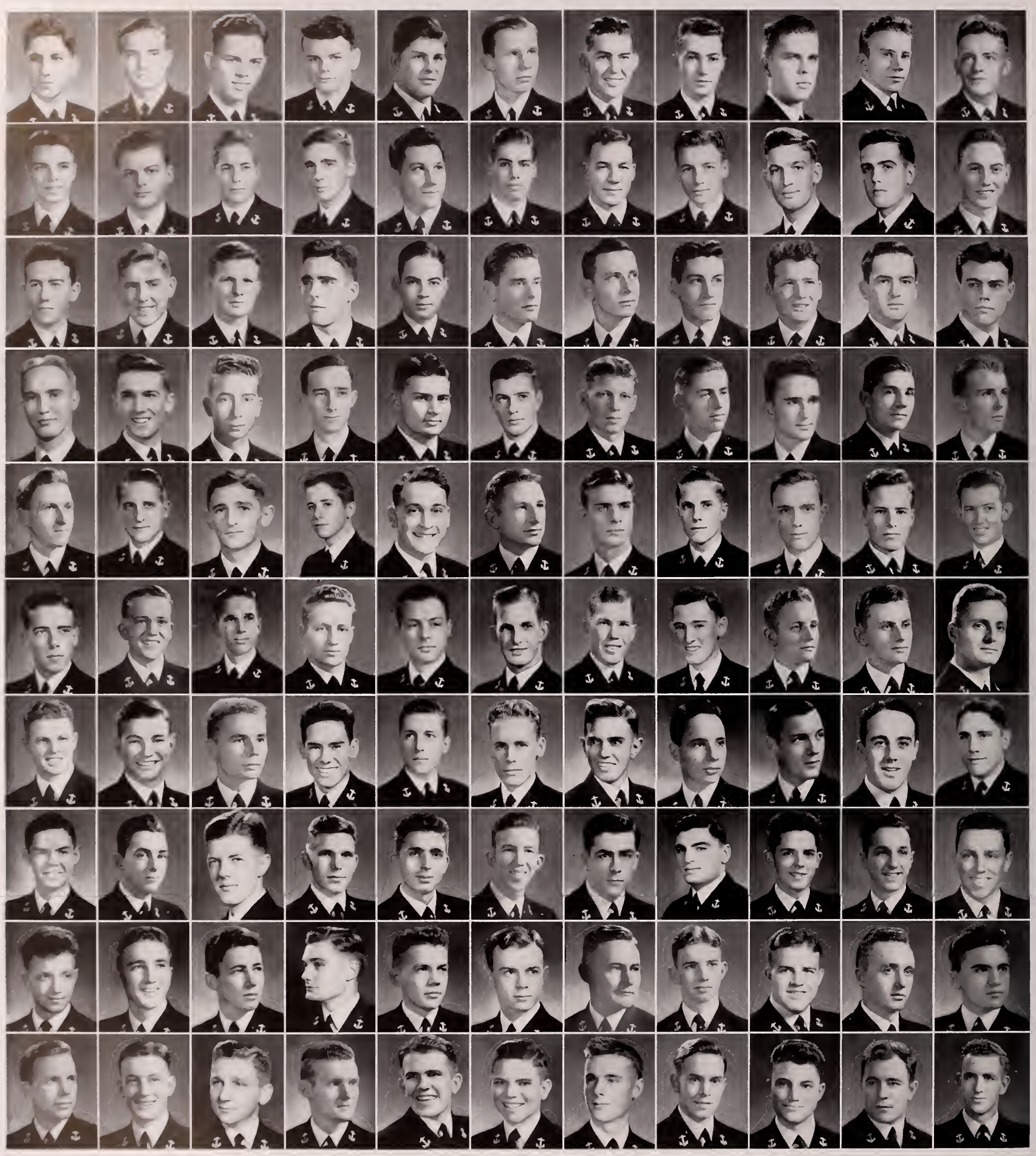
Holbert, K. V.
Huggins, C. B.
Jackson, L. L.
Jones, F. F.
Kaufman, R. Y.
Key, H. A.
Kohler, J. F.
Lowrence, R. M.
Lindsay, D. B.
Loper, J. E.

Holden, J. J.
Hull, C. H.
Janson, J. H.
Jones, J. B.
Kehoe, T. D.
Kilpatrick, D. D.
Krause, R. N.
Layton, D. M.
Lindsay, J. R.
Love, P. J.

Holkovic, E.
Hunter, D. T.
Jimenez, A.
Jones, W. F.
Kellett, J. C.
Kimzey, O.
Landeman, D.
Ledbetter, R. L.
List, D. J.
Lowell, J. E.

Hallier, L. S.
Hutches, R. S.
Joest, G. L.
Jordon, E. C.
Kelley, D. J.
King, C. L.
Lagen, W. S.
Lee, J. A.
Little, J. B.
Lowen, E. E.





Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Lubitz, C. P.
Marble, W. C.
McDermott, N. J.
Magee, P. E.
Mitchell, P. N.
Morse, K. L.
Nicklas, W. C.
Parks, P. P.
Peak, P. A.
Porter, W. H.
Lucas, J. P.
Marsh, J. C.
McGovern, C. G.
Mellis, W. T.
Moesta, A. W.
Morton, W. W.
Nical, W. J.
Parker, H. G.
Pegram, P. Q.
Pritchard, D. L.
Lugn, A. L.
Marcenic, J.
McGrath, J. P.
Messenger, K. S.
Maise, M.
Mott, B.
Norris, N. B.
Parker, P. E.
Pennington, P. V.
Quallen, P. J.
Lynch, J. E.
Masich, A. M.
McKay, J. K.
Metschl, J. J.
Mantgamery, B.
Mautan, E. E.
Ochhaa, J. L.
Parrish, H. S.
Penny, H. C.
Quigley, J. B.
Lyan, H. E.
Massarella, W.
McKay, K. I.
Metzger, R. L.
Maady, C. G.
Muncie, W. B.
Olsan, E. C.
Parry, F. C.
Penny, J. H.
Quigley, L. F.
Lyan, R. D.
Maxsan, R. D.
McKeand, I. J.
Metzler, R. L.
Maare, J. A.
Murray, J. R.
O'Mara, D. J.
Pate, W. T.
Perkins, J. B.
Quinn, J. S.
Lyons, R. T.
Mayes, L. E.
McKinney, J. A.
Meyer, J. S.
Maare, L.
Murphree, B. H.
Ortland, H.
Pattan, W. C.
Pickrell, R. M.
Quisenberry, W. R.
Lyster, W. A.
Mays, M. T.
McNamee, J. F.
Miller, R. B.
Maare, R. B.
Murray, J. T.
Osterweil, B.
Paul, J. A.
Pilcher, J. J.
Rabe, R. D.
MacDonald, H. R.
McColl, R. E.
McPhillips, H. M.
Miller, R. L.
Maare, R. S.
Napiarkawski, A. D.
Owens, J. S.
Pavelle, J. J.
Parr, S. W.
Radasch, E. J.
MacDonald, M. W.
McCalla, J. H.
McWharter, H. B.
Millay, R. D.
Maarman, R.
Newbern, R. O.
Page, R. A.
Pavis, G. P.
Pline, J. E.
Radick, R. J.
Maginnis, H. R.
McClay, A. K.
Medcalfe, M. L.
Mills, H. D.
Maran, T. L.
Nichalsan, J. M.
Paletti, A. V.
Peace, T. L.
Papa, J.
Rae, S. G.

Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Rankin, D. H.
Rives, J. D.
Rosenbloam, M. I.
Savage, H. E.
Scatt, R. Y.
Sills, N. E.
Smith, J. T.
Stevenson, F. A.
Taylar, C. A.
Thampson, R. D.

Rathbun, S. S.
Robertson, H. B.
Rothewell, W. S.
Savoge, S.
Scott, T. F.
Simans, M.
Smith, P. N.
Steves, M. T.
Toylor, F. H.
Tiemonn, W. F.

Ratte, P. W.
Rabinson, C. M.
Raulstone, D. J.
Sawyer, G. H.
Scott, W. A.
Sincloir, J. S.
Smith, W. S.
Stockwell, R. E.
Taylor, J. L.
Tierney, J. M.

Reaves, G. A.
Robinson, E. W.
Roux, V. K.
Schabacker, R. B.
Seccombe, S. G.
Sindell, L. J.
Snider, D.
Stone, F. K.
Taylor, T. E.
Tiffony, E. G.

Reekie, W. R.
Rabinson, G. E.
Rowen, S. W.
Schifanelli, T. M.
Selig, G. E.
Sisson, L. B.
Spongle, W. G.
Stoutenburgh, J. S.
Taylor, W. E.
Tinch, C. W.

Reiff, G. A.
Robinson, J. R.
Royer, R. H.
Schirro, W. M.
Sewell, H. B.
Skidmore, E. O.
Spicer, R. B.
Street, F. T.
Thoyer, W. C.
Tinney, R. T.

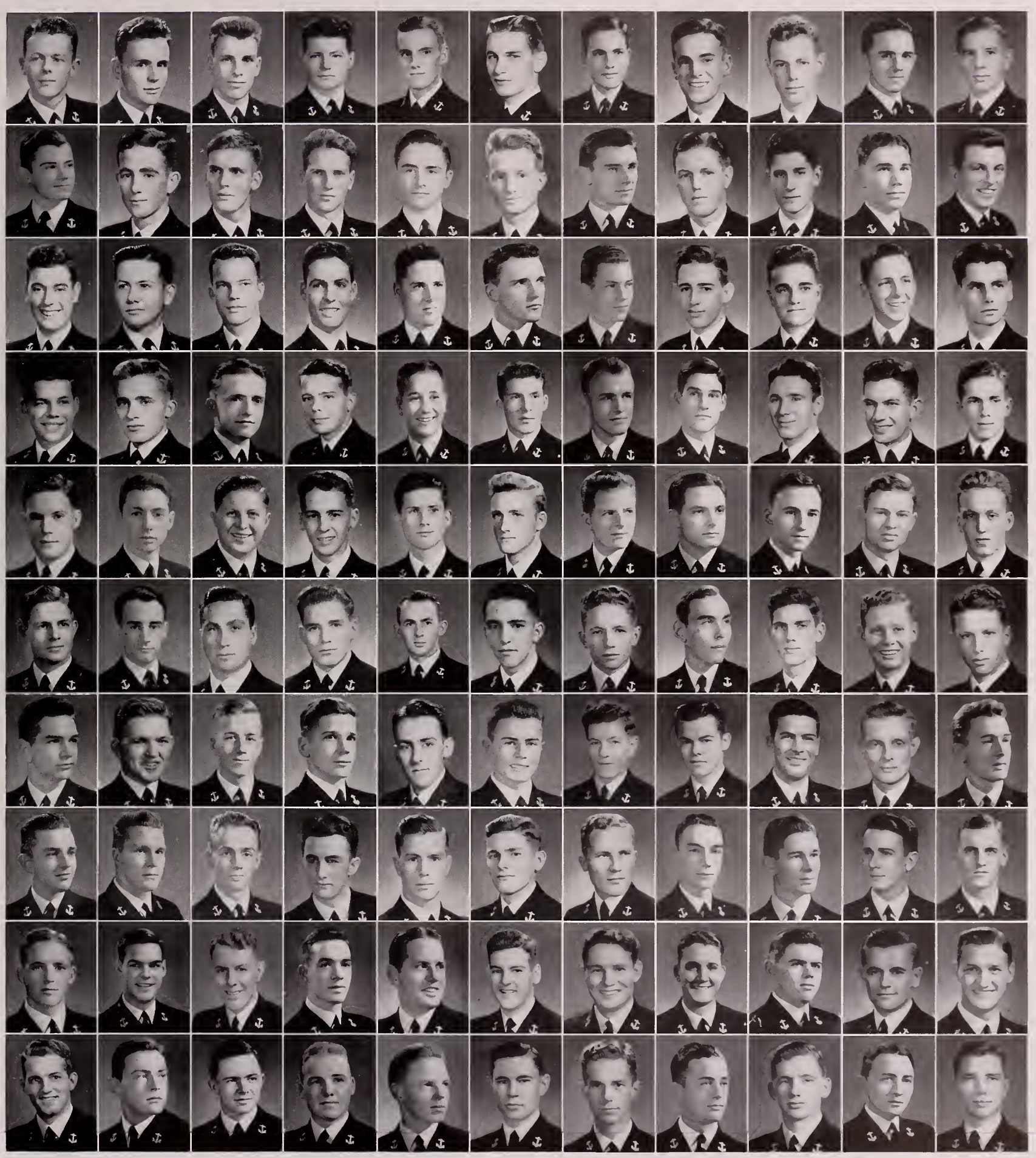
Renn, J. E.
Rodgers, D. F.
Ruhlin, J. B.
Schmidt, W. H.
Shoffer, L. M.
Skoog, J. L.
Spoerl, H. E.
Stueve, P. J.
Thomas, C. L.
Tisdole, R. S.

Reycroft, H. L.
Ragers, F. W.
Rusling, J. A.
Schoonmaker, H. G.
Sheehy, E. J.
Slesnick, W. E.
Sprague, A. T.
Sueur, C. A.
Thomos, J. J.
Tapp, R. G.

Rhoads, W. W.
Rogers, J. B.
Russel, J. W.
Schultz, H.
Sherman, B. F.
Smith, F.
Sprickman, P. T.
Sullivan, B. M.
Thompson, H. B.
Toutant, W. T.

Richardson, R. P.
Ragers, W. H.
Salter, H. E.
Scofield, M. B.
Shields, J. R.
Smith, J. A., Jr.
Staker, J. E.
Suttill, F. J.
Thompson, J. C.
Travis, E. T.

Ritchie, F. P.
Rose, A. E.
Saunders, E. M.
Scott, J. E.
Shrade, L. B.
Smith, J. Mc.
Stevens, R.
Swezey, J. A.
Thampson, R. C.
Trovis, W. C.



Fourth Class '46

☆ ☆ ☆

Trombla, J. D.
VanStone, S. F.
Walton, A. W.
Weldon, D. L.
Whittle, A. J.
Wingo, P. K.
Zenn, M. M.
Axer, F. G.
Beam, C. A.
Brady, E. A.
Turk, C. F.
Vardy, P. S.
Wath, J. L.
Wells, J. W.
Wible, L. C.
Wolf, E. F.
Zsatte, P. P.
Bacchus, P. E.
Belensey, M. J.
Brantner, W. B.
Turley, M. D.
Viele, J. M.
Wagner, J. A.
Wertheim, P.
Wiedemann, F. F.
Wolfe, J. M.
Zyvoloski, P. A.
Back, A. G.
Bellamy, J. L.
Bretting, P. C.
Twyble, H. M.
Vagel, W. J.
Watt, T. B.
Wesson, P. W.
Wieland, D. T.
Woolums, C. P.
Adams, E. J.
Bailey, J. B.
Bellenger, W. C.
Bridger, A. F.
Uhwat, R. A.
Voulgaris, E. C.
Weaver, R. B.
West, R. E.
Wilhait, C. V.
Wright, R. L.
Albert, A. W.
Baker, W. P.
Benedetti, A. J.
Britain, B. M.
Ullman, C. D.
Waddell, H. H.
Weaver, W. C.
Whalen, W. F.
Willett, E. H.
Wynne, D. M.
Allen, H. N.
Baldwin, L. C.
Bentley, D. J.
Brawn, H. J.
Updike, A. J.
Waldron, S. S.
Weber, J. D.
White, A. T.
Williams, F. H.
Yeo, G. L.
Allen, P. H.
Ball, E. L.
Blake, J. S.
Brown, K. C.
Urquhart, A. W.
Walker, E. E.
Weber, W. J.
White, L. R.
Williams, W. H.
Yerbury, R. H.
Amelang, R. L.
Barksdale, D. A.
Baap, J. H.
Brawn, M. C.
Vaill, R. A.
Walker, H. C.
Weidner, R. E.
White, R. B.
Williamson, D. C.
Young, E. O.
Anderson, R. T.
Barnes, R. J.
Bauveran, E. A.
Bryan, G. H.
Valentine, A. J.
Walker, R. C.
Weigle, H. L.
White, R. J.
Williamson, R.
Young, E. P.
Aranson, L. V.
Barr, W. B.
Bawdey, F. D.
Bryant, J. E.
VanAntwerp, J. C.
Wallace, J. W.
Weirich, J. E.
White, S. A.
Wilson, H. R.
Zeni, L. E.
Arayan, G. F.
Bass, F. F.
Bawling, R. A.
Burdette, E. W.

Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Burns, E. A.
Corey, O. L.
Clark, W. D.
Cronander, J. H.
Demming, J. H.
Dudley, H. G.
Everist, R. A.
Fuller, W. T.
Griffiths, C. H.
Hort, J. E.

Burrill, J. T.
Corr, O. C.
Claxtan, N. G.
Crasby, W. H.
Devlin, J. G.
Duesterberg, L. C.
Exum, J. D.
Gaul, R. A.
Grkovic, N.
Hastings, V. S.

Burtan, J. B.
Carruth, F. H.
Clement, D. A.
Cryster, B. F.
Dibling, R. W.
Dunseoth, W. J.
Faherty, B. J.
Gawf, J. L.
Groves, T. E.
Hawkins, R. T.

Butner, J. C.
Cartmell, J. P.
Clifton, A. W.
Culp, W. N.
Dise, R. L.
Eble, F. D.
Foucett, W. A.
Gibbs, H. B.
Guy, C. H.
Hoyes, A. M.

Camp, H. E.
Casey, A. W.
Cochron, H. E.
Culwell, J. P.
Dolan, M. F.
Edwards, H.
Faulders, C. T.
Gieseke, W. C.
Holl, W. D.
Heagy, D. W.

Campbell, F. Z.
Casey, W. R.
Cohen, T. E.
Cunningham, J. G.
Donoldson, W. I.
Ellis, G. W.
Finley, R. N.
Gieser, C. R.
Hommell, H. A.
Hellwinkerl, D. F.

Compbell, J. W.
Chorters, L. S.
Collins, J. T.
Cutchall, L. G.
Dotyo, W. K.
Ellsworth, R. H.
Fantoine, C. T.
Glenn, C. M.
Hampton, A. W.
Hill, J. W.

Campbell, Q. K.
Christianson, K. C.
Cooke, E. W.
Dole, J. C.
Dougherty, J. J.
Ely, R. D.
Frame, E. B.
Gorski, J. J.
Hankins, W. W.
Hosey, G. E.

Compbell, R. W.
Cissel, J. P.
Craig, R. F.
Doly, R. H.
Dawd, A. A.
Engel, W. F.
Francis, S.
Graff, S. M.
Honks, R. J.
Houston, J. V.

Compbell, W. E.
Clark, D. S.
Craig, W. D.
Decker, A. I.
Dawling, P. S.
Estelman, H. J.
Frankel, J. B.
Green, J.
Hannah, G. B.
Howard, G. D.

Cantwell, W. P.
Clork, T. H.
Crehan, J. F.
Delaney, J. P.
Duberg, C. N.
Eury, J. W.
Fraehlich, F. F.
Greenwaad, E. S.
Harris, D. S.
Hughes, J. A.

Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Musgus, J. E.
Jones, A. C.
Kinder, W. T.
LaLande, A. M.
Mabbitt, R. C.
Martin, B. S.
McKnight, J. H.
Morrison, H. W.
O'Neal, A. C.
Pettit, J. W.

Muszagh, D. W.
Jones, J. M.
King, K. V.
Lampton, K. P.
Mabee, P. W.
Martin, L. E.
McMurdo, P. B.
Mott, R. F.
O'Neil, G. P.
Pfefferkorn, W. P.

Jacobs, J. Q.
Kearns, J. S.
Kingsbury, E. J.
Land, N. B.
MacDonald, A. P.
Martin, W. H.
Middleton, P. M.
Mueller, D. F.
Otten, V. B.
Phelps, H. E.

Jacobus, A. F.
Kelley, F. J.
Kinneberg, A. H.
Lane, D. A.
Mackey, D.
Mattern, G. W.
Mikkelson, D. H.
Munns, D. L.
Owen, R. M.
Phillips, R. C.

Jamesan, D. F.
Kelly, G. R.
Kloss, C. E.
Larsan, L. O.
Macon, G. G.
Maxson, P. B.
Miller, C. R.
Myers, R. W.
Park, J. S.
Piehl, R. H.

Jamasky, E.
Kennedy, J. W.
Klug, G. J.
Larson, R. F.
Macy, J. W.
McClelland, R. A.
Miller, Y. M.
Nankervis, D. J.
Parrish, F.
Pillen, D. F.

Jankavsky, N. A.
Kennelly, C.
Knight, R. H.
Leffingwell, W. B.
Magee, D. G.
McCannell, R. M.
Mizer, H. L.
Nasipak, V.
Parsons, R. C.
Piatrawski, B.

Jennings, J. A.
Kenny, T. J.
Karbesmeyer, R. F.
Lessmann, W. G.
Mahinske, E. B.
McCarmack, R. E.
Moldenhauer, T. W.
Newman, D. E.
Patton, H. B.
Pitz, M. T.

Johnsan, O. T.
Kent, J. L.
Kuchara, D. D.
Litty, E. J.
Mapes, M. C.
McElroy, R. L.
Monthan, G. R.
Nabmann, W. G.
Penney, C. O.
Plummer, P. F.

Johnson, P. W.
Kepheart, R. D.
Kulik, A. P.
Lord, E. F.
Maples, L. W.
McKee, W. V.
Maady, H. W.
Narthup, W. H.
Perzzyk, J. S.
Palhemus, W. B.

Johnstan, F. D.
Keyes, B. S.
LaBarran, R. M.
Lyans, J. W.
Martell, H. J.
McKenzie, R. P.
Maare, C. M.
O'Brien, W. R.
Petticrew, W. K.
Poulsen, R. N.

Fourth Class

☆ ☆ ☆ '46

Pownall, T. G.
Robinson, W. H.
Saunders, F. W.
Simpson, J. J.
Snelling, H. F.
Strong, W. D.
Swartley, R. W.
Treocy, E. J.
Wode, K. A.
Webb, W. M.

Preston, R. E.
Rogers, D. A.
Saunders, W. E.
Simpson, W. E.
Snawden, M. S.
Strasburg, D. W.
Tarleton, G. W.
Trickey, E. N.
Wogner, P. R.
Webster, R. J

Rahon, R. L.
Rogers, H. G.
Schoen, J. R.
Slawson, C. J.
Snyder, B. L.
Strickler, R. W.
Taylor, J. R.
Trott, R. J.
Walker, C. W.
Weir, R. A.

Randoll, R. M.
Rogers, H. M.
Schofield, J. H.
Sloboda, M. J.
Sommerlotte, K. E.
Suddath, W. O.
Toylor, R. D.
Tucker, R. W.
Walker, D. M.
Welander, R. O.

Roy, T. G.
Ruckel, J. P.
Schwemley, P. A.
Small, J. A.
Spangler, W. S.
Sullivan, R. J.
Terrell, B. P.
Turner, J. C.
Wolsh, J. A.
Westcott, C. T.

Redden, L. E.
Rulon, C. A.
Seargeont, J. A.
Small, J. T.
Stahl, L. E.
Surrency, E. C.
Thomas, A. H.
Upthegrove, H. N.
Ward, X. C.
Westfall, E. T.

Reingvortz, S. W.
Rusher, A. H.
Searle, W. F.
Smith, D. F.
Steers, W. R.
Sutherlond, J. A.
Thompson, J. T.
Valenty, G. E.
Warmath, M. C.
Wigglesworth, G. L.

Rice, H. P.
Sompson, A. N.
Shelnutt, J. B.
Smith, D. W.
Stickels, J. R.
Swonberg, J. M.
Thrasher, W. E.
Van Curen, V.
Wotson, H. A.
Williams, W.

Richards, J. P.
Sandeford, W. H.
Shumoke, M. L.
Smith, H. P.
Stiles, H. M.
Swanson, K. T.
Tittemore, G. H.
Vandermode, A. J.
Wotson, J. T.
Wilson, R. H.

Riehl, C. A.
Sanderson, J. A.
Sickel, J. A.
Smith, J. R.
Stoner, R. K.
Swonson, R. M.
Tomlinson, E. B.
Vaughan, J. P.
Weary, J. P.
Winner, B. A.

Robeson, R. H.
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WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, INCORPORATED, *for the informal picture of our President on page 4, and for sports pictures on pages 110 and 111.*

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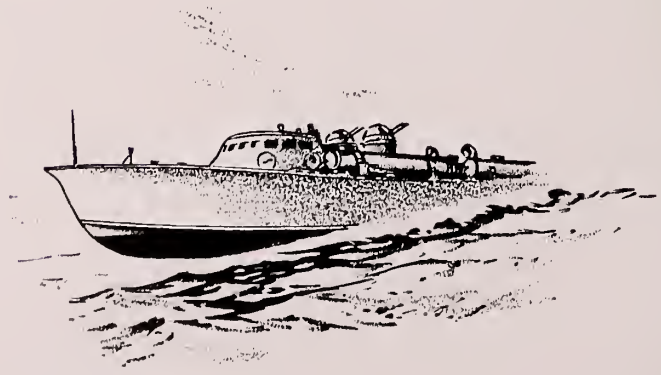

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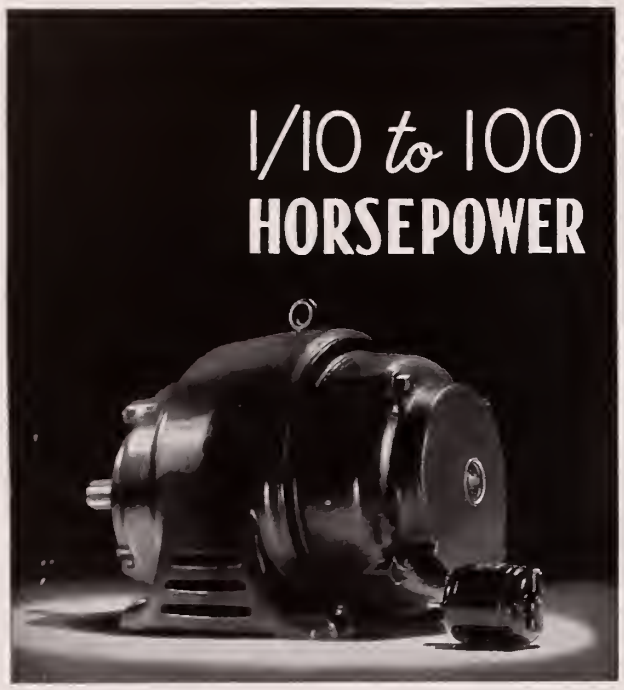

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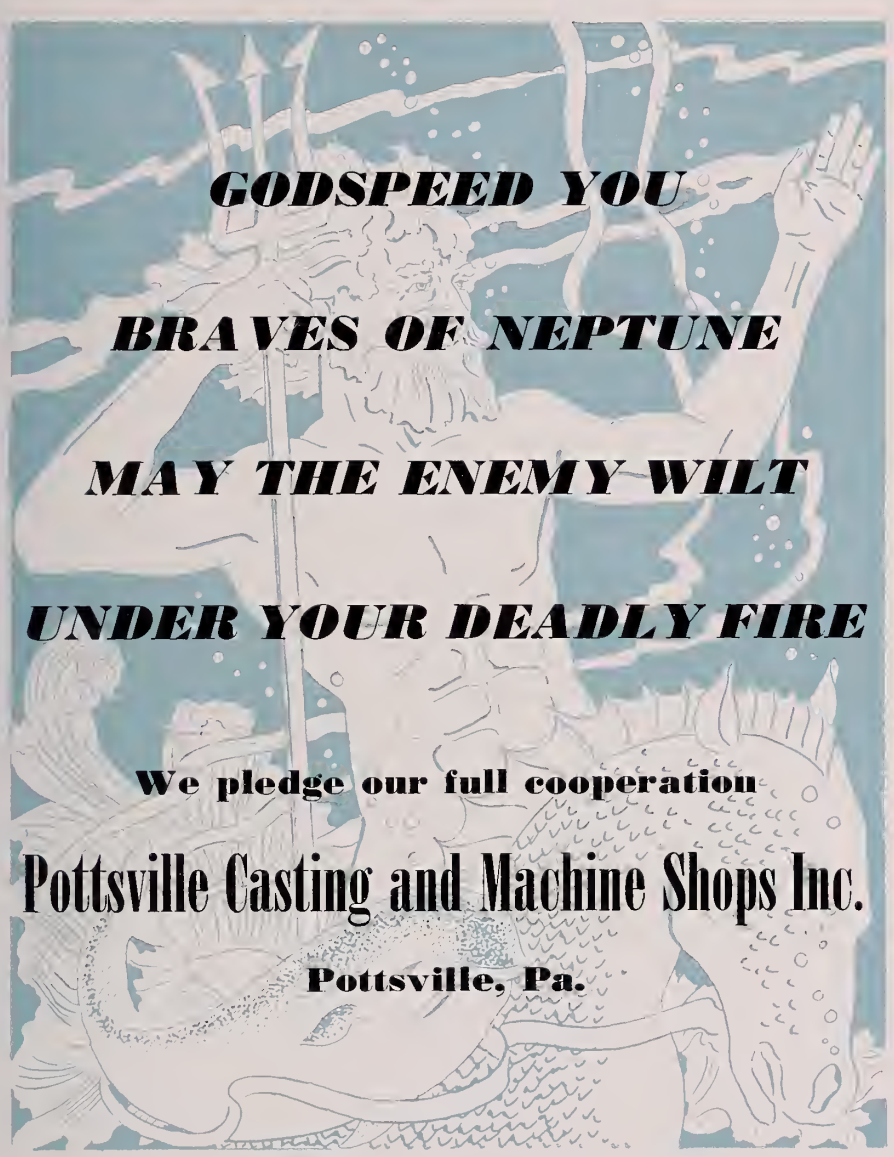

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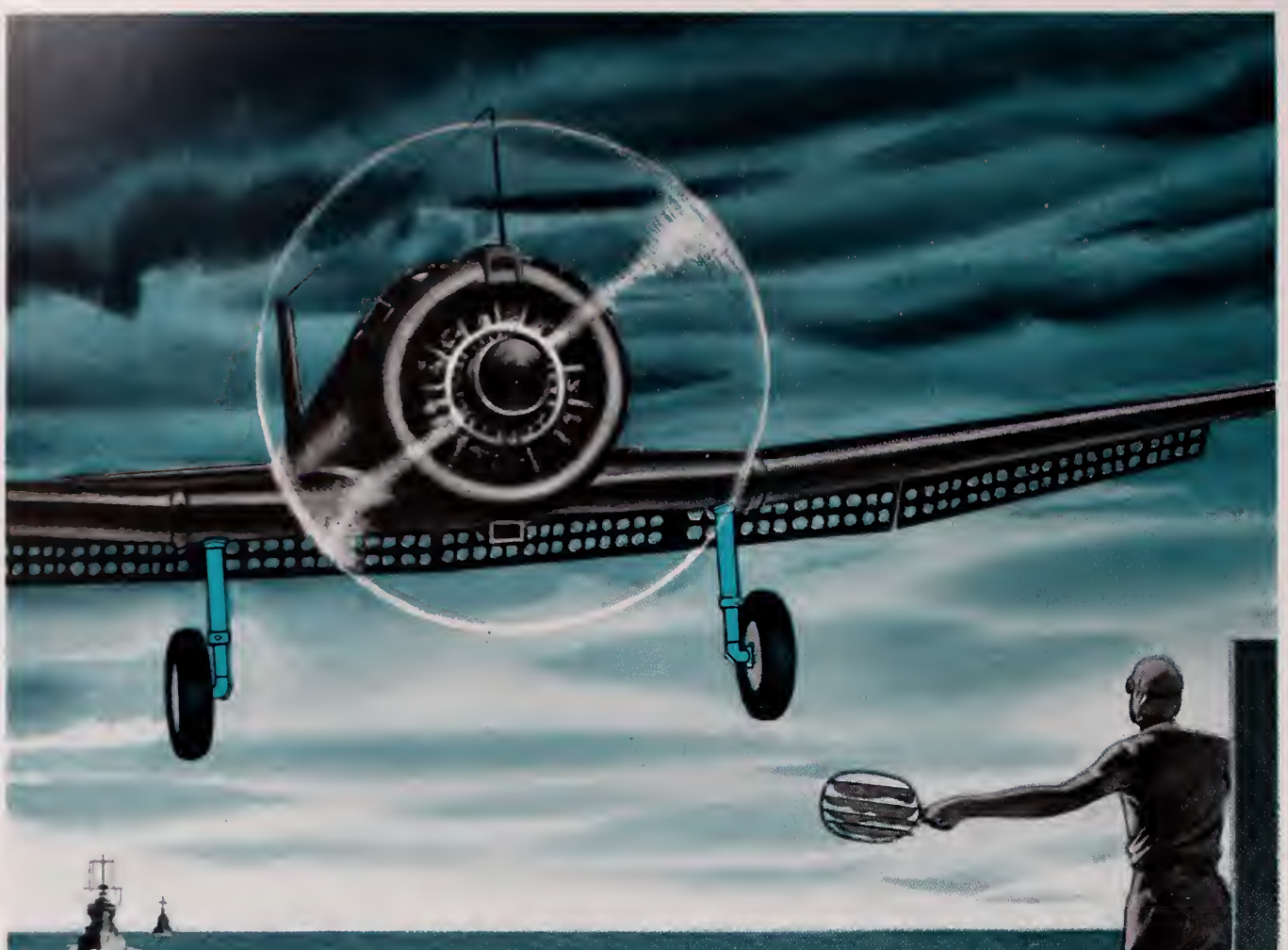

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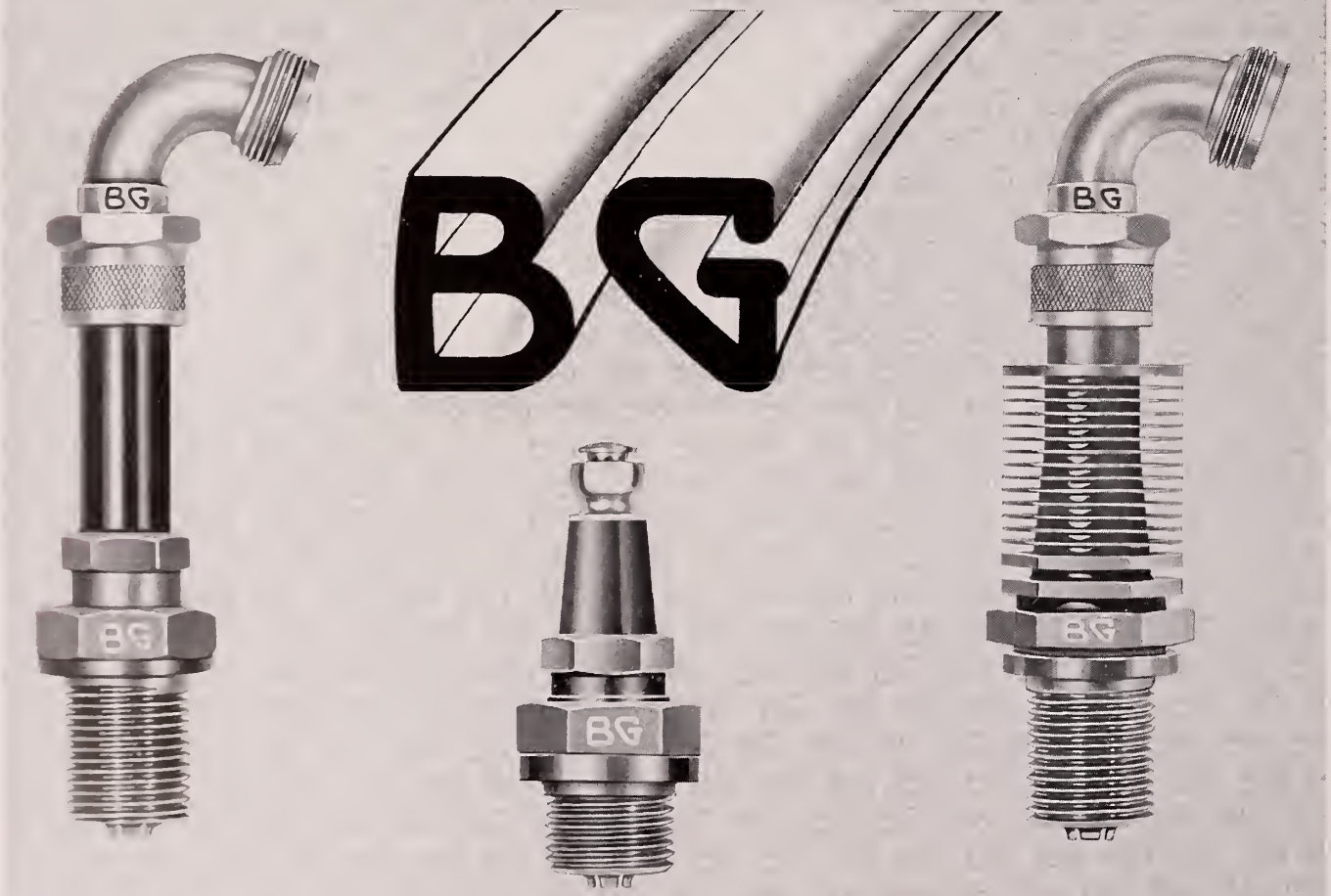

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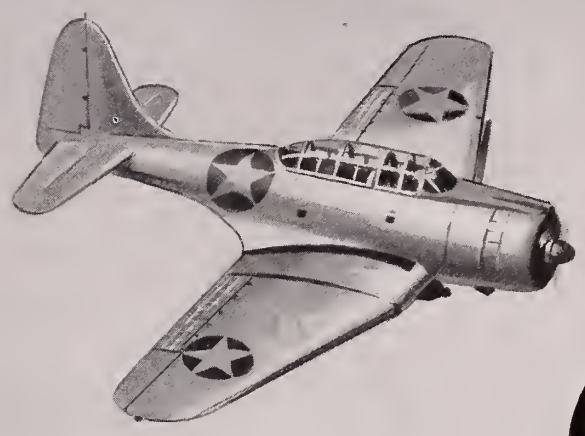

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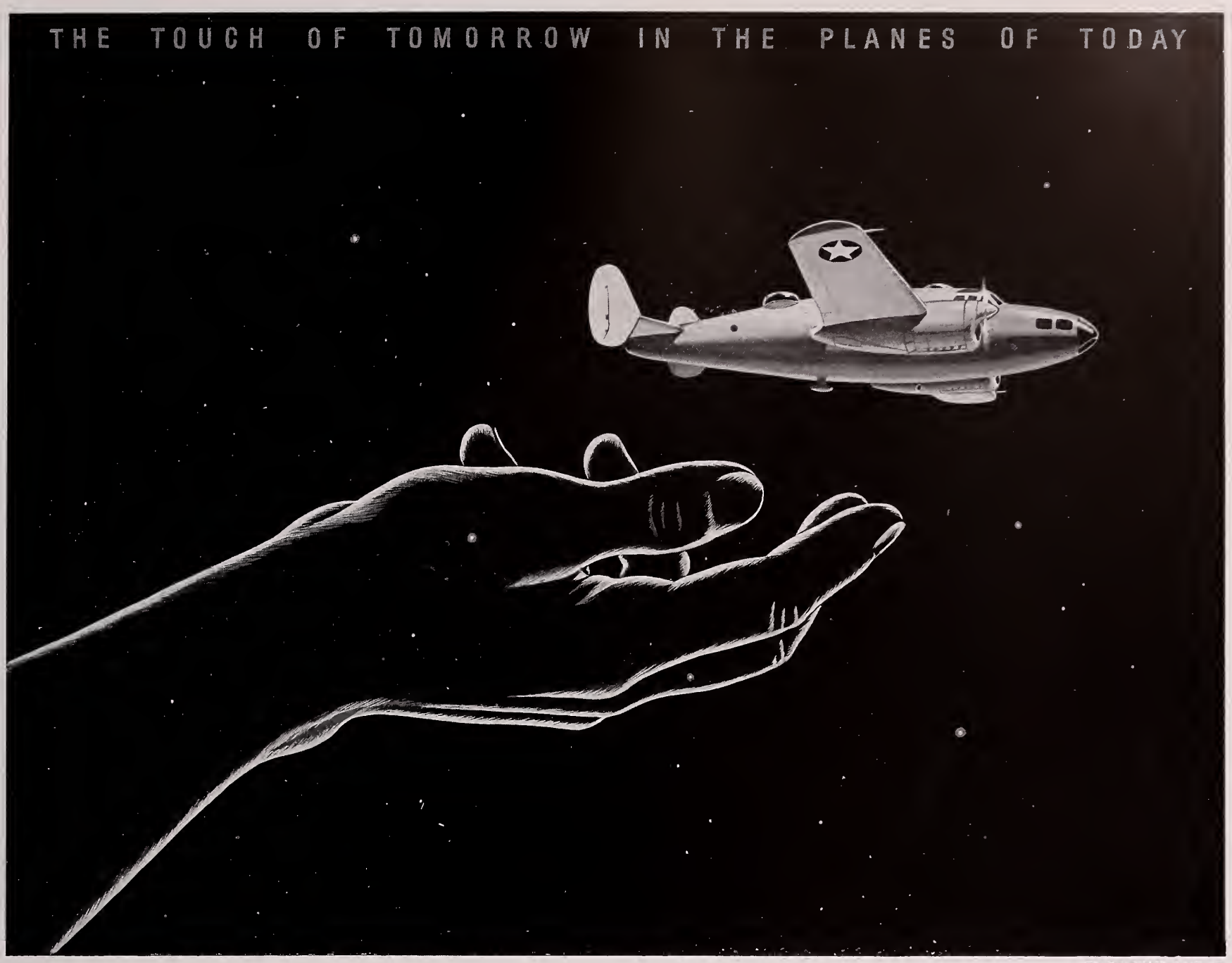

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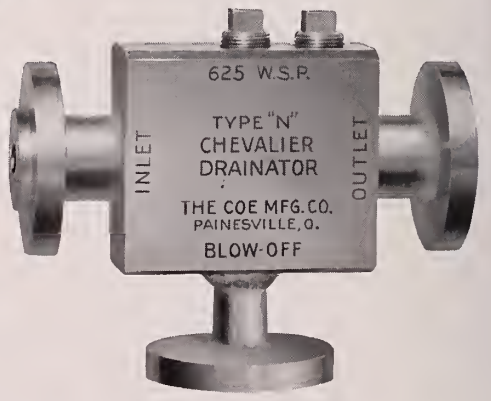

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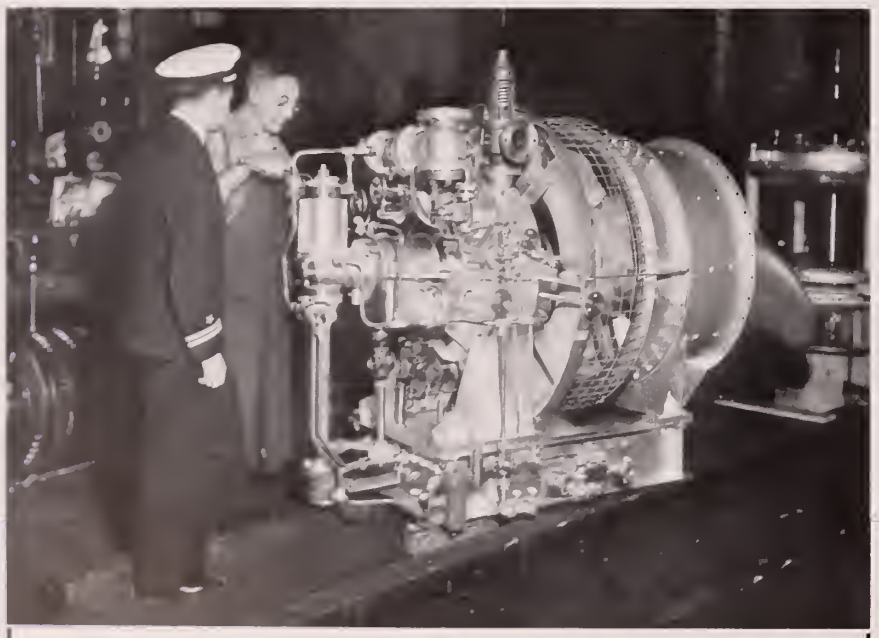

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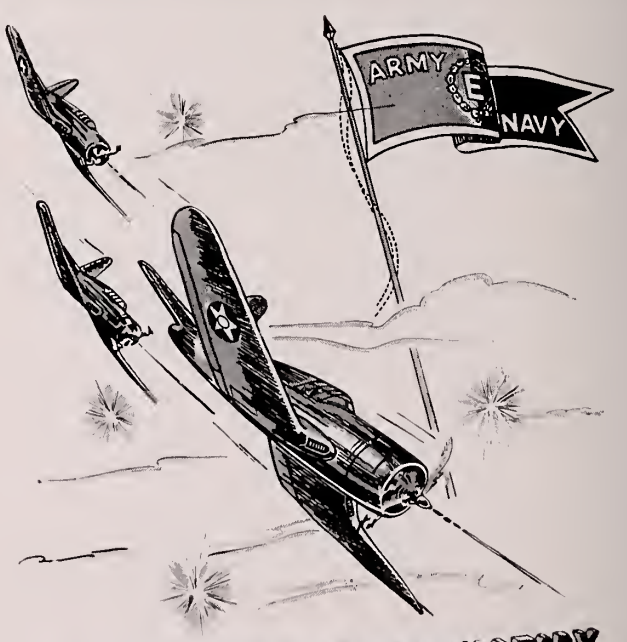

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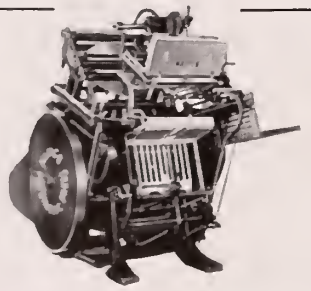

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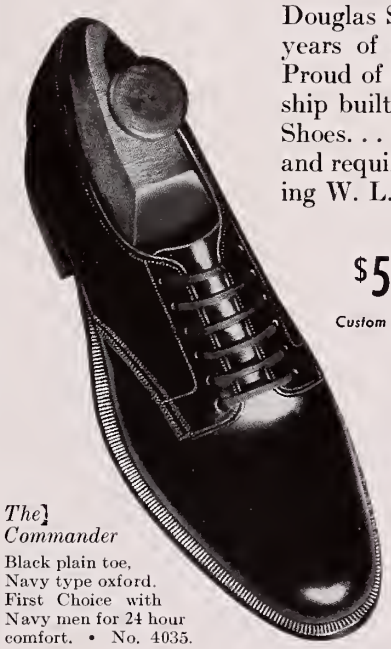

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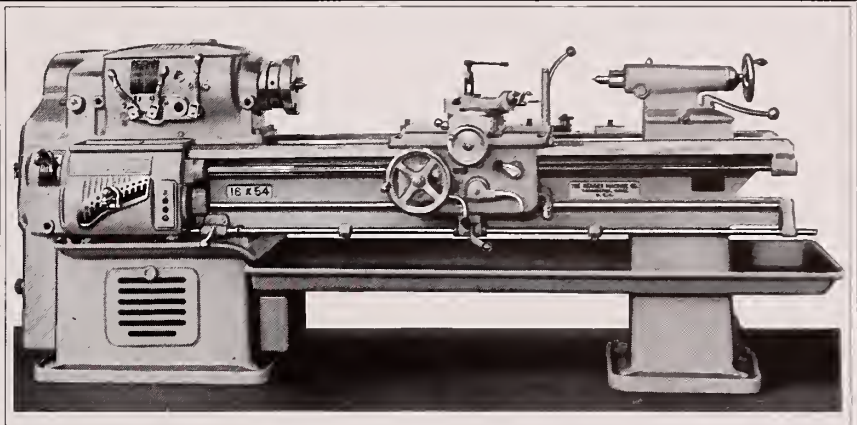

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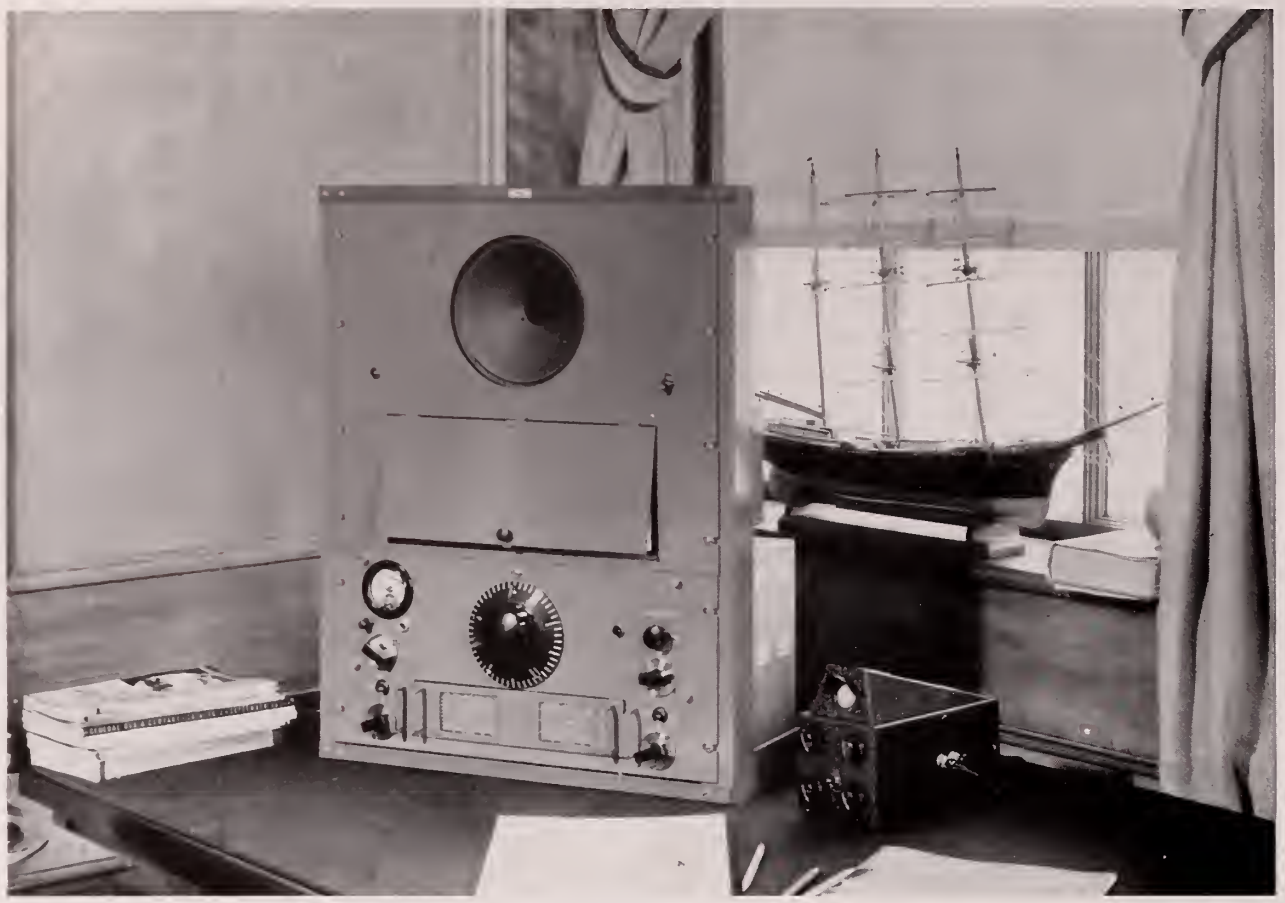

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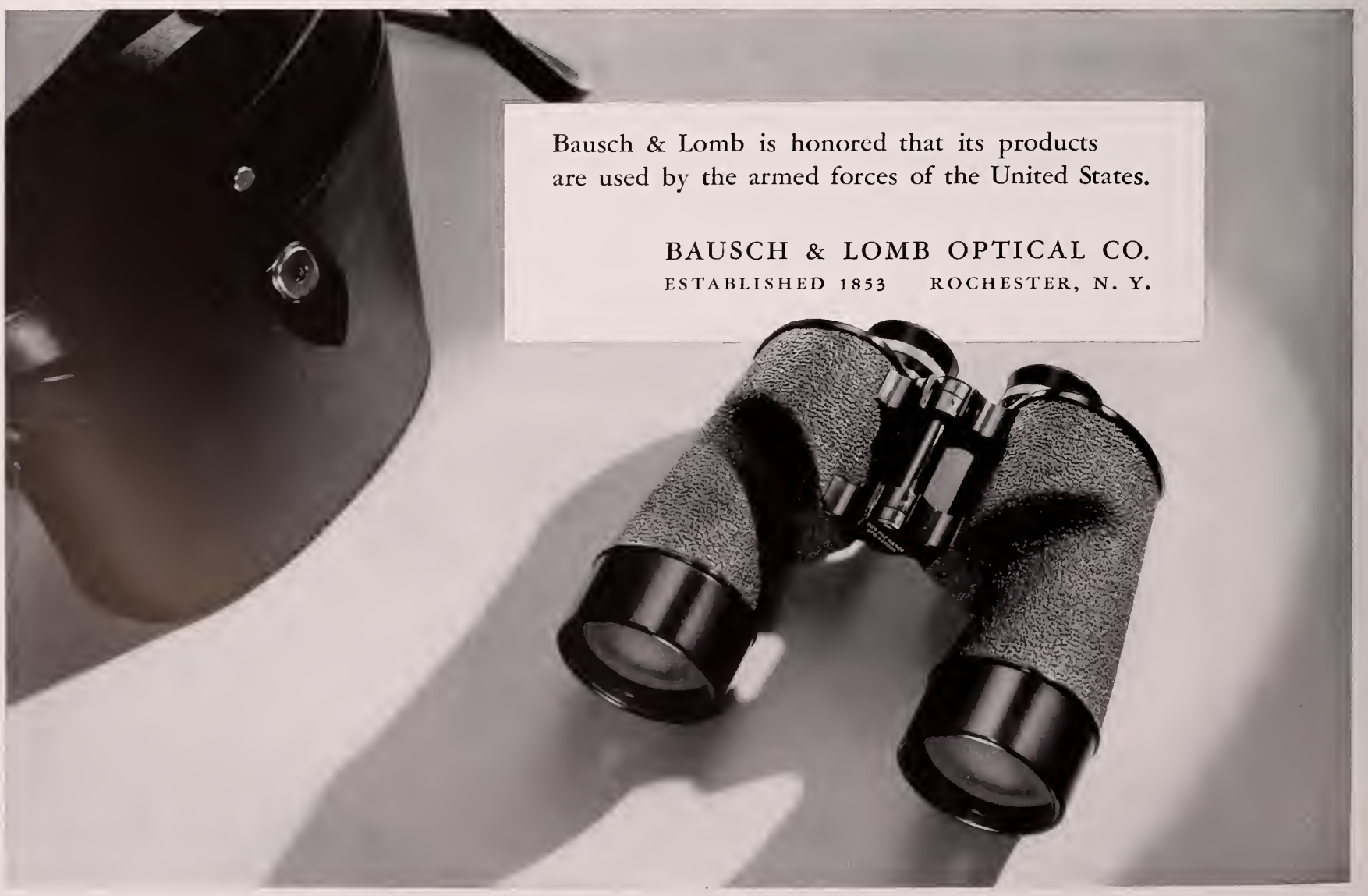

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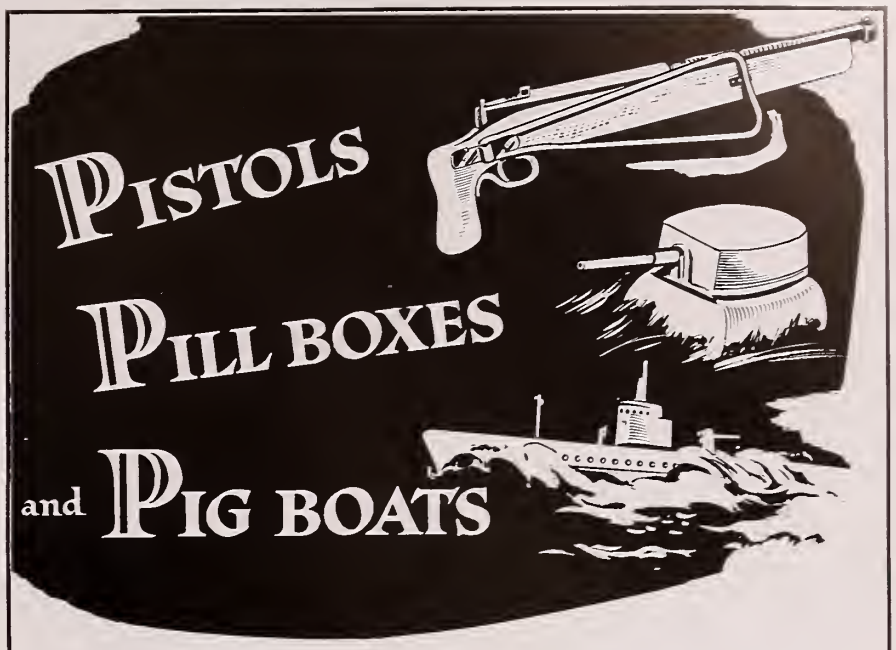

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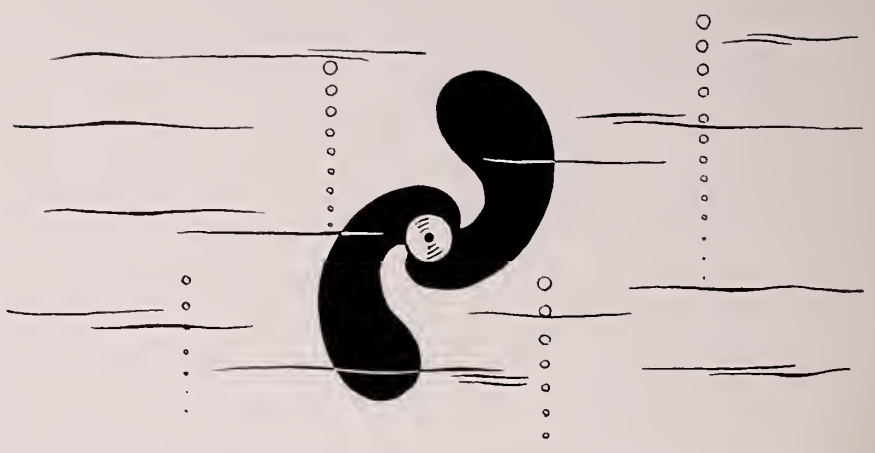

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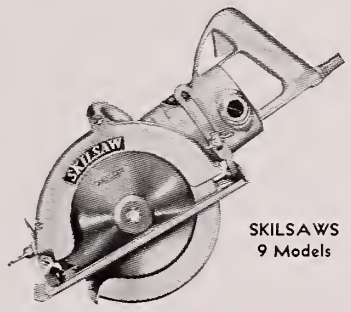

SKILSAWS
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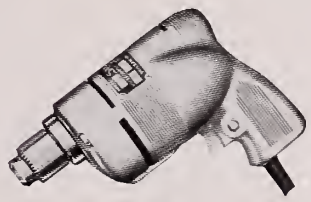

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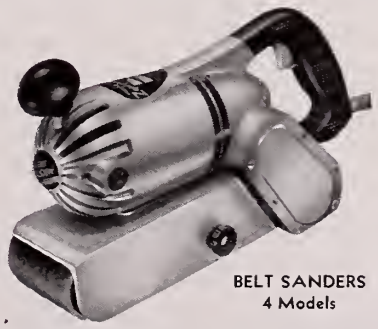
23 Models



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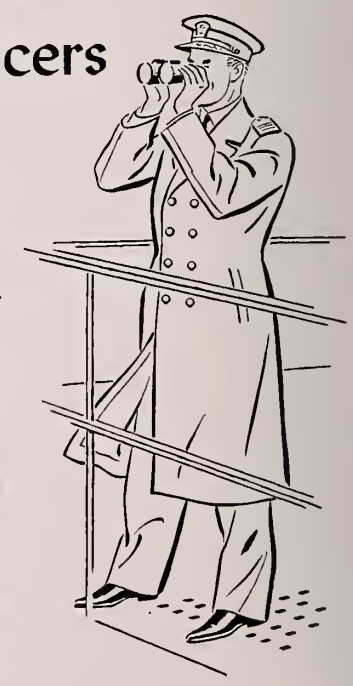

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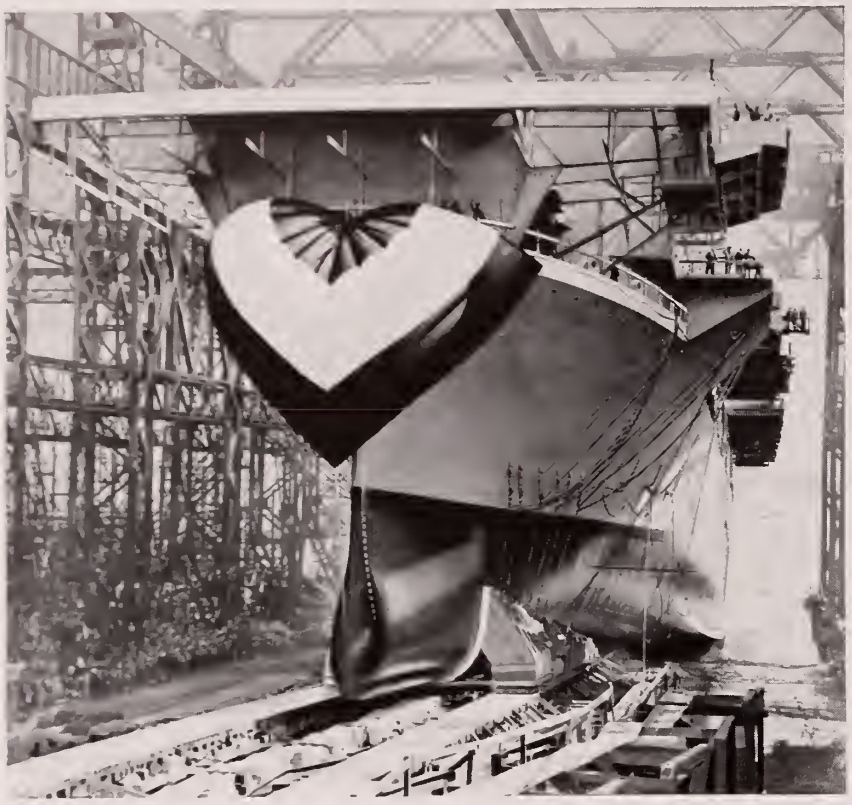

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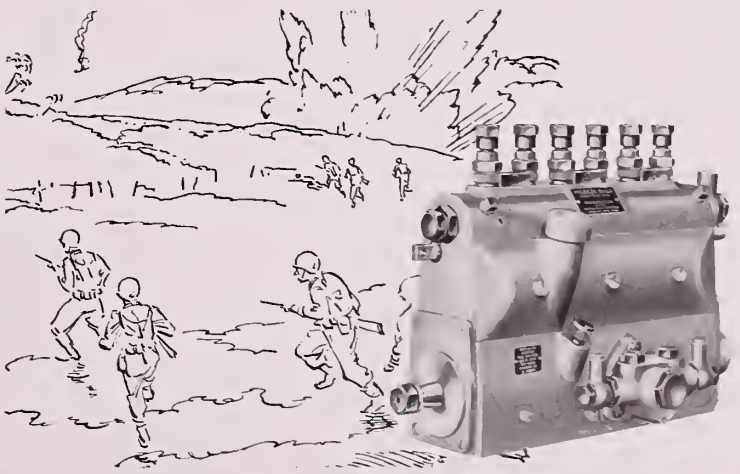

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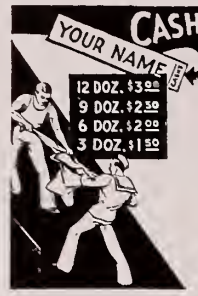

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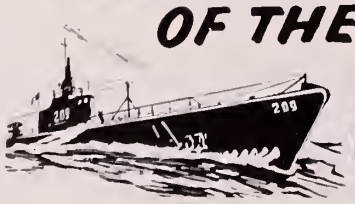
Serpent OF THE Seas



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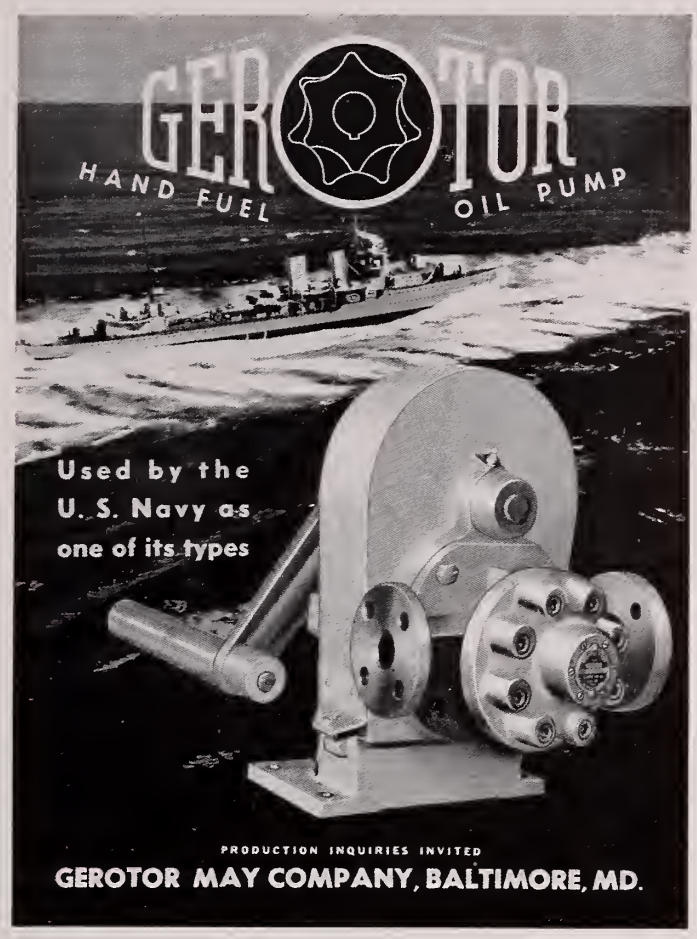
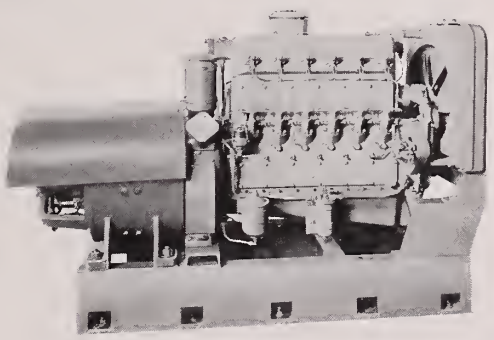


MORE POWER TO 'EM!



THIS engine is power! It is steady and dependable in emergencies because it has been designed by experienced engineers and built by skilled workers.

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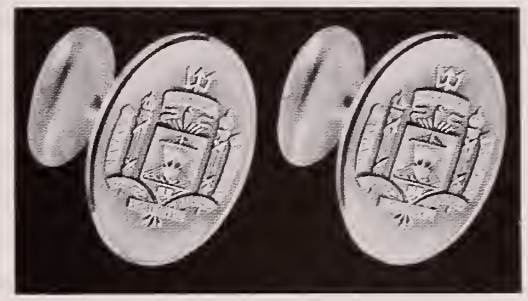
COUNTS WITH THE NAVY



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Auxiliary members of the crew

Thousands of miles away from that PBY Bomber winging its way over the South Pacific, members of the "auxiliary crew" are busy—the men who made the precision instruments that will guide that plane to its target regardless of weather or ceiling.

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And while these scientists are working with electronics, the men and women of the Sperti Plant are conscientiously striving to do a better job of producing radio tubes, mercury switches and those modern precision instruments for navigation which are helping give our flying men an advantage over our enemy.

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HydrOILics Serve Those Who Serve

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Equally important as the *work* being done by HydrOILics are the *problems* being solved. In one field after another, Denison oil-hydraulic equipment is yanking the question mark from "how to do it?" queries... *showing* how to do it *better*—on countless production, engineering, testing, and materials-handling operations. HydrOILics is truly Industry's New Right Hand!

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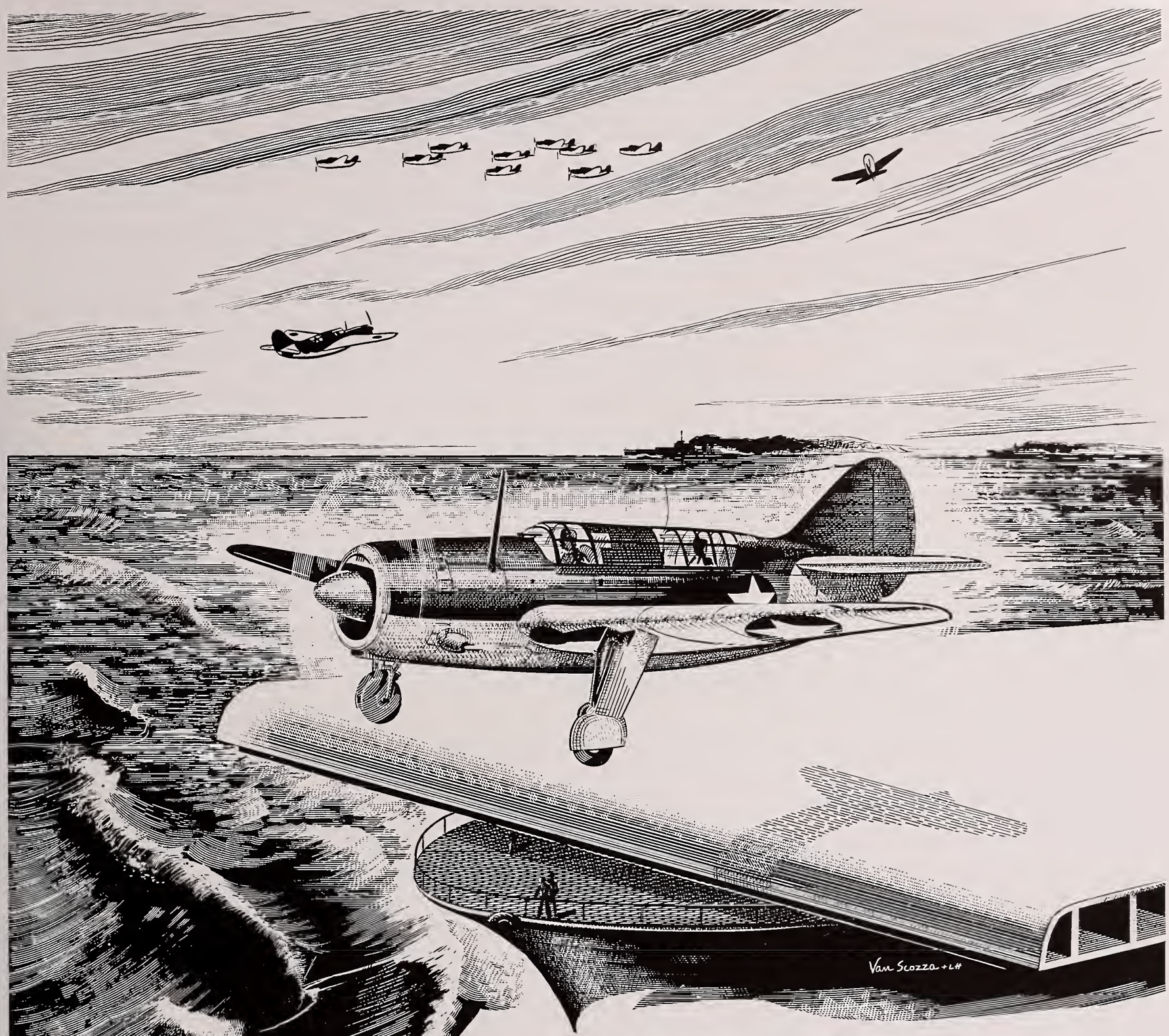

...and a HELLDIVER it is!

When, in 1928, Curtiss-Wright built the first carrier-based Navy airplane designed specifically for dive-bombing, its then sensational ability inspired the name, "Helldiver." Today's Helldiver, the new SB2C-1, more than ever justifies its name—for its flashing speed and the greater destructive power of its heavier bomb load and deadlier armament have won the rating of "world's best" in the judgment of impartial authorities.

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AIRPLANE DIVISION

Curtiss Wright
FIRST
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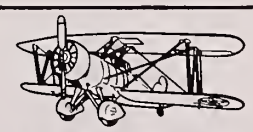
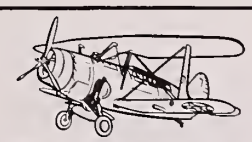
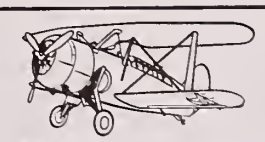
1928 • First United States Navy Airplane built specifically for dive bombing tactics and carrier operation. Two fixed guns in upper panel and a rear swiveling gun completed the armament.



1933 • Further streamlined, using a twin-row radial engine for higher performance, the now famous Curtiss Helldiver was in use by both the United States Navy and Marines.



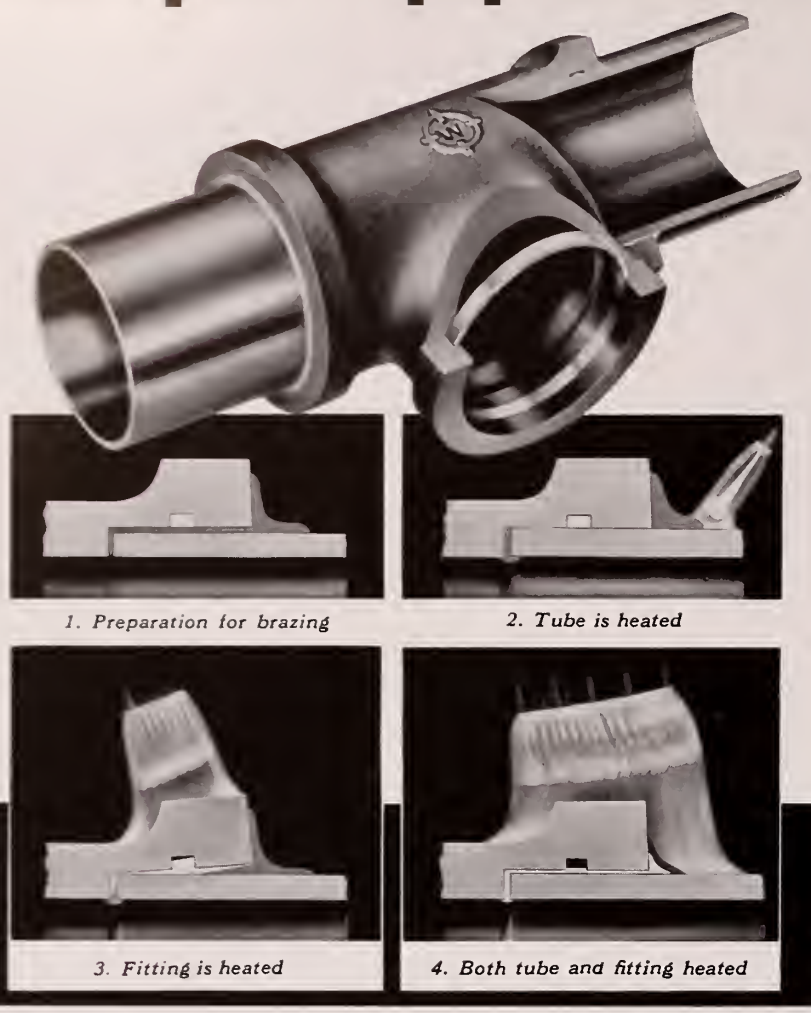
1937 • Many squadrons of these high performance SBC-3 dive bombers with heavy defensive armament and completely retractable landing gear saw service in the United States Fleet.



1939 • The SBC-4 powered with a Wright Cyclone, superseded the earlier type and excelled in performance. Planes of this model were still being delivered to the Navy in 1940.

one piece pipe lines for your ship . . .

. . . with WALWORTH VALVES AND FITTINGS



1. Preparation for brazing

2. Tube is heated

3. Fitting is heated

4. Both tube and fitting heated

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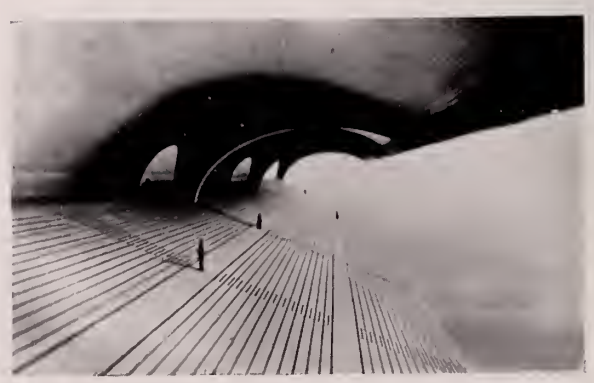

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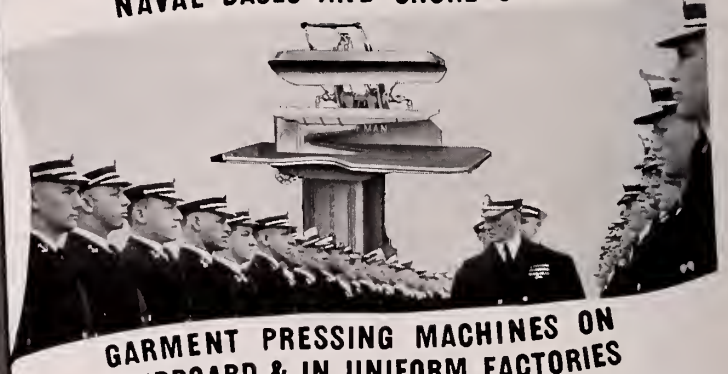
DRYCLEANING EQUIPMENT FOR NAVAL BASES AND SHORE STATIONS



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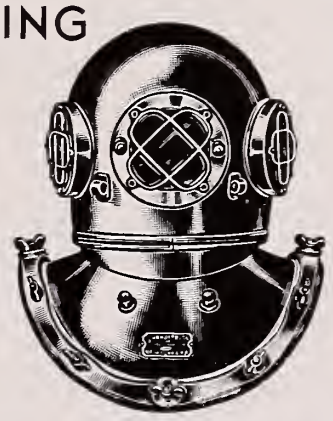

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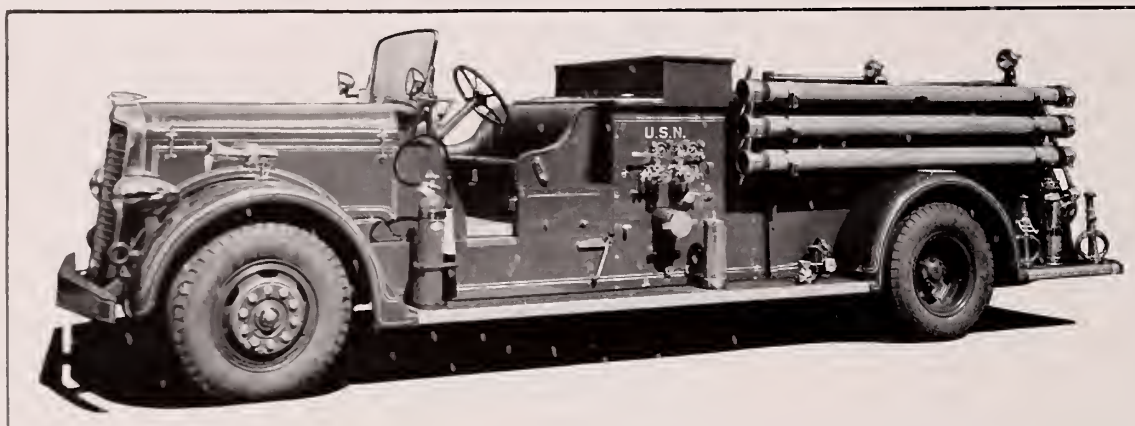

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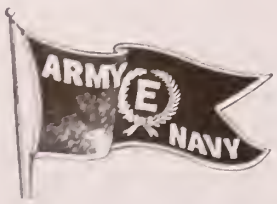

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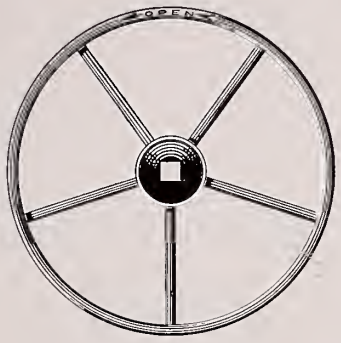

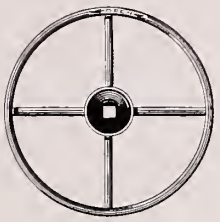

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And lengthens many thousands of
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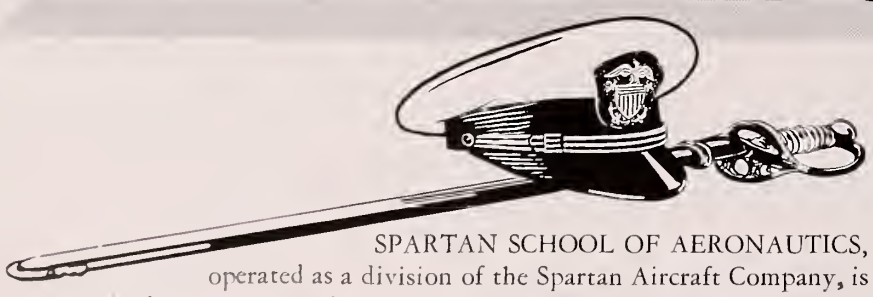

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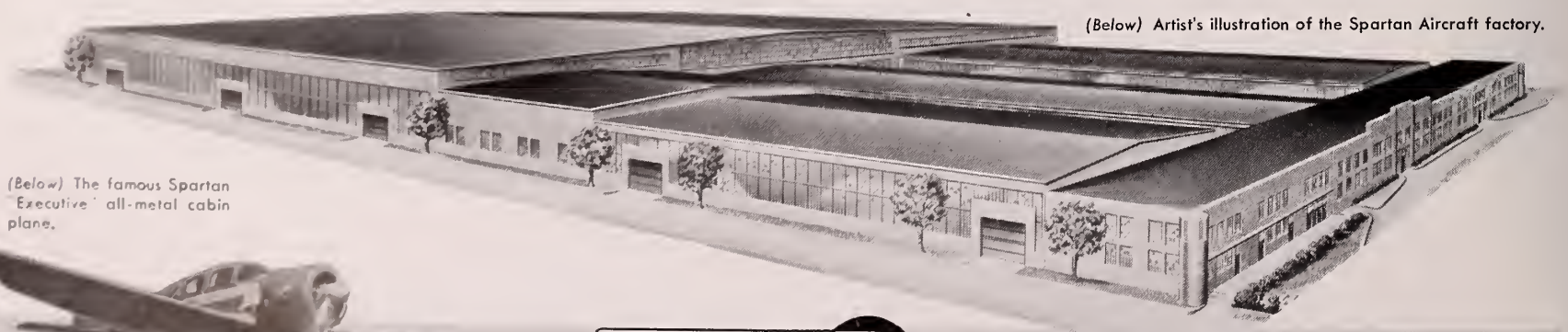
As contractor to the U. S. Navy and the U. S. Army, the Spartan Aircraft Company considers its "all out" war production as an opportunity to perform a national duty . . . and is pledged to its present war work until you all come sailing home victorious.

(Below) Artist's illustration of the Spartan Aircraft factory.



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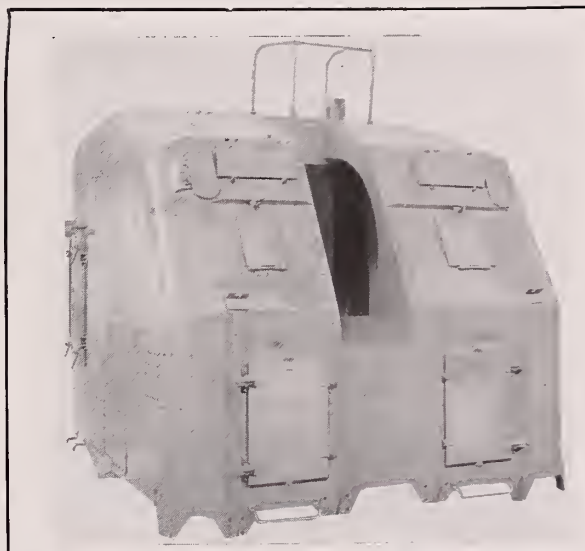

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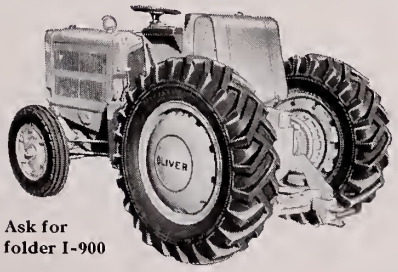

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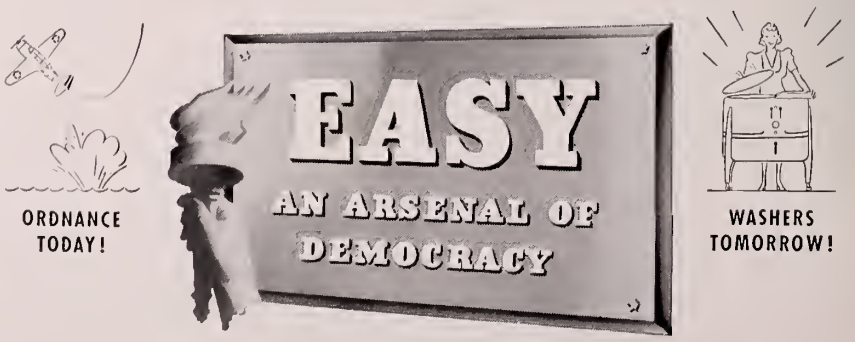

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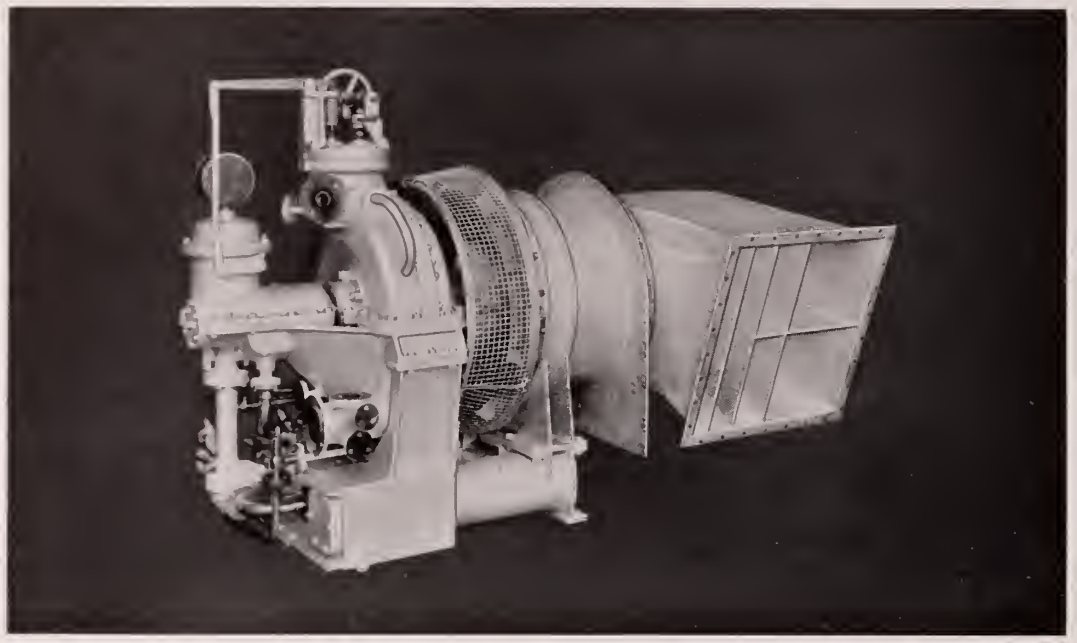

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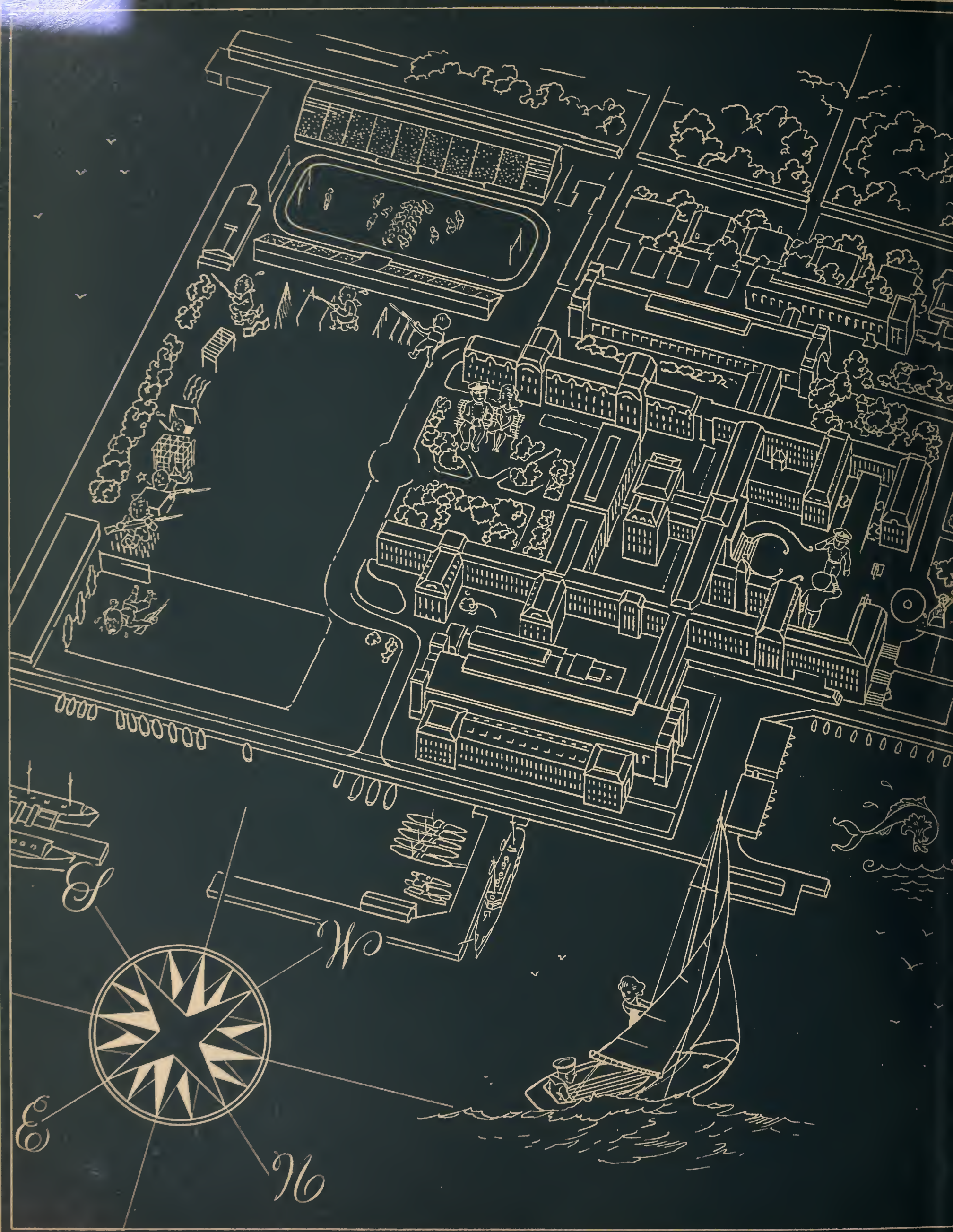
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